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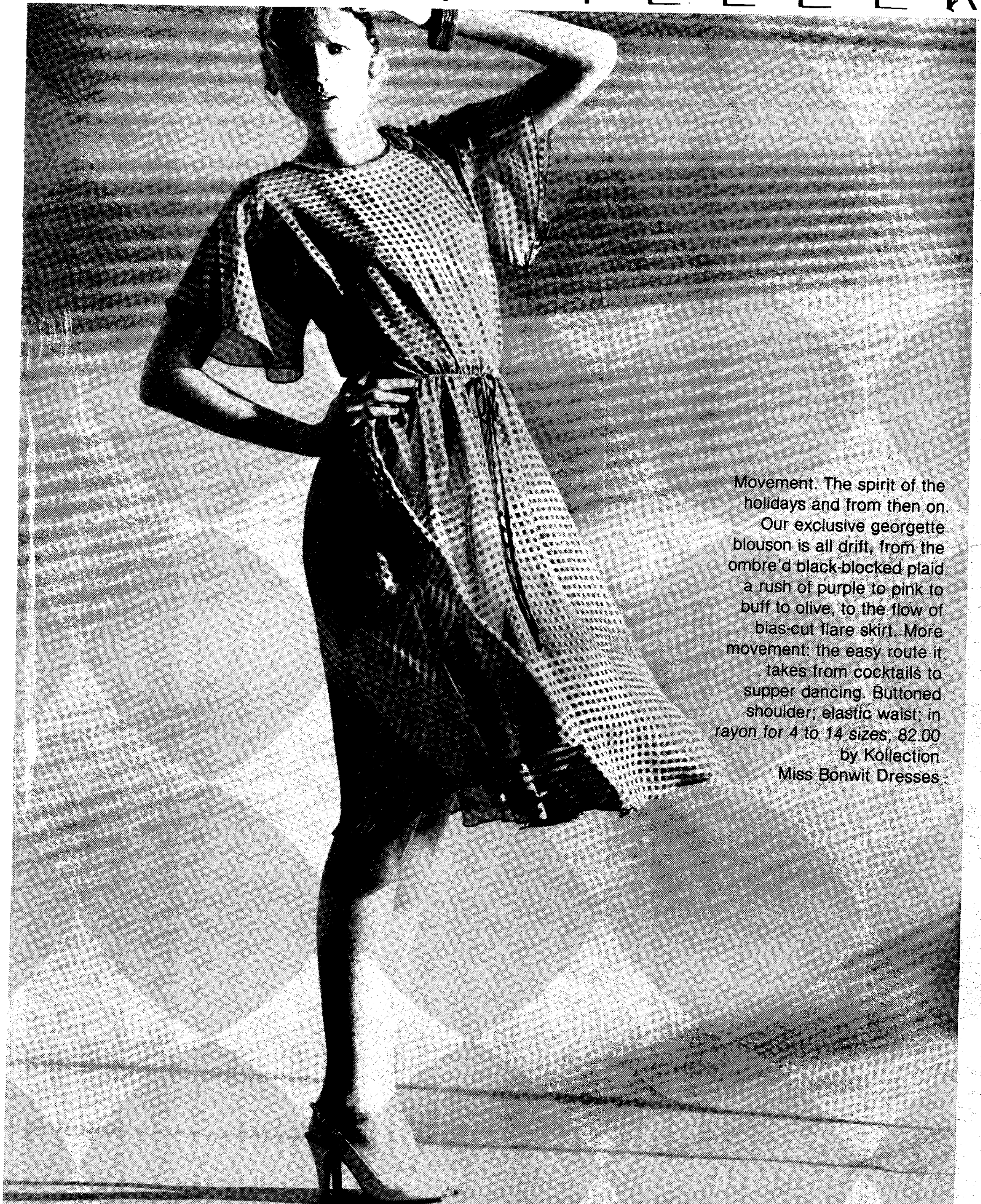

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Place Theatre—Two plays in repertory. **THE IMPOSSIBLE H. L. MENCKEN,** an expanded version of the one-man show seen here last summer, with John Rothman again portraying Mencken. The mimicry is minimal, but Mr. Rothman has chosen skillfully, and the material more than carries the day. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **SIM: ONE NIGHT WITH A LADY UNDERTAKER FROM TEXAS,** a one-character comedy by William Osborn, with Mary Bozeman. Sundays and Mondays at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

The Bacchae—Euripides was writing in the fifth century before Christ, and it is difficult to do justice to him on Broadway in 1980. Irene Papas and Philip Bosco are the stars of this production, which was directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (10/13/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Banjo Dancing; or, the 48th Annual Squitters Mountain Song Dance Folklore Convention and Banjo Contest and How I Lost—The banjo is said to be the only musical instrument invented in America. Why couldn't we have left well enough alone? Stephen Wade is the banjoist in this one-man show. He also dances and tells stories. (11/3/80) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Between Two Worlds—A musical adaptation of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," with an English narration. (Frank Theatre, 30 W. 68th St. 362-0707. Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Brigadoon—The songs by Lerner and Loewe ravish the ear, but the book's old-fashioned whimsy is hard to accept. Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert are the stars. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." The cast is headed by Penelope Allen, John Heard, Frank Bara, and Mr. Buloff. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 9, at 6:45. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., **THE DIVINERS.** Set in a farm community in Indiana during the Depression, it is about the friendship between a thirteen-year-old idiot boy who dowses for water and a young ex-preacher. The action is a matter of small scenes, all of them well done and to the point. The dramatist is twenty-three. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Thursday, Nov. 20.)

The Connection—A revival of Jack Gelber's strong play about heroin addiction, with the dynamic Morgan Freeman as Cowboy (the "connection"), and four fine jazz musicians (Reviewed in this issue.) (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St 766-9334. Final performances Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 6-9, at 7:30.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Sondheim-Gelbart-Shevelove musical **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM** will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St

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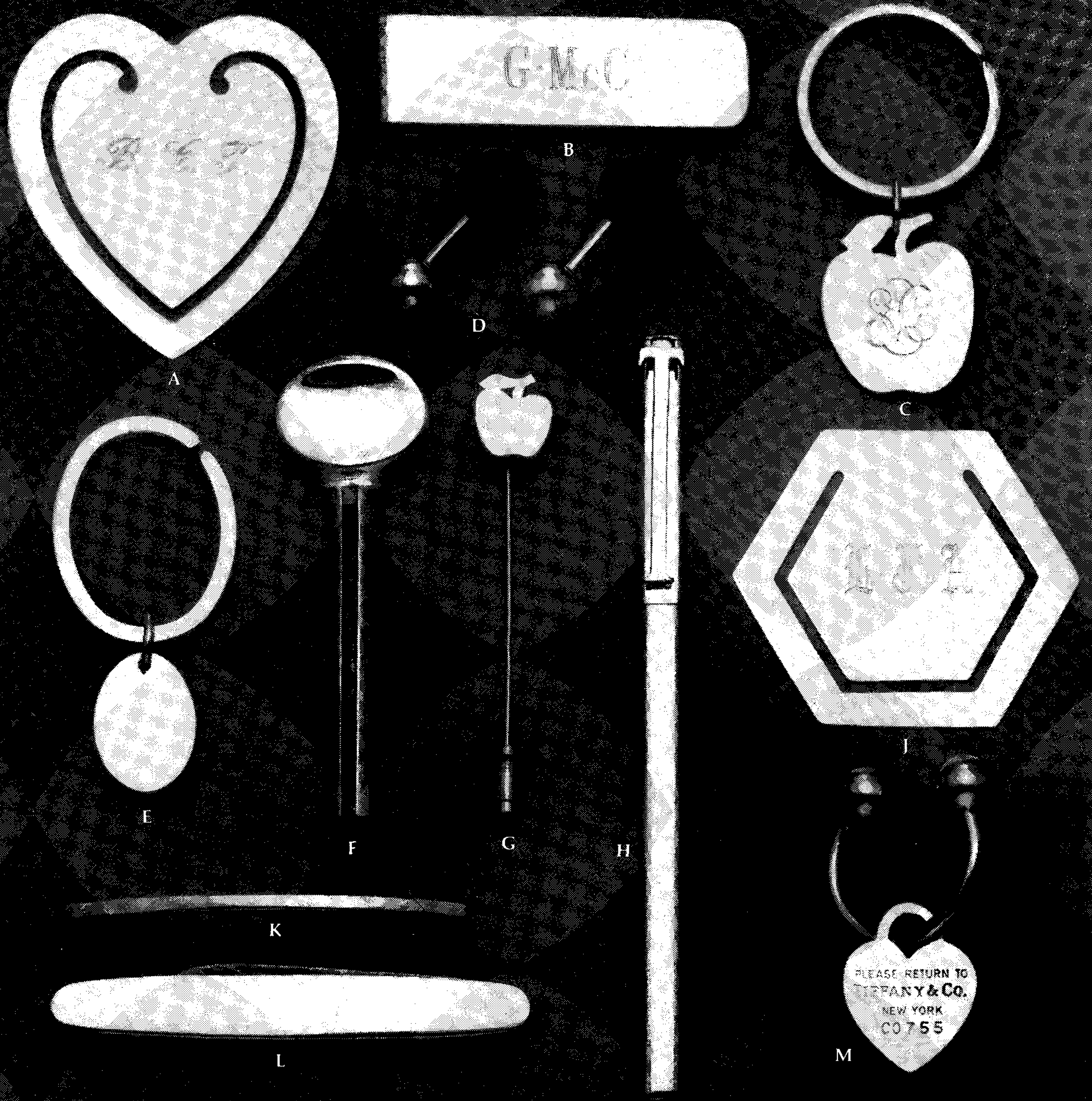

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23. (For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—Christopher Reeve heads the cast of a new production of Lanford Wilson's comedy (the opening play in the Talley-family cycle). Marshall W. Mason is the director. Opens on Wednesday, Nov. 5. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Nov. 9, at 7:30.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Frimbo—A jazz musical based on the rail travels of Rogers E. M. Whitaker (known in these pages as E. M. Frimbo). The music is by Howard Harris, and the lyrics are by Jim Wann. Richard B. Shull plays Frimbo. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 9, at 6. (Grand Central Station, in the waiting area adjacent to Tracks 39 to 42, Vanderbilt Ave. at 43rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. For information about tickets, call 687-4895.)

The Glass Menagerie—Julie Haydon stars in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

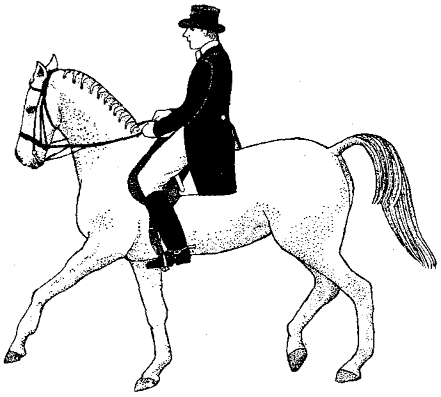
Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospect. With Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life—Hugh Leonard is an Irish playwright, and his subject matter is the difficulty of establishing close relations inside and outside the family circle. "Only connect!" E. M. Forster said, from the far side of the Irish Sea; it appears to be an admonition hard to obey on Irish soil. Dark as his topic often is, Mr. Leonard's characters are almost always highly humorous; "A Life" is an admirable comedy, acted with skill by a delightful cast. Roy Dotrice plays the hero. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **the desert song.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, with Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. Mike Nichols is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **the sixteenth round** is the first in this season's series of four productions, and is the company's first venture in its new uptown theatre. A punch-drunk, guilt-ridden fighter, the young woman who loves him, and his former sparring partner, who doesn't, are the three characters on hand. The play has some strong scenes and some weak ones; the acting of Rosalind Cash, as the young woman, and of Roscoe Orman, as the partner, is a wonder to behold. Horacena J. Taylor directed. (11/3/80) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

The Philadelphia Story—Blythe Danner, Frank Converse, and Edward Herrmann head the cast of a revival of Philip Barry's play. Directed by Ellis Rabb. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 5, through Thursday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 14. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Suicide—A Russian play never put on in Russia, about a hapless individual who struggles to assert himself against the bureaucracy of the state. Derek Jacobi gives a stunning performance, but the play itself is likely to survive mainly in libraries. (10/20/80) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tintypes—American dreams coming true around the turn of the century. A cast of five attractive young people sing old songs and make us believe that once upon a time the streets of New York were paved with gold. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tricks of the Trade—George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere in a mystery by Sidney Michaels. Gilbert Cates is the director. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 6. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Vikings—A play by Steve Metcalfe. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 9, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3 Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—*Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish* musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757 8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, excep Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group o *young dancers audition for a handful of chorus* jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a* 2.) . . . **dancin':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company o dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A stunning cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are jus frightening enough and just funny enough (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the elephant man:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is now the Elephant Man; Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **evita:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Patti LuPone, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Satur-

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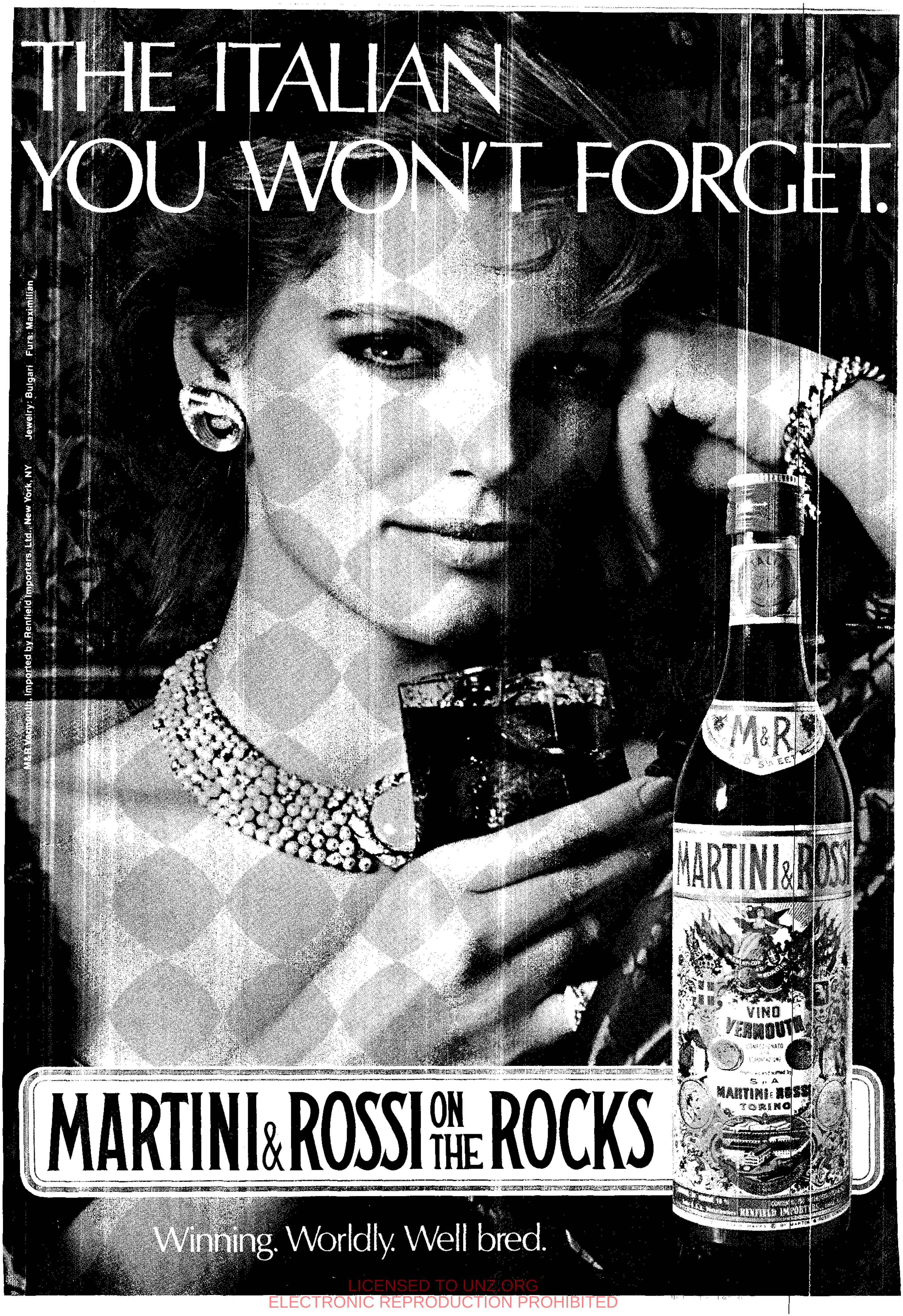
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day matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,536 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** A cheerful revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except Nov. 11, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Veterans Day at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ACROBATS OF CANTON—A two-week engagement. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Nov. 5, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8; Sundays at 2:30 and 6:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

LES COLOMBAIONI—Carlo and Alberto Colombaioni, a clown duo. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 12-14, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3 and 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 15—Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Lille Suite," "Pas de Deux," and "Raymonda Variations." A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5676 or 870-5666. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Apollo," "Lille Suite," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Sonatine," "Fancy Free," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8: "La Source," "Walpurgisnacht," "Other Dances," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Fancy Free," and "The Four Seasons." A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

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JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Epode," "Random Dances," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Helena" (première), and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Celebration," "Random Dances," "Mythical Hunters," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Night," "L'Air d'Esprit," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Helena," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Fanfarita," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Epode," "Random Dances," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Momentum," "Pas des Déesses," "Illuminations," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Parade," "Helena," "Monotones II," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7: "Postcards" and "Relache" (American première). A benefit performance; for tickets, call 265-7300. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Moves," "Epode," "Random Dances," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Postcards" and "Relache." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 23.)

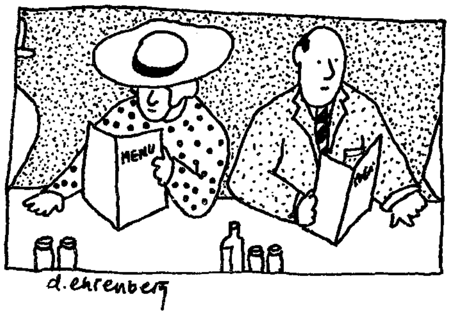
NUREYEV AND THE BOSTON BALLET—In a full-length production of "La Sylphide," with Ghislaine Thesmar. Opens Thursday, Nov. 6, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Uris, 51st St. West of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LOS ANGELES BALLET—A four-day engagement by this company, appearing here for the first time. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Beethoven Variations," "Poème Electronique," "Tarantella," "Fantasies," and "Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8: "Pastorale," "St. Paul's Suite," "Les Amants," and "Charleston." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2. . . . **SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Nov. 12, and Friday, Nov. 14, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand in the very back of the place. Saxophonist Phil Bodner's trio is here through Sunday, Nov. 9; on Tuesday, Nov. 11, composer Don Elliott, who plays mellophone and vibraharp, will bring in a quartet. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: the **ROCHES,** three folk-harmony-singing sisters, on Wednesday, Nov. 5; John Kay and his rock band, Steppenwolf, and comedian Richard Belzer on Thursday, Nov. 6; tenor saxophonist **SONNY ROLLINS** on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8; folkies **JOHN HARTFORD** and **THE DILLARDS** on Sunday, Nov. 9; feminist folkie Teresa Trull and singer and twelve-string guitarist Judy Castelli on Monday, Nov. 10; the New Riders of the Purple Sage on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13; and Beaver Brown, a rock quintet, on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most famous pianists, bassists, and guitarists in the world work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant. The duo of bassist **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **MIKE ABENE** can be heard through Saturday, Nov. 8, and starting Monday, Nov. 10, Mitchell will take up with pianist **LARRY WILLIS.** Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** has moved in to play hot chord solos on his full-bodied, resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar and guide his trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** does enthusiastic interpretations of the kinds of songs they just don't write anymore. He is assisted by his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** and his drummer, **ROBERT SCOTT,** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 5, Pop Decay, the Go, and the De-codes; Thursday, Nov. 6, Helen Wheels Band and the Coolies; Friday, Nov. 7, Regina Richards and the Windows; and Saturday, Nov. 8, the Mundanes and the D.C. Tens. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you enjoy watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply dig gazing at the Park trees. Farther inside the room, **RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing and playing obscure and well-known popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** has taken over the Sunday- and Monday-night shifts, when sets begin at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Nov. 9, a quintet that will feature trumpeter Glenn Zottola, saxophonist Al Klink, and pianist *Harold Danko will play from about nine-fifteen.* Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which crams in many more jazz patrons than will fit on the head of a pin. **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane jazz singer and pianist, performs with a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 9; on Tuesday, Nov. 11, singer **BETTY CARTER** will bring in her trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large square room that has been bringing in singers who usually appear in concert halls. **NANCY WILSON** can be heard through Sunday, Nov. 9, and, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 11, **SARAH VAUGHAN** will be singing here. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music includes **CHRIS CONNOR** and her backing trio Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 6-9, and **DAKOTA STATON** on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15. On Mondays pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** collaborates with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and a guest player. Music from ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; Mondays, **ATTILA ZOLLER, ANDY LA VERNE,** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** team up from ten; Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and on Sundays, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. **DAVE MC KENNA,** the pianist of the month, is a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—and he attracts admirers from all over. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall play for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

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HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: Brian Brain and Indoor Life on Wednesday, Nov. 5; Our Daughter's Wedding on Thursday, Nov. 6; and Human Switchboard on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Video shows on Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed air-conditioned surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. The guest musicians will be **TED CURSON,** a crackling trumpeter, and his quintet on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and guitarist and singer **AMAURY TRISTÃO** on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and **CLAUDIO RODITI** and their combo. On Sundays, from nine to one, percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO** appears with his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **BILLY TAYLOR,** pianist, composer, music professor, and National Public Radio star, and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** have settled in to play Tuesdays through Saturdays at this club, their home base in New York. The Sunday and Monday spots are the property of pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The rock, country, rockabilly, blues, and jazz schedule includes: **LEVON HELM,** the wonderful Arkansas drummer and singer for the Band, and his own group opposite the Cate Brothers, a country-rock band that also hails from Arkansas, on Wednesday, Nov. 5; singer and songwriter Gary Stewart on Thursday, Nov. 6; Chicago blues-harp genius **JAMES COTTON** on Monday, Nov. 10; SVT with singer and bassist Jack Cassidy on Tuesday, Nov. 11; and Commander Cody and his latest band on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Baritone **JOHNNY HARTMAN,** who has been labelled a "musician's singer," recorded perhaps his best album of standards years ago with John Coltrane. He's singing more standards here through Saturday, Nov. 8. On *Monday, Nov. 10,* **HELEN O'CONNELL** *will arrive* and, no doubt, sing "Amapola," "Green Eyes," and "Tangerine." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. *(777-7870)—A vintage rock club that at*tracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 5, Nico (with Cheetah Chrome) and Mission of Burma; Thursday, Nov. 6, the Senders and the Vores; Friday, Nov. 7, the Terrorists (with John Collins) and Science; Saturday, Nov. 8, Ronnie & the Jitters and Donna Destri; Sunday, Nov. 9, Reverbs, Papers, and None of the Above; Monday, Nov. 10, Mike Ock Trinity, Ramsey Najm, and Kitsch; and Tuesday, Nov. 11, Come to Papa, X-Davis, and Slick. Music from well after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)*—Carolyn Leigh is here singing some of the songs she wrote the lyrics for. They include "Hey, Look Me Over," "I Gotta Crow," "Witchcraft," and "When in Rome." The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight; in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Singer Janice Pendarvis and an R. & B. nonet perform on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 5-6; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, South African trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** will lead his jazz-funk sextet. Music from about ten until two.

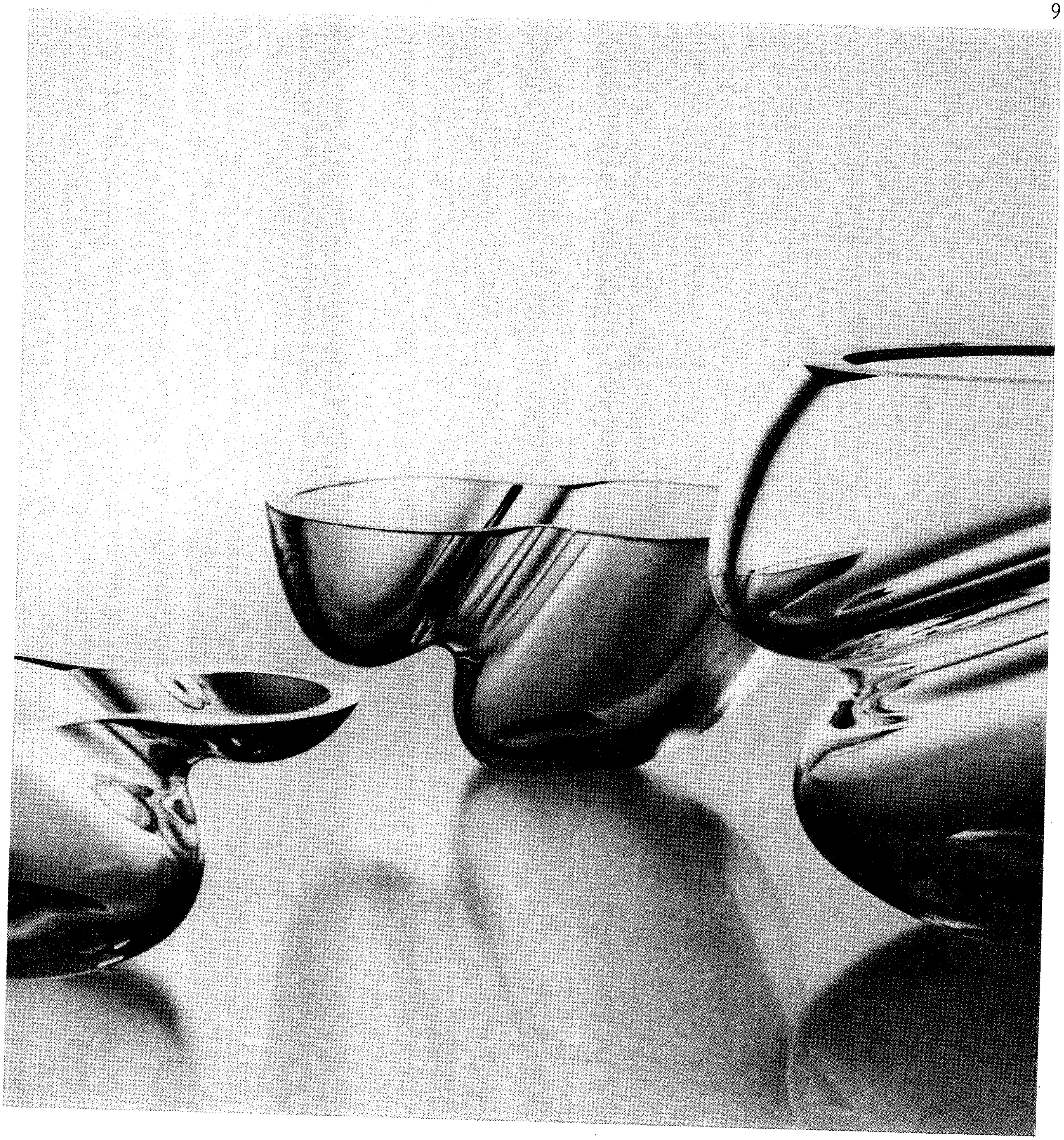
ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. **BABY JANE DEXTER** sings here on Wednesday, Nov. 5; **JIM RINGER** and **MARY MC CASLIN,** two fine folk-rockers, will drop by on Thursday, Nov. 6; and three rock outfits, the Others, Colors, and Prisoners of Beat will perform Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

PALSSON'S, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—The latest jazz club to be decorated in dark-brown tones and smoked-glass mirrors is this extremely relaxed second-story long and narrow room. The jazz: guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** trio on Wednesday, Nov. 5; singer Carol Fredette Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 6-8; singer Marion Cowings and his heavyweight support system, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** and pianist **JOHN HICKS,** on Sunday, Nov. 9; pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 10-12; and singer Janet Lawson's quartet Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 13-15. Jazz from about ten. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! What dance music, what a bounce septet! The **SY OLIVER** organization plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and



Nimbus Collection: These three designs originate in identical blown bubbles distinguished by a groove at the equator. Varying asymmetric openings cut into the bubbles determine each vessel's particular volume. Designed by Paul Schulze. Diameter of each, 7". Dish, $235. Bowl, $265. Vase, $295. Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 752-1441. (Steuben Catalogue available, $4.00.) Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 5, Nina Hagen; Thursday, Nov. 6, **CHUBBY CHECKER;** Friday, Nov. 7, the Rockats; Saturday, Nov. 8, Steel Pulse and Rubber City Rebels; Monday through Thursday, Nov. 10-13, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES;** Friday, Nov. 14, the Elektrics and Soldier; and Saturday, Nov. 15, Carlene Carter and the Elektrics. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, "Rhapsody in Gershwin," an uninspired tribute, is under way, with **NELL CARTER,** Christine Andreas, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett comprising the singing and hoofing cast. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western reaches of Tribeca, where many of the lofts are still used by business and industry. **DANNY MOORE** plays hard-bop trumpet solos and leads his quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Jorge Dalto's Latin-jazz band is present Wednesday, Nov. 5; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 11-12, **YOSHIAKI MASUO,** a standout sideman with Sonny Rollins several years ago and now a wonderful blues and jazz soloist, will head his own quintet; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 13-15, the **BRECKER BROTHERS** fusion band will perform. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and mostly jazz duos. Pianist and composer ("Canadian Sunset") **EDDIE HEYWOOD,** who has said that his idea of relaxation is playing piano in night clubs, plays piano in this night club through Saturday, Nov. 8; on Tuesday, Nov. 11, pianist **BOB DOROUGH** will move in. Mondays are showcase nights. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **PETE YELLIN'S** combo works through Saturday, Nov. 8; **DAKOTA STATON** will sing on Sunday, Nov. 9; four-string, tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES** will play swing and bebop numbers with his trio on Monday, Nov. 10; and on Tuesday, Nov. 11, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his consistently satisfying bluesy jazz quintet will come in. Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** guides a trio nightly, except Sundays. On Fridays and Saturdays pianist and composer Valerie Capers and *her* trio will alternate with the Lewis band. Sunday nights are given over to drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop trio—bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN.** Music Sundays from eight-thirty, and weeknights from nine-thirty.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The lineup: soul singers **SAM & DAVE,** two of the flashiest performers to appear here—they usually are clad in pink or apricot tuxedos—will be on hand on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 5-6; another soul singer, Chuck Jackson, will work on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **LONNIE BROOKS** will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the enormous downstairs room, **PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS** play uplifting and absolutely irresistible dance music from the thirties and forties on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his Jazz Sultans will alternate with pioneer jazz guitarist **AL CASEY'S** trio. Music on Fridays from ten; on Saturdays from midnight. Mondays are given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting the **HEATH BROTHERS** (saxophonist **JIMMY,** bassist **PERCY**) and three family friends—pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** guitarist **TONY PURRONE,** and drummer **AKIRA TANA**—through Sunday, Nov. 9. On Tuesday, Nov. 11, **PAT METHENY,** a young dynamo of a guitarist, will lead three veteran jazz players—bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** drummer **PAUL MOTIAN,** and saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** (who all used to be sidemen with Keith Jarrett a while ago, when he was a young dynamo). Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Pianist **JOE ALBANY** and his bebopping New Yorkers will work on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, and Sunday through Friday, Nov. 9-14, will be devoted to trumpeter Franc Williams and his swing quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Pointer Sisters—With Ray, Goodman & Brown. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Sonic Union—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 964-3776.

Spyro Gyra and Tom Browne—With Sea Level. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Tribute to Roy Haynes—The lineup: Ray Barretto, Gary Bartz, Joe Albany, Clifford Jordan, Mel Lewis, Eddie Gomez, and Red Rodney, among others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Sirone and **Joe Chambers & Warren Smith**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Nov. 7, at 10.

Suni Paz, Wendy Blackstone, and Martha Siegel—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3. Admission by contribution.

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Jimmy Lyons Quartet and **Joe Chambers & Warren Smith**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 10.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The second in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Dave McKenna. (Day School Auditorium, 4 E. 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

Leonard Goines Quintet—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Monday, Nov. 10, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 598-7095.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8.

Stevie Wonder—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Doobie Brothers—With Le Roux. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.)

Yellow Magic Orchestra—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Dire Straits—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8.

Jon Lucien—With Herbie Hancock. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Randy Weston and **Baikida Carroll Quintet**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 10.

Molly Hatchet—With Michael Schenker Group. (Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8: Ultravox. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13-14: Gang of Four. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15: Slits. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows start about 11:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Nov. 5: ROVA Sax quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6: Henry Kaiser. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7: Totico y Sus Rumberos. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 9: Shona Mbira music from Zimbabwe, with Iphat Mujuru and Paul Berliner. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13: Andy Gonzalez and Alfredo de la Fe. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14: BoneWorks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15: Davey Williams and LaDonna Smith. (*Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St.* 581-7032. All performances at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

John White Alexander (1856-1915)—Portraits of Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, and the actor Joseph Jefferson are among the selected works by this painter, who specialized in idealized Whistlerian figures and was enormously popular in his lifetime. Through Dec. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Horst Antes—Paintings and steel sculptures on Hopi Indian themes by a German artist who collects the religious dolls, called kachinas, the Hopi are famous for. Through Nov. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Eleanor Antin—Currently, this protean artist has transformed herself into the ballerina Eleanora Antinova, and her memoir of life with the Diaghilev troupe is set forth in her own handwriting, accompanied by delicate wash drawings and antique-looking photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Wolfgang Behl—Fanciful figurative sculptures in wood and bronze. Through Nov. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Strange constructions involving antique building blocks, mannequin heads, brass bells, old toys, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Jack Bush (1910-77)—Paintings in which two or three large, simple abstract forms are distributed on the canvas and painted in con-

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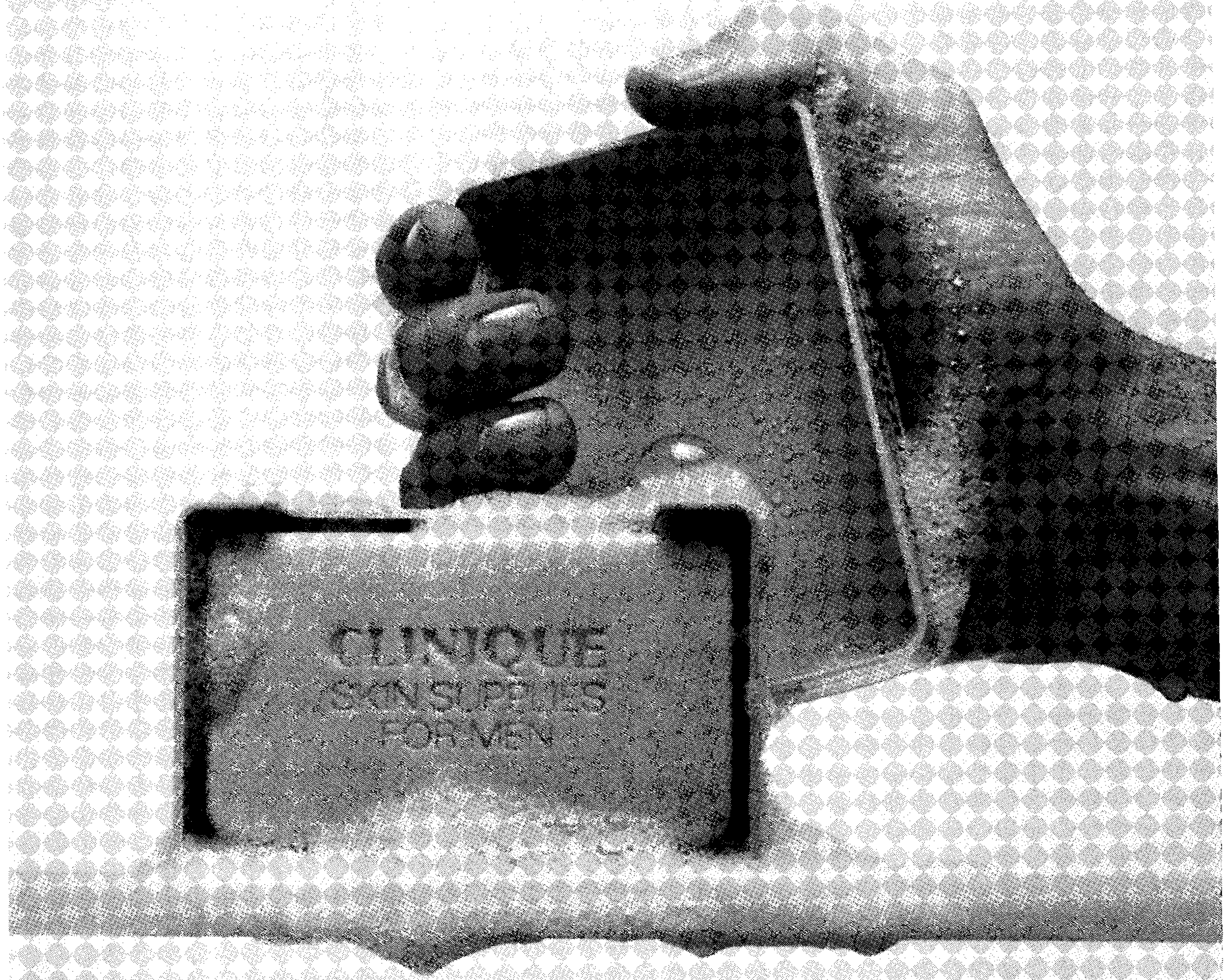

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CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

trasting colors. The artist was a Canadian. Through Nov. 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Rebecca Davenport—Large oil paintings of interiors, done with unusual exactitude by a Washington, D.C., artist, who seems attracted by rumpled beds, stacks of old newspapers and magazines, antique dolls. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jo Davidson (1883-1952)—Portrait sculptures of important figures of the artist's day—George Bernard Shaw, Albert Einstein, Gertrude Stein. Through Nov. 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Gertrude Fiske (1878-1961)—Impressionist figure and landscape paintings executed between 1910 and 1928. Through Nov. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—A small memorial show of paintings and drawings culled from the works he did in the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

John Koch (1909-78)—A retrospective of the realist works of a painter whose interior settings were often his own Central Park West apartment. Through Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lois Lane—Paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

David Lund—Pastels and a few oils focussed on the rockbound Maine coast; many of them look like abstracts but are simply realistic depictions of rock formations. Through Thursday, Nov. 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William C. Maxwell—The Weiner gallery is showing paintings, drawings, and prints by this artist in two locations: at 21 E. 73rd St. and 112 Greene St. (the Greene St. hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, 1 to 5). Both shows through Nov. 22.

Robert Natkin—Paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Rather stiff oil paintings—portraits of Michelle Stuart and Maureen Connor, nude males, and tondo full-face studies. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Ann Sperry—"Wall Flowers," a series of welded-steel sculptures daubed with paint. Through Nov. 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945)—Paintings of the Wild West by this master of the hell-for-leather genre—bronco-busting, Indians on the warpath, saloon gunfights, snarling grizzlies. Through Nov. 28. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and drawings by Matisse, Picasso, Magritte, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **a. m. adler,** 21 E. 67th St.: European masters are represented in this exhibition of thirty or so recently acquired drawings, among which the works of Pascin and Picasso stand out. Through Jan. 10. . . . **arman,** a recently opened gallery at 817 Madison Ave., near 68th St.: A sheaf of trompe-l'oeil: Fragments of what look like ancient classical frescoes by Peter Saari; paintings (on shaped canvas) of ordinary United Parcel packages by Daniel Douke; and shadows of living-room furniture done on the panels of a screen by Jack Radetsky. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **davis & long,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Seventy-five watercolors by British artists, largely eighteenth century and nineteenth. Through Nov. 29. . . . **feist,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings; among the earliest, a sixteenth-century self-portrait of Annibale Carracci; the most recent a twentieth-century watercolor by T. Panov. Through Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings of figures in groups by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Robert Henri, Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, David Levine, and others. Through Nov. 29. . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: Eleven artists showing a single new work each; an oil on canvas by de Kooning and a Formica sculpture by Heizer are two. Through Dec. 31. . . . **goethe house,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Forty-four prints and watercolors by German Expressionists (Böckstiegel, Dix, Heckel, Rohlfs, and others) from a private collection. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 *to* 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Another theme show, this one dealing with buildings as subjects of early twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Arthur G. Dove's "Slaughterhouse," Elsie Driggs' "St. Bartholomew's," Max Weber's "New York," and seven works apiece by Sheeler and Demuth are included. Through Nov. 29. . . . **hutton,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists, among them Alexej Jawlensky, Gabriele Münter, and August Macke. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **mathes,** 19 E. 71st St.: "American Flower Painting 1850-1950," a survey that includes works by Demuth, O'Keeffe, and Glackens. Through Dec. 6. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A recently acquired Braque, dated 1926, is among the sparkling works in the current exhibition—Léger, Dufy, Vlaminck, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **reed,** 120 E. 78th St.: Self-portraits by Americans. Those on view for the first time are by Alice Neel, Audrey Flack, Warren Brandt, Ben Schonzeit, and Ellsworth Kelly. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, and Schiele. Through Nov. 29. (Opens at noon.)

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GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

James Bishop—Minimalist paintings done in layers of white. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Diane Burko—Colored-pencil drawings of the Southwest. Through Nov. 22. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Franco Ciarlo—New work in his established style—ancient-looking fragments of fresco paintings (his own) transferred to sheets of sheer cotton fabric about eight feet tall and four feet wide. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Two exhibits of New York and Maine landscapes by an artist whose vision covers a sweep of about a hundred and eighty degrees. The polished oils are at Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 29), and the working drawings, in pencil, are at Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 22).

Jean Dubuffet—New collage paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

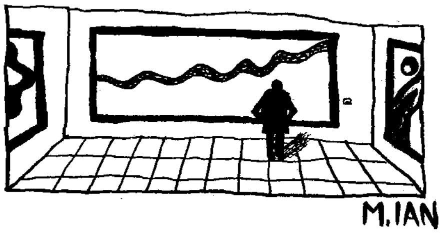
Stephen Etnier—Paintings of Maine. Through Nov. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Severely formal abstract works in which rectangular areas of color are worked over, and transformed, by shading done with a hard pencil. Through Nov. 22. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Grosser—Paintings of Moroccan and French landscapes, plus still-lifes of big red onions, peaches, asparagus, red cabbage. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey—Southern rural scenes painted in his semi-abstract style. Through Nov. 21. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)



Alfred Leslie—A sixteen-foot landscape and three figure paintings. Also preparatory drawings. Through Dec. 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Eliza Moore—Vigorous collages done on shaped canvas or on photographer's seamless paper, using strips of steel, aluminum, and paper as well as acrylic paint. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Recent small sculptures and a number of colored lithographs, many of them on view in New York for the first time. Through Nov. 29. (Heidenberg. 50 W. 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan / August Sander (1876-1964)—Odd corners of this English artist's studio are depicted in a lean, precise style on oval, round, and rectangular canvases, and the man himself is seen in a number of small, equally economical self-portraits. / Photographic portraits of German artists, including Mahler. Through Nov. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—A group of his mosaic-like paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Obuck—Stylish-looking black-and-white wooden wall constructions, some of them boxed. Through Nov. 22. (Gladstone, in new quarters at 41 W. 57th St.)

J. Esteban Perez—Variations on a checkerboard theme done in fired enamel on steel panels by a Chilean artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Steven Sloman—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

D. Jack Solomon—Painted reliefs, two installation pieces, and several works on paper, all somewhat more representational than his last show. Through Nov. 29. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Sylvia Stone / Kenneth Noland—Sleek, shiny-bright wall reliefs in which geometric shapes cut out of Plexiglas, steel, mirrored surfaces, metal grids, and so on are assembled into abstract constructions. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. / Polychromatic paintings on shaped canvases. Through Nov. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paule Vezelay—Paintings, drawings, and constructions done over the past fifty years by an eighty-eight-year-old woman who is said to have been the first British artist to work in a totally abstract manner. She lived in Paris for years and was a friend of Arp, and there is a similarity in their work. Through Nov. 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Willenbecher—Painted sculptural works: wood or Masonite cones, spheres, and pyramids (in varying combinations) strung like a necklace on heavy rope. There are also other wall pieces, called "Grottos," which suggest cathedral entrances. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Nonobjective works on paper. Through Nov. 29 (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **aaron berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works by seven Los Angeles artists include abstracts done on burnished lead or copper by Joel Bass, and large wall pieces, six feet square, of wood and handmade paper by Anne Flaten Pixley. Through Nov. 29. . . . **de nagy,** 29 W. 57th St.: "The Avant-Garde in Hungary: 1919-1939," a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Nov. 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—"J. and Armand Tour the World" is the title of a new narrative work, conveyed in pencil drawings alternating with text. Through Nov. 22. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

John Baldessari / Albert Renger-Patzsch (1897-1966)—A small group of photographs, entitled "Fugitive Essays." / Vintage photographs of industrial sites and architecture. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Linda Bastian—Paintings on paper and silk, usually flowers. Through Nov. 26. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Jonathan Borofsky—A carnival of the artist's fantasies—hanging from the ceiling, drawn

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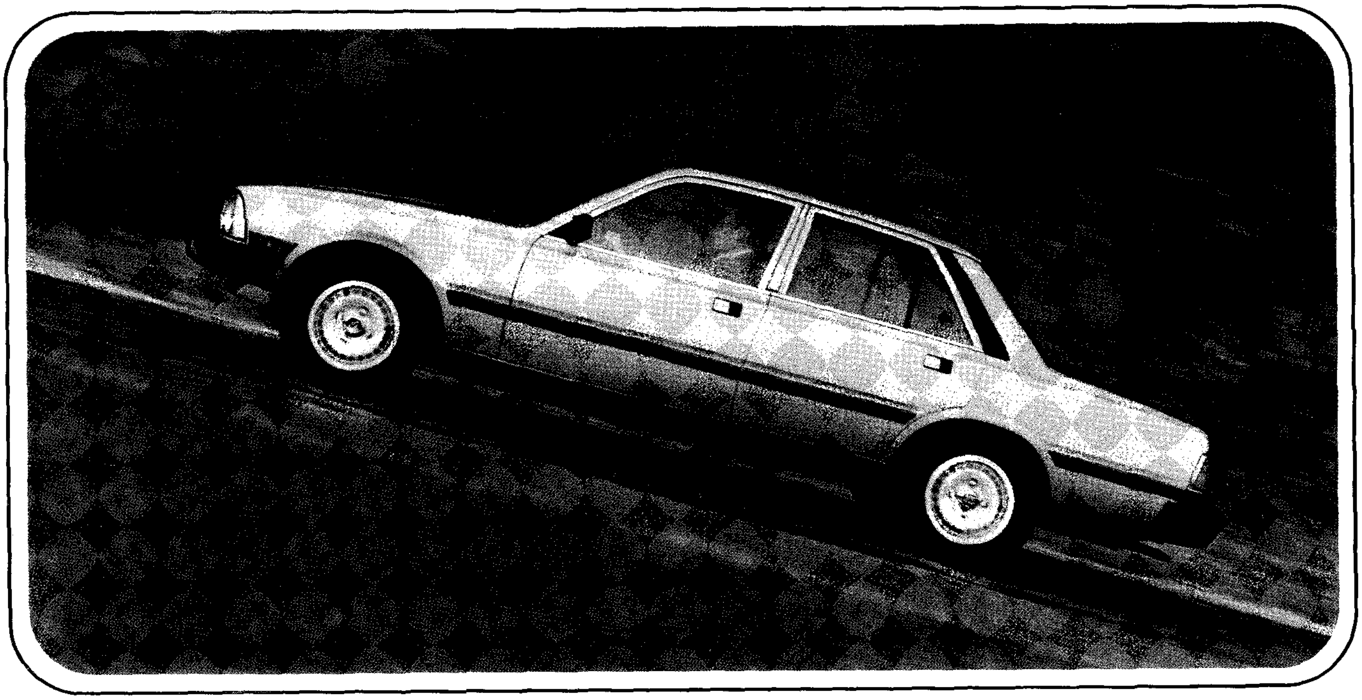

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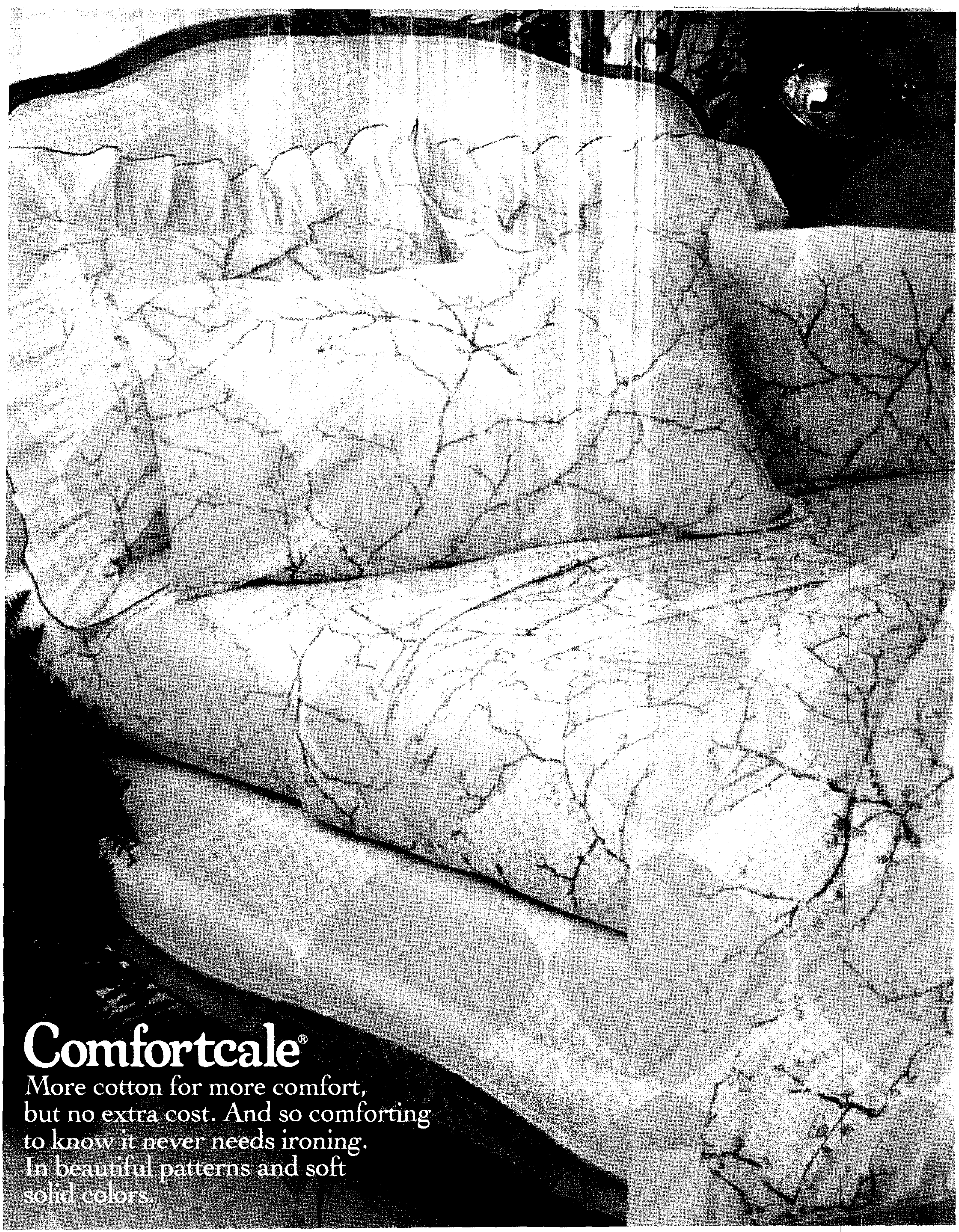
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on the walls, appearing in leaflets scattered on the floor, and issuing from video installations. He's the one who numbers his works, and he is high up in his second million now. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Paul Brown / Tom Clancy—Large oil canvases on which simple, goblet-like forms are painted in bold colors on contrasting grounds. / A hundred and twenty pages of *Times* want ads that have been dipped in paraffin wax are laid out in what appears to be a single sheet, thirty-six feet long. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Margaret Grimes—Flower paintings for the most part, with a couple of small portrait heads. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Elaine Huyer—Large, gentle abstractions in which a triangular figure recurs. Through Sunday, Nov. 9. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Open Sundays.)

Ronnie Landfield / William Eggleston—Abstract paintings. / Photographs. Through Nov. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt—A five-foot structure made of 1,553 wooden cubes painted white, plus wall drawings. Through Nov. 22. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Mario Merz—Outsize paintings, done on unstretched canvas in a sort of neo-cave-drawing style, on which bright-colored lengths of neon lighting are superimposed. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—Two eerie works: Dangling from the ceiling is a vast tangle of aluminum tubing, in the coils of which three silver-leafed human skeletons are caught up, and on the wall almost under it is a sort of waterfall of black felt, hung on a steel frame, with another human skeleton, painted black. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Graham Nickson—Huge, strange paintings (one is thirteen feet long) of figures in mysterious settings, which the artist says are archetypal landscapes, blending Italian, Balkan, and American scenery. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ann Norton—Craggy sculptures hacked and sawed out of big blocks of cedar. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Ed Puls—Large, colorful new allegorical paintings, involving classical figures. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Martin Ramirez (1885-1960)—Twenty drawings and collages by a naïf Mexican artist who spent most of his life in a mental hospital and worked on whatever scraps of paper he could find. His representations of trains are especially remarkable. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Stephen Seemayer—A series of small collage drawings in which the Los Angeles skyline is afire and the artist's Social Security number is emblazoned among the flames. A video installation depicts the same theme. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Francesc Torres—Two installations, one given over largely to half a dozen video screens showing Carter and Reagan campaigning, and the other to a portrait of Lenin hanging on the wall above a sort of altar of liquor bottles. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 20. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Lynton Wells—Paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Gina Werfel—Paintings of the Maine woods and upstate countryside, mostly. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Drawings, models, and plans for houses designed by Emilio Ambasz, Peter Eisenman, Vittorio Gregotti, Arata Isozaki, Charles Moore, Cesar Pelli, Cedric Price, and Oswald Mathias Ungers. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . **MARINO**, 489 Broome St.: Works by ten artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Beth Ames Swartz, and Rosalind Archer, in which fire is the subject and, quite often, the medium (words scorched on paper, or holes burned in it). Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ruth Ann Fredenthal / Allen Ruppersberg—Oil paintings that at first glance appear to be monotones in variations of gray reveal, upon study, glimmerings of other colors that have gone into the layers of underpaintings. / An installation devoted to the Fountain of Youth. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Françoise Gilot—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs. Through Nov. 21. (La Maison Française, Columbia University, East Hall, Broadway at 116th St. Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5.)

Peter Gourfain—Semi-abstract watercolors and ink drawings of the sea—off Block Island, in the stormy mid-Atlantic, in the Channel, off Coney Island. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Rentschler, in a penthouse at 450 W. 24th St.)

Peter Lobello—Abstract drawings in colored pencil on dark-toned paper with a strip of metal superimposed, plus several sculptural pieces, including a model of his enormous sunburst of bronze rods that decorates the lobby of the new Hyatt hotel. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Carlson, 33 Bleecker St., between the Bowery and Lafayette St.)

Thomas A. Rose / Larry Clark—An enclosure, built with wood and hardware cloth, that holds ladders, chairs, toys, and so forth. / Photographs (with added bits of wood and film) of teen-age habitués of Forty-second Street. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Elfi Schuselka—Gauzy abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Kurt Vonnegut—Fifty felt-tip-pen drawings: semi-abstract figures, faces, and objects. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

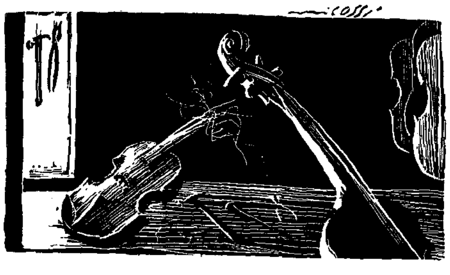
Frank Young / Alan Kikuchi-Yngojo—Paintings and sculptures that refer to recent events: Mt. St. Helens, for instance. / Polaroid photographs (with added bits of wood and film) of the artist's hand and torso. Through Nov. 25. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Show—An exhibit that includes a forbidding black structure, twelve feet high, called "A Powerhouse for Adam Smith," by Lauren Ewing. Through its windows one can watch messages flashed on a video screen ("Clash and Recoil" or "Identical Gestures"). Other artists represented are Agnes Denes, Vernon Fisher, Stephen Prina, and David Reed. Through Dec. 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ruffin Cooper, Jr.—Photographs in a series entitled "Taos Church." Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Victor Keppler—Advertising photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)



Builder Levy—Twenty-five photographs of Appalachian coal miners. Through Nov. 28. (SoHo Photo, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Sheila Metzner—Soft-focus color prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Photograms, photographs, and photoplastiks. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Hans Namuth—Photographs of Jackson Pollock in his studio in 1950-51. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Walter Rosenblum—Documentary photographs of the schools, hospitals, streets, and citizens of the South Bronx. Through Nov. 26. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Keiichi Tahara—Photographs of views from Paris windows. Through Nov. 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Trager / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Photographs of New York architecture, from ten studies of Harlem houses (and their details) to the Guggenheim Museum and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tower. / Photographs of landscapes in Maine, Connecticut, and European cities. Through Dec. 6. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Fashion Photography—Two shows: Works by George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68), an early contributor to *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. . . . ¶ A selection (by Diana Vreeland) of fifty black-and-white photographs, including portraits of Josephine Baker, Chanel, and Audrey Hepburn, by Horst, Irving Penn, Deborah Turbeville, and others. Both shows through Sunday, Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Through Sunday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Sunday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A historical survey of monotypes; the hundred or so prints are by Degas, Prendergast, Milton Avery, Jim Dine, and others. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Veterans Day, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Veterans Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs by William Klein. Shown primarily by slide projection, the works are street scenes in New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ A show of Robert Motherwell's graphics. Through Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now, while a survey of German Expressionism, scheduled to open on Friday, Nov. 14, is being installed. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six in-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stallations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings, drawings, and photographs by Charles Sheeler, from the permanent collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. *Hours:* Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Jan. 18. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials, as well as rare art objects. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to green to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the *mythical figure so popular in medieval art*—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Veterans Day, *through Saturdays,* 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of silver pieces from the permanent collection—two eighteenth-century works are Claude Ballin II's candelabra and Thomas Heming's rococo tea urn; Joseph Angell III's claret jug made its début at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—H. L. Mencken's centenary is the occasion for a show of his manuscripts, correspondence, first editions, and periodicals. Through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) *Both shows through Jan. 4.*

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings of plants and flowers. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Sunday, Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, *10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after* 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

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National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An annual show of paintings, this year by twenty-three contemporary artists, sponsored by the Henry Ward Ranger Fund, which will purchase some of the works as gifts to museums. Through Sunday, Nov. 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A *retrospective of the abstract paintings of Ed*ward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Veterans Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, *dance, and so on.)*

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—*A show of three-dimensional paintings* (by nine artists, including Stuart Diamond, Betty Parsons, and Frank Stella) that date from the past five years. Through Saturday, Nov. 15.

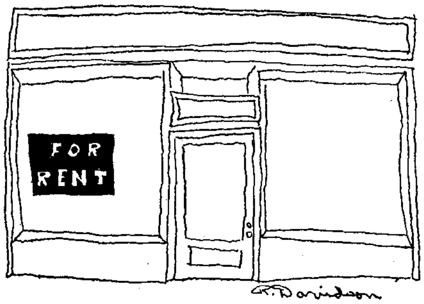
Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographs by seven artists; Kevin Noble has gold and silver painted photographs of drawings of couples, and David Kulik has color works that simulate electron photomicrographs. Through Dec. 20.

Creative Time, First Precinct House, 48 Old Slip, *between Water and South Sts., one block* south of Wall St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.—The former police station that is the new and permanent location of this organization has inspired an introductory exhibit of a number of pertinent on-site installations. In one (by Mimi Gross Grooms), a papier-mâché woman figure is leaning on the bannister of the imposing *raised sergeant's desk; others (by Lucio Pozzi* and Sandy Gellis, for instance) are set up in cell blocks. Through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Two exhibitions: one by eight artists from the Dutch experimental outpost De Appel (through Dec. 17), the other of copies of *291, Dada,* and similar publications from the years *1909-29,* on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (through Nov. 29).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition *hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays,* 1 to 6.—Derek Bailey and Evan Parker (music), Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; Hanne Tierney (puppeteer), Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30; Emily Armstrong, Pat Ivers, and Robin Schancenbach (video), Sunday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; Ericka Beckman and Michael Oblowitz (films), Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; Takehisa Kosugi (music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8:30; photographs of the human torso by Ron Cooper, starts Thursday, Nov. 6.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Political images in photographs is the theme for nearly a dozen of the exhibitions in *this former school building. Through Sunday,* Nov. 9.



MUSIC

(*The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is* 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, Nov. 5: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Barbara Carter, Marianna Christos, Stephanie Sundine, Kathleen Hegierski, Henry Price, and Justino Díaz; conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ *Thursday evening, Nov. 6:* "Cinderella," with Susanne Marsee, Gianna Rolandi, Rose-Marie Freni, Rockwell Blake, Alan Titus, and James Billings; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "Giulio Cesare," with Gianna Rolandi, Delia Wallis, Diane Curry, Robert Hale, Dominic Cossa, and Donnie Ray Albert; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 8: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Carol Gutknecht, Bruce Reed, Stephen Dickson, and Herbert Beattie; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Barbara Carter, Marianna Christos, Stephanie Sundine, Kathleen Hegierski, Henry Price, and Justino Díaz; David Effron. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 790-0374 or 790-0355.) . . . ¶ *Sunday matinée,* Nov. 9: "Giulio Cesare," with Gianna Rolandi, Delia Wallis, Diane Curry, Robert Hale, Dominic Cossa, and Donnie Ray Albert; Ralf Weikert. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 1.)

Bel Canto Opera—Jeanine Bryan conducting the first two of four performances of Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne," staged by Neil McKenzie. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 7:30, *and Sunday,* Nov. 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—James Conlon conducting Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 6-8, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7:30 (all with Gidon Kremer, violin). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8; Friday, Nov. 14, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 7:30 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin).

London Symphony Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—At **carnegie hall** Nicholas Kraemer conducting on Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8 (with Isaac Stern, violin and Neil Black, oboe). . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist in a benefit performance on Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8 (with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Yo-yo Ma, cello). For tickets, call 986-3240. . . . **avery fisher hall:** Nicholas Kraemer conducting on Friday, Nov. 14, at 8 (with James Galway, flute).

Minnesota Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Neville Marriner conducting—Friday, Nov. 7, at 8: With Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8: With Bella Davidovich, piano.

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Iona Brown conducting this English chamber orchestra

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and acting as violin soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Mozart-Scriabin program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Julius Rudel conducting, with Tedd Joselson, piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

I Musici—Twelve musicians who perform without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8, a varied program, and Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8, an all-Vivaldi program.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 8-9, at 8.)

Scottish Chamber Orchestra—Jaime Laredo conducting and acting as violin soloist, with Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3, and Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one consisting of two one-act opera premières—Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Egg" and John Eaton's "The Cry of Clytaemnestra." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Shura Cherkassky, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Karl Loewe's oratorio "Die Sieben Schlaefer von Ephesus," with Michèle Boucher, Barbara Hocher, and Susan von Reichenbach, sopranos; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, Gene Tucker, and Sidney Johnson, tenors; Robert Briggs and Robert Shiesley; baritones; Richard Crist, bass-baritone; and the Canterbury Choral Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chamber Singers—Peter Schubert directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

RECITALS

Zaidee Parkinson—Piano, in an all-Schumann program, with Lou Ann Wyckoff, soprano, and Jerold Siena, tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

David Tanenbaum—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Peter McCutcheon—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Michel Piquet Baroque Ensemble—A program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Santiago Rodriguez—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

James Houlik—Tenor saxophone. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.) . . . ¶ A varied program, with Lee Luvisi, piano, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, at 8.)

Curtis Macomber and Edmund Niemann—Violin and piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

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New York Baroque Ensemble—A program of sonatas and concertos played on original or copies of original baroque instruments. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in a program of Beethoven lieder. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Julian Bream—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Jean-Bernard Pommier—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Composers String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Diana Kacso—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times building.)

Andrée Juliette Brun—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Anthony and Joseph Paratore—Duo piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Mary Sadovnikoff—Fortepiano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The third in a series of recitals will be a program of Spanish music, performed by LiveOak. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Glenn Dicterow, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Leonard Arner, oboe; Robert Toutch, horn; and Horacio Gutierrez and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 10-11, at 7:30.)

Robert Chumbley—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Victor Danchenko—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Yvette Hernandez—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Edgar Varèse, Anthony Korf, George Perle, and Charles Wuorinen. Also performing will be members of Parnassus. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—With composer-conductor-pianist Lukas Foss in the second in a series of three programs that will each include a work by Mr. Foss, as well as works by other composers—in this case Mozart. With Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Janus Ensemble—The first in a series of three concerts of baroque and contemporary music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Alexander Jenner—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Canadian Brass—A brass quintet. (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Katherine Ciesinski and Kristine Ciesinski—Mezzo-soprano and soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music—André-Michel Schub, piano; Masuko Ushioda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette St. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2.)

Concord String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2.)

Boehm Quintette—A program entitled "The Classical Period." (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Jane Adler—Flute and mime. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Josef Marx Memorial Concert—Ronald Anderson, trumpet; Anne Chamberlain and David Holzman, piano; Richard Frisch, baritone; and others, in a program of music that ranges from the baroque to the contemporary. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

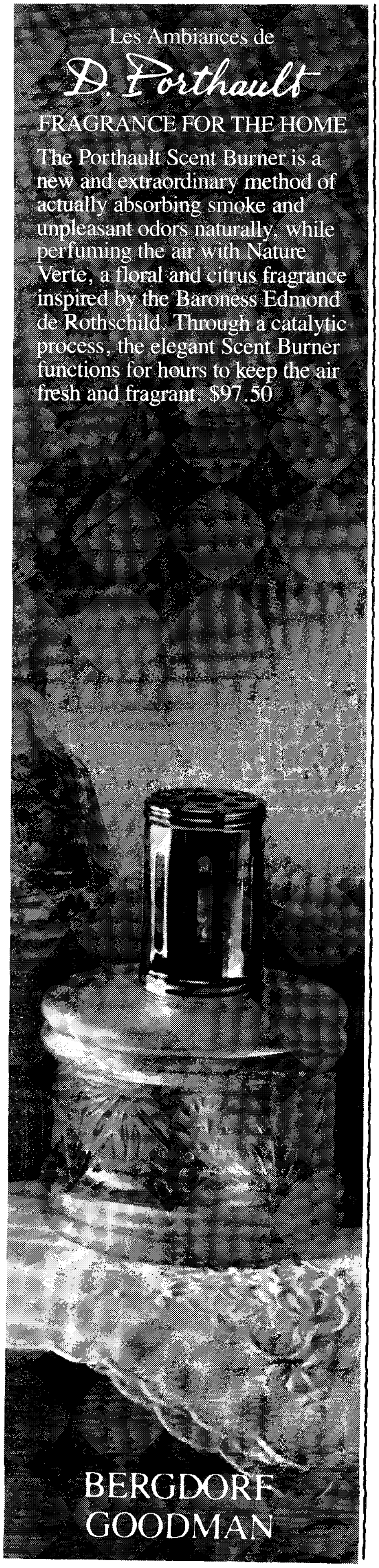
Concerts Celebrating Aaron Copland's Eightieth Birthday—Two all-Copland concerts presenting the same program. With Linda Wall, soprano, and the Oratorio Society of New York. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8, with Mr. Copland conducting. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3, with Mr. Copland and Leonard Bernstein conducting.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:05. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 8:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. William and Mary, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Maine, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 15:** Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. West Virginia, at Piscataway, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30.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Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 9: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, at 4.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Nov. 14, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 5-9, at 1:30 and 7:30.)

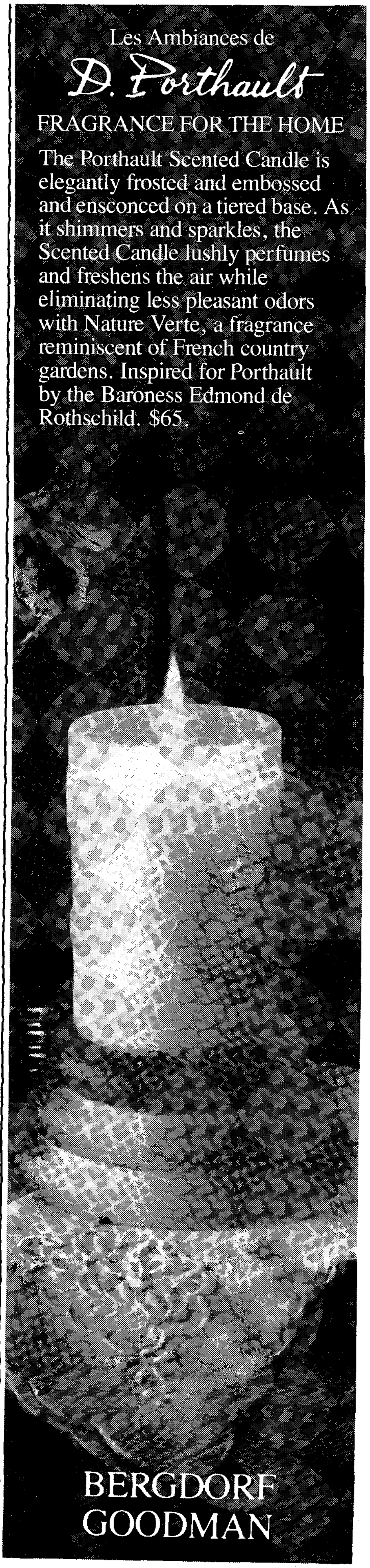
Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays—except Nov. 5—through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 8; the Remsen, Sunday, Nov. 9; the First Flight Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 11; and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 8.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—At **donnell library auditorium:** Thom Gunn and D. M. Thomas reading from their own poetry, Thursday, Nov. 6, at 6:30. . . . ¶ Dick Barnes and Robert Mezey reading from their own poetry, Thursday, Nov. 13, at 6:30. (20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . **great hall,** Cooper Union: Bernard Malamud reading from his own novels. (Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 6, at 2 and Friday, Nov. 7, at 10:15: Colonial paintings of Latin America, from the collection of Dr. James F. Adams, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 7, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Latin-American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; from the estate of Nelson A. Rockefeller and from other sources. Admission to the Thursday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-4766. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 13-15, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 8 . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-8460. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 6, at 10:15: Decorative works of art, furniture, and rugs. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 2: Netsuke, inro, and lacquer ware. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bernat. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2: Chinese works of art, including archaic bronze vessels from the André Meyer Collection. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, at 2: Art Nouveau. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 9, from 10 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 6, at 10 and 2: Chinese works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8, and Thursday, Nov. 13, at 2: Contemporary art. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information call 546-1131. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 7. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 6, at 2: American, English, and Continental silver and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 2: Contemporary paintings by such artists as Jack Bush, Calder, and Paul Jenkins. Exhibition starts Sunday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 1: Photographs from the nineteen-twenties and thirties, including works by Atget, Kertész, and Moholy-Nagy. Exhibition starts Monday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 6: Photographs by Stieglitz, Steichen, and other members of the Photo-Secession. Exhibition starts Monday, Nov. 10.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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 24. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Nov. 10.)

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 11: "Maîtresse" and "Story of Sin."
From Nov. 12: "Madame Rosa" and "Murmur of the Heart."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 6: "The Tin Drum."
Nov. 7-13: "Oh, God! Book II" and "Just Tell Me What You Want."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 6: "Loving Couples."
From Nov. 7: "Oh Heavenly Dog."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stardust Memories."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 13: "The First Deadly Sin."
From Nov. 14: "The Idolmaker."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Elephant Man."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 6: "Motel Hell."
From Nov. 7: "Oh Heavenly Dog."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Nov. 13: "Private Benjamin."
From Nov. 14: "Raging Bull."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Gloria."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Nov. 13: "Worlds Apart."
From Nov. 14: "Private Benjamin."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Stardust Memories."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 6: "The Elephant Man."
From Nov. 7: "From the Life of the Marionettes."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 6: "Halloween."
From Nov. 7: "Divine Madness."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Touched by Love."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Nov. 6: "Loving Couples."
From Nov. 7: "The Elephant Man."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 13: "The Awakening."
From Nov. 14: "The Idolmaker."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 6: "One-Trick Pony."
From Nov. 7: "Resurrection."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Melvin and Howard."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"It's My Turn."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Stunt Man."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ordinary People."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 6: "My Bodyguard."
Nov. 7-13: "The Great Santini."
From Nov. 14: "Somewhere in Time."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Gloria."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 6: "Borderline."
Nov. 7-13: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."
From Nov. 14: "Breaker! Breaker!" and "Kill or Be Killed."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The First Deadly Sin."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Awakening."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 13: "Hopscotch."
From Nov. 14: "The Idolmaker."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hopscotch."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Gloria."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Private Benjamin."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Timing / A Sensual Obsession."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Fade to Black." From Nov. 7: "Sir Henry at Rawlinson End."
Theatre 3: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."
Theatre 4: "Halloween."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 6: "Song of the South."
From Nov. 7: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Times Square."

***FESTIVAL,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)*
"The Elephant Man."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Stunt Man."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Stardust Memories."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Nov. 13: "Hopscotch."
From Nov. 14: "Worlds Apart."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 6: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Nov. 7: "Divine Madness."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Gloria."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Airplane!"
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Song of the South." From Nov. 7: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin."
Theatre 4: "The Awakening."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Hopscotch."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Nov. 6: "Rockers."
From Nov. 7: "Children of Babylon."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 6: "Halloween" and "It's Alive."
Nov. 7-13 (tentative): "Divine Madness" and "Roadie."
From Nov. 14: "Fame" and "Foxes."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "The Exterminator." From Nov. 7: "Oh Heavenly Dog." (†)
Theatre 3: "Hopscotch." (†)
Theatre 4: "Fame." (†)
Theatre 5: "Divine Madness." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Gloria." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Fists of Fury" and "The Chinese Connection."
Theatre 3: "Airplane!" (†)
Theatre 4: "Dressed to Kill."

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Nov. 6: "Motel Hell." (†)
From Nov. 7: "The Black Hole" (†) and "Sleeping Beauty." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Ordinary People." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"It's My Turn." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The First Deadly Sin." (†)

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Nov. 6: "Fade to Black." (†)
Nov. 7-13: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
From Nov. 14: "The Idolmaker." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Nov. 6: "Borderline." (†)
Nov. 7-13: "Psychic" and "Beyond Evil."
From Nov. 14: "Breaker! Breaker!" and "Kill or Be Killed."

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
To be announced.

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 5: "See You at Mao" (1970), a documentary, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.
Nov. 6: "Samurai, Part IV: Swords of Death" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Tomu Uchida; and "Satan's Sword, Part II" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi.
Nov. 7: "Hair" (1979), directed by Miloš Forman, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Nov. 8: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.
Nov. 9: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.
Nov. 10: "Gates of Heaven" (1978), a documentary, directed by Errol Morris.
Nov. 11: "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (†); and "Satan's Sword, Part III" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori.
Nov. 12: Three films by Gabor Body, in Hungarian, with English subtitles—"American Torso" (1975), "Four Bagatelles" (1975), and "Psycho-Cosmos" (1976). Mr. Body will be present at 8:35.
Nov. 13: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Two English Girls." (†)
Nov. 14: "Lisztomania" (†) and "Mahler." (†)
Nov. 15: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978), in French, directed by Bernard Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick

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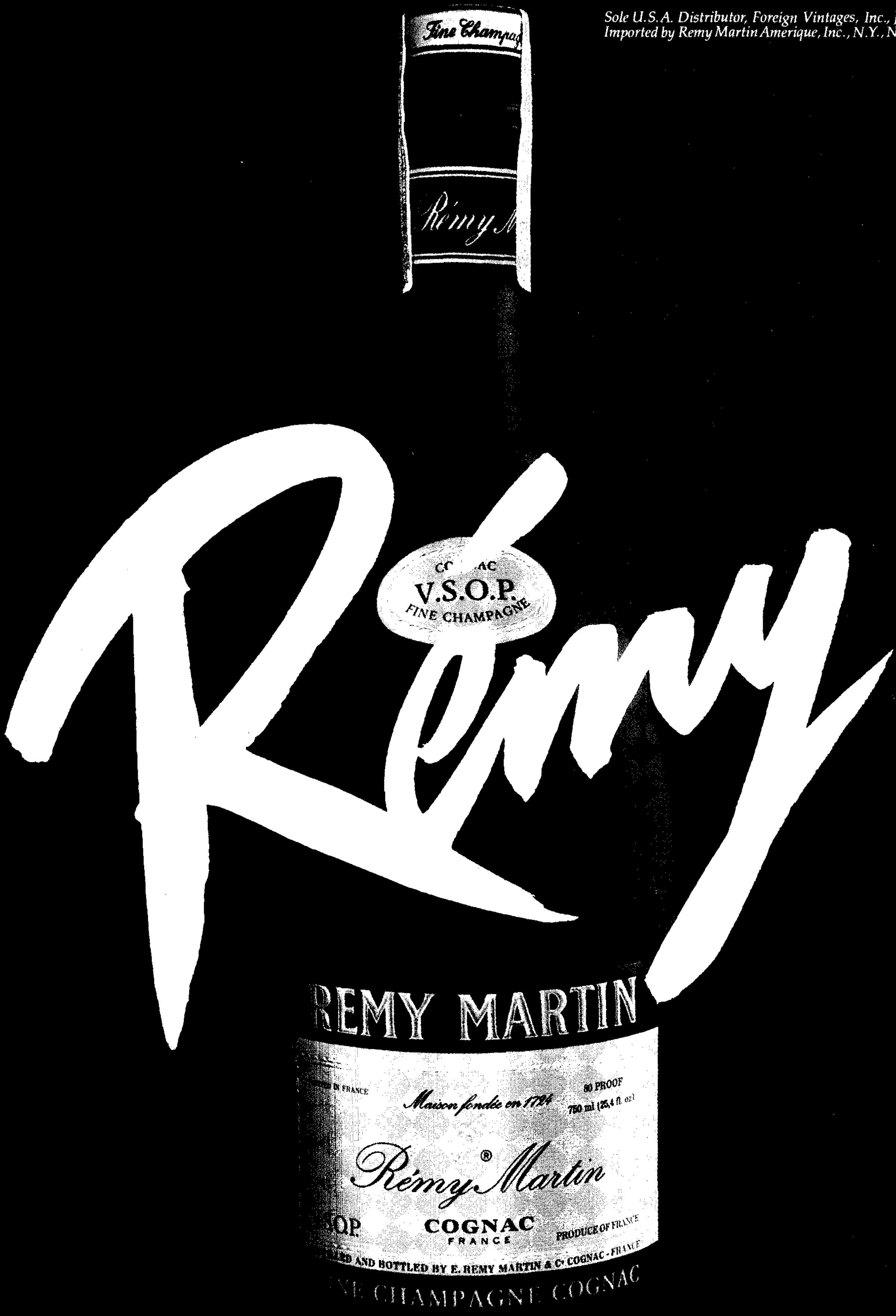
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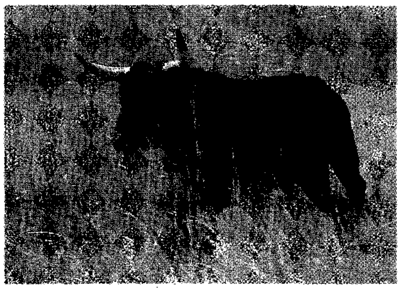

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Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Nov. 5: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom.

Nov. 6: "The Divorce of Lady X" (1938), directed by Tim Whelan, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, and Binnie Barnes; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Marilyn Monroe, and Sybil Thorndike.

Nov. 7: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

Nov. 8: "Hardcore" (1979), directed by Paul Schrader, with George C. Scott, Season Hubley, and Peter Boyle; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Nov. 9: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Gold Diggers of 1935." (†)

Nov. 10: "The 400 Blows" (†); and "Me" (1970; "Naked Childhood"), in French, directed by Maurice Pialat.

Nov. 11: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

Nov. 12: "Iphigenia" (†) and "The Trojan Women." (†)

Nov. 13: "The Wild Duck" (†); and "La Paloma" (1974), in French, directed by Daniel Schmid, with Ingrid Caven and Peter Kern. Mr. Kern will be present at 7:45.

Nov. 14: "Sternstein Manor" (1975), in German, directed by Hans W. Geissendorfer, with Peter Kern; and "False Movement" (1975; "The Wrong Move"), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rudiger Volger and Peter Kern. Mr. Kern will be present at 7:15.

Nov. 15: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 6: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.

Nov. 7-8: "All That Jazz" (1979), directed by Bob Fosse, with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer.

Nov. 9-10: "Ulysses." (†)

Nov. 11: "What's New Pussycat?" (†); and "Casino Royale" (1967), directed by six directors, with Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, and David Niven.

Nov. 12-13: Two Russ Meyer films—"Vixen" (1969) and "Supervixens" (1975).

Nov. 14-15: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste, with Jason Williams.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Nov. 6: "Motel Hell." (†)

From Nov. 7: "Divine Madness." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Nov. 6: "Butterfield 8" (1960), directed by Daniel Mann, with Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill; and "The V.I.P.s" (1963), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, and Margaret Rutherford.

Nov. 7-8: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967), directed by Mark Robson, with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, Sharon Tate, Susan Hayward, and Paul Burke; and "Three on a Match" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Joan Blondell, Bette Davis, Ann Dvorak, and Warren William.

Nov. 9-10: "The Painted Veil" (†) and "Anna Christie." (†)

Nov. 11-12: "East Side, West Side" (1949), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, and Van Heflin; and "A Hatful of Rain" (1957), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Eva Marie Saint, Don Murray, and Anthony Franciosa.

Nov. 13-14: "Morning Glory" (†) and "Break of Hearts." (†)

From Nov. 15: "Mark of the Vampire" (1935), directed by Tod Browning, with Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allen; and "The Mephisto Waltz" (1971), directed by Paul Wendkos, with Alan Alda and Jacqueline Bisset.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 5: "The New Land" (1973), in Swedish, directed by Jan Troell, with Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Eddie Axberg, and Monica Zetterlund.

Nov. 6-8: "The Westerner" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan; and "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne.

Nov. 9-10: "Barbary Coast" (†); and "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy.

Nov. 11-12: "Edison, the Man" (1940), directed by Clarence Brown, with Spencer Tracy and Charles Coburn; and "The Magnificent Yankee" (1951), directed by John Sturges, with Louis Calhern, Ann Harding, Eduard Franz, and Philip Ober.

Nov. 13-15: "In Old Chicago" (†); and "The Sisters" (1938), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, and Donald Crisp.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 5: "On Dangerous Ground" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond; and "Outrage" (1950), directed by Ida Lupino, with Mala Powers and Tod Andrews.

Nov. 6: "Deep End" (1971), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown; and "Family Life" (1971), in Polish, directed by Krzysztof Zanussi.

Nov. 7-8: "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.

Nov. 9: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; and "Coup de Grâce." (†)

Nov. 10: A program of cartoons by Winsor McCay; and animated abstractions by Fischinger, Breer, Brakhage, and others.

Nov. 11: "Paris in the Month of August" (1968), in French, directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre, with Charles Aznavour and Susan Hampshire; and "Port of Desire" (1960), in French, directed by Yves Allegret, with Hildegarde Neff, Daniel Gelin, and Jean Lefebvre.

Nov. 12: "Road House" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornell Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "Not Wanted" (1949), directed by Ida Lupino and Elmer Clifton, with Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle.

Nov. 13: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Lionel Barrymore; and "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson.

Nov. 14-15: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†) and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 5: "Satan Met a Lady" (1936), directed by William Dieterle, with Bette Davis, Warren William, and Alison Skipworth; and "That Certain Woman" (1937), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette

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Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter, and Anita Louise.

Nov. 6: "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers; and "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1933), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolph Klein-Rogge.

Nov. 7-8: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937; "The Girl Was Young"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

Nov. 9: "Odd Man Out" (1946), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "Outcast of the Islands." (†)

Nov. 10: "Ladies They Talk About" (1933), directed by William Keighley and Howard Bretherton, with Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot, and Lillian Roth; and "Lady of Burlesque." (†)

Nov. 11: "In This Our Life" (1942), directed by John Huston, with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and George Brent; and "All This, and Heaven Too" (1940), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Jeffrey Lynn, and Barbara O'Neil.

Nov. 12: "Wonder Bar" (1934), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Al Jolson, Kay Francis, and Dolores Del Rio; and "Go Into Your Dance." (†)

Nov. 13: "Rancho Notorious" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Garden of Allah" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer.

Nov. 14-15: "The Garden Murder Case" (†) and "The Casino Murder Case." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films from Scandinavia, with English subtitles: Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Raven's Dance" (1980), a Finnish film, directed by Markku Lehmuskallio, with Pertti Kalinainen and Paavo Katajaasari. . . . Nov. 6 at 4: "Land and Sons" (1980), an Icelandic film, directed by Agúst Gudmundsson (who will be present), with Sigurdur Sigurjönsson and Jon Sigurbjörnsson. . . . Nov. 6 at 6: "Men Can't Be Raped" (1978), a Finnish/Swedish film, directed by Jörn Donner, with Anna Goedenius and Gösta Bredefeldt. . . . Nov. 6 at 8:30: "Father-to-Be" (1979), a Swedish film, directed by Lasse Hallström, with Magnus Härenstam and Anki Lidén. . . Nov. 7 at 2:30: "Antti Treebranch" (1976), a Finnish film, directed by Heikki Partanen, Katarina Lahti, and Riitta Rautoma, with Maritta Vitiamäki and Pertti Hilkamo. . . . Nov. 7 at 6: "The Guardians" (1978), a Norwegian film, directed by Nicole Macé, with Vibeke Løkkeberg and Helge Reiss. . . . Nov. 8 at noon: "Elvis! Elvis!" (1977), a Swedish film, directed by Kay Pollak, with Lele Dorazio, Lena-Pia Bernhardsson, and Fred Gunnarsson. . . . Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Raven's Dance." . . . Nov. 8 at 5: "Me and Charly" (1978), in Danish, directed by Morten Anfred and Henning Kristiansen, with Kim Eduard Jensen and Allan Olsen. . . . Nov. 9 at noon: "Elvis! Elvis!" . . . Nov. 9 at 2:30 and Nov. 10 at noon: "Seven Brothers" (1979), a Finnish animated film, directed by Riitta Nelimarkka and Jaakko Seeck. . . . Nov. 10 at 2:30: "The Guardians." . . . Nov. 11 at noon: "Homeward in the Night" (1977), a Finnish/Swedish film, directed by Jon Lindström, with Lasse Hjelt and Gunvor Sankvist. . . . Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Father's Estate" (1980), an Icelandic film, directed by Hrafn Gunnlaugsson. . . . Nov. 11 at 6: "A Respectable Life" (1979), a Swedish documentary film, directed by Stefan Jarl. . . . Nov. 13 at 2:30: "Me and Charly." . . . Nov. 13 at 6: "Father's Estate." The director Hrafn Gunnlaugsson will be present. . . . Nov. 13 at 8:30: "Homeward in the Night." . . . Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Sven Klang's Combo" (1976), a Swedish film, directed by Stellan Olsson, with Henric Holmberg and Eva Remaeus. . . . Nov. 14 at 6: Two films from Denmark—"Shall We Dance First?" (1979), directed by Annette Olsen, with Lene Gürtler and Erik Wedersoe; and "Dreams Don't Make Noise When They Die" (1979), directed by Christian Braad Thomsen, with Kaj Holm, Asta Esper Andersen, and Irm Hermann. . . . Nov. 15 at noon: "Grandma and the Eight Children" (1977), a Norwegian film, directed by Espen Thorstenson, with Anne-Cath Vestly. . . . Nov. 15 at 3: "Sven Klang's Combo." . . . Nov. 15 at 5: "The Score" (1978), a Swedish film, directed by Christer Dahl, with Anders Lönnbro and Bodil Mårtensson. . . . ¶ Other, non-Scandinavian, films scheduled during this period are: Nov. 9 at 5: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Priscilla Lane, and Humphrey Bogart. . . . Nov. 10 at 6: A program of films by Robert Attanasio. . . . Nov. 13 at noon and 4:30, Nov. 14 at noon, and Nov. 15 at 11 and 1:45: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Nov. 6: "Dachau 1974" (1975), a video installation, directed by Beryl Korot, who will be present on Nov. 6 and 13 at 3:30. Showings every forty-five minutes, from noon until 5:15 (6:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Nov. 5 at 8: *"Vredens Dag" (1943),* in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 8: A program of four video films by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 8: A program of three silent films—"Symphonie Diagonale" (1922), directed by Viking Eggeling; "Anemic Cinema" (1927), directed by Marcel Duchamp; and "Stachka" (1924), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 5:30: A program of films by Anita Thacher and George Griffin. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8: A program of films by Lynne Tillman, Sheila McLaughlin, Marjorie Keller, and Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 8: "Ordet" (1955), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: "Gertrud" (1964), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 3: A program of four video films by Nam June Paik. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 8: "Oktyabr" (1928), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 8: A program of films by Greg Gans, Eugenia Balcells, Scott Anderson, and Robert Polidori. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at *11 A.M.: A program of four* video films by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2: A program of video films by James Byrne. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8: A program of films by Gans, Balcells, Anderson, and Polidori.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 9-10.)

The Awakening—With Charlton Heston, Susannah York, Jill Townsend, and Stephanie Zimbalist, directed by Mike Newell. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Nov. 13.)

Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Quad Cinema.)

Barbary Coast (1935)—Lavish, unconvincing re-creation of San Francisco's vice dens in the eighteen-fifties. The picture was designed as a showcase for Edward G. Robinson's talents, and he gives a juicy performance as a lovable gangland boss. But the material is too false and studied—and too polite. Miriam Hopkins is Swan, the disillusioned queen of the Coast, who presides over a crooked roulette wheel; Joel McCrea courts her with a volume of Shelley. Howard Hawks directed, from a script by Hecht and MacArthur, and there's plenty of action, but you feel as if you've seen it all before. With Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, and, in a bit part, David Niven. (Regency; Nov. 9-10.)

The Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (U. A. East; Nov. 7-13. . . . ¶ Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5; starting Nov. 7.)

Borderline—With Charles Bronson, directed by Jerrold Freedman. (U. A. East, and Rivoli; through Nov. 6.)

Break of Hearts (1935)—Katharine Hepburn as a tender, guileless young composer, and Charles Boyer as a worldly, philandering symphony conductor. They marry, she leaves him in disillusionment, he drinks and goes to the dogs, she returns to save him. It's dreadful, turgid stuff, yet these two make something of it anyway. She's so intuitive and girlish and wistful that you want to conk her one, but she's so flamingly intense that you find yourself surrendering. With John Beal; Philip Moeller directed. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 13-14.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Casino Murder Case (1935)—One in the Philo Vance series, but with Paul Lukas taking over the role created by William Powell. (Basil Rathbone, Warren William, and Edmund Lowe also appeared in it.) Lukas is smooth, though his Magyar accent blurs some of his *mots;* he's obviously battling with the English language. M-G-M surrounded him with an unusually bright supporting cast, headed by the rising young Rosalind Russell and including Alison Skipworth, Louise Fazenda, Eric Blore, Ted Healy, Leo G. Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Byron, Leslie Fenton, Purnell Pratt, Isabel Jewell, and Claudelle Kaye. The plot, which involves a rich family of neurotics, is short on mystery, but Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf, who adapted the S. S. Van Dine novel, supplied an amiable, wisecracking script. Directed by Edwin L. Marin; score by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 14-15.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—The director of this Australian film, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the

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aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother, a loyal, easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Quad Cinema.)

Children of Babylon—A Jamaican film, with Tobi, directed by Lennie Little-White. (New Yorker 2; starting Nov. 7.)

Coup de Grâce (1976)—This Franco-German film version of Marguerite Yourcenar's novel is so gray and bleak and wintry that it's like a classic made in the Soviet Union twenty-five years ago and played intensively on PBS. It's by no means bad; the director, Volker Schlöndorff ("The Tin Drum"), is highly skilled. But the emotions don't fully emerge, and even after it's over one isn't certain what it was about—though probably we're meant to see that the proud Countess Sophie (Margarethe von Trotta) has been so deeply wounded because Erich, the Prussian officer she loves (Matthias Habich, a heel-clicking Richard Harris), doesn't love her that she throws her life away. Her self-destructive passion is only one element in a movie that has a few too many sexual, historical, and political crosscurrents; some of them, such as Erich's sexual involvement with Sophie's brother, Konrad (Rudiger Kirschstein), are presented so elliptically they're like blurred memories of a dream. (Schlöndorff's artistry gets in the viewer's way.) The story takes place in 1919 in the Baltic area (which had just been divided into Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia) during the sporadic fighting that continued among various factions after the official end of the First World War. Sophie, who is struggling to emancipate herself, is involved with the Communist cause, while Erich is fighting against Red Army guerrillas. Eventually, she is killed by the man she loves, as in the spy melodramas of thirty years ago—only this time there are more layers of ambiguity about the feelings of each. The legendary cabaret artist Valeska Gert (she played the procuress who got Greta Garbo into the brothel in Pabst's 1925 "Joyless Street") now appears as Sophie's half-crazed aunt and is utterly bizarre: shrivelled, yet more intensely alive than anyone else in the movie. The screenplay is by Schlöndorff and von Trotta (his wife). In French and German. (Thalia; Nov. 9.)

Divine Madness—Filmed at several live performances of Bette Midler's stage show of the same name, by Michael Ritchie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Center.... ¶ D. W. Griffith, Paramount, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 7.... ¶ Olympia; Nov. 7-13, tentative.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. There's something indefinably erotic going on here; it's submerged in the film's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. Scene by scene, you don't know what to expect; you're seeing something new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a conventional narrative. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (34th St. East, and Festival.... ¶ Coronet; through Nov. 6.... ¶ Cinema II; starting Nov. 7.)

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Every Man for Himself—With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye; directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Fade to Black—With Dennis Christopher, directed by Vernon Zimmerman. (Quad Cinema, and National; through Nov. 6.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Criterion Center.... ¶ Olympia; starting Nov. 14.)

The First Deadly Sin—With Frank Sinatra and Faye Dunaway, directed by Brian Hutton. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 2.... ¶ Murray Hill; through Nov. 13.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Foxes—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Stroh are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (Olympia; starting Nov. 14.)

From the Life of the Marionettes—With Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In German. (Coronet; starting Nov. 7.)

The Garden Murder Case (1936)—S. S. Van Dine's supersleuth Philo Vance (Edmund Lowe) is called in when a man is killed during a steeplechase. William Powell was a more amusing Philo Vance earlier in the series, but the backup actors are the same here—Nat Pendleton as the lummox Heath, and Etienne Girardot as the minuscule coroner, Dr. Doremus. Not much stays in the mind from this one except Frieda Inescort getting pushed from a double-decker bus. Virginia Bruce and Benita Hume as lovely as ever. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 14-15.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Manhattan 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Jolson sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The movie isn't topnotch, but it does have Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12.)

Gold Diggers of 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't very skillful. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 9.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (72nd Street East; Nov. 7-13.)

Halloween (1978)—John Carpenter, who made this low-budget scare picture, has a visual sense of menace, but he isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town, and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. The film is largely just a matter of the camera tracking subjectively from the mad killer's point of view, leading you to expect something awful to happen. But the camera also tracks subjectively when he isn't around at all; in fact, there's so much subjective tracking you begin to think everybody in the movie has his own camera. "Halloween" keeps you nervous and jumpy rather than pleasurably excited. Yet it has been a huge box-office success, and a lot of people seem to be convinced that it's a classic. With Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, P. J. Soles, Nancy Loomis, and Tony Moran as the monster. Music by Carpenter; he also wrote the screenplay, with the producer, Debra Hill. Shot in Los Angeles. (Quad Cinema.... ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Olympia; through Nov. 6.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Waverly, New Yorker 1, and Criterion Center.... ¶ 86th St. East, and Cinema 3; through Nov. 13.)

The Idolmaker—With Ray Sharkey, directed by Taylor Hackford. (Murray Hill, Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and National; starting Nov. 14.)

In Old Chicago (1938)—Alice Brady has a few miraculous scenes as Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow kicks over a lamp and starts the big blaze. The remainder of the film, which features Don Ameche as her goody-boy son and Tyrone Power as her shrewd, black-sheep scamp, is on a different level altogether. It's a mediocre, though jolly, quasi-historical melodrama involving brawls, riots, capricious temperaments, police squads, café ladies, gaudy saloons, and Alice Faye smiling that great open smile of hers that makes it possible to forgive her acting and to bask in her mellow-voiced numbers. (Ameche is so fatuous here he's almost likable.) Henry King directed this 20th Century-Fox film from a screenplay by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien, based on Niven Busch's "We the O'Learys;" the more immediate inspiration for the film was the box-office success of M-G-M's 1936 "San Francisco." With Gene Reynolds, Phyllis Brooks, Tom Brown, Andy Devine, Sidney Blackmer, Brian Donlevy, Berton Churchill, and Tom Hurst. (Regency; Nov. 13-15.)

Iphigenia (1977)—There's fervor and dedication in Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis;" what's missing is the excitement of a new interpretation. And was there a little too much Arthur Miller in Euripides? (The arguments have an ideological ring.) But Costa Kazakos's robust, irresolute Agamemnon is very fine, and if Irene Papas' performance as Clytemnestra is overscaled, her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. The role suffers from a topical flaw; Clytemnestra's female rage sounds too much like what we've been hearing for the last five years. She has become a precursor, and less of a character. In Greek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12.)

It's Alive (1977)—With John Ryan, directed by Larry Cohen. (Olympia; through Nov. 6.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill, victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 7-13.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, and burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of the milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the director, William Wellman, is pretty successful. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10.)

Lisztomania (1975)—In a couple of sequences, it erupts successfully with a wholehearted, controlled comic-strip craziness, but, for all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, the director, Ken Russell, can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together. Roger Daltrey is Liszt, Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan are Richard and Cosima Wagner, and Sara Kestelman is Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Loving Couples—With Shirley MacLaine, James Coburn, Susan Sarandon, Sally Kellerman, and Stephen Collins; directed by Jack Smight. (Gramercy, and Cinema II; through Nov. 6.)

Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament that may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (Art; starting Nov. 12.)

Mahler (1976)—Ken Russell's lurid love for music is well known: sober and good in his early days at the BBC, where he worked on film biographies of Delius, Elgar, and Richard Strauss, he has lately been producing stinkers, in pieces about Tchaikovsky, Liszt, and Mahler. Mahler is well played by Robert Powell, though he stares through us rather like a medium in a trance. Composing music is not a trance; it's hard work, like plumbing. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Maitresse (1976)—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Art; through Nov. 11.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (Paramount; through Nov. 6.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Beekman.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 11.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 14-15.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 13-14.)

Motel Hell—With Rory Calhoun, directed by Kevin Connor. (Eastside Cinema, Embassy 5, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 6.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Art; starting Nov. 12.)

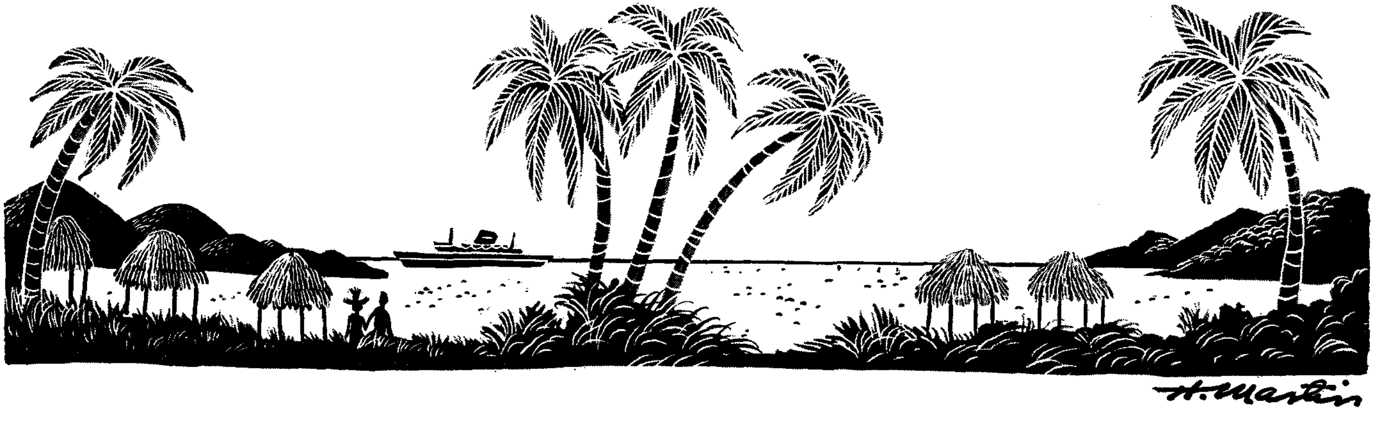
My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 6.)

Oh, God! Book II—With George Burns, Suzanne Pleshette, and David Birney; directed by Gilbert Cates. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 7-13.)

Oh Heavenly Dog—With Chevy Chase and Benji playing the same part. Directed by Joe Camp. (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Center; starting Nov. 7.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert M. Young. (Gemini 2; through Nov. 6.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of



Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as an idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Outcast of the Islands (1952)—A marvellous film (drawn from Joseph Conrad's work) that relatively few people have seen. It's probably the only movie that has ever attempted to deal in a complex way with the subject of the civilized man's ambivalence about the savage. It also contains some of the most remarkable sequences ever filmed by the English director Carol Reed; it's an uneven movie, but with splendid moments throughout. Trevor Howard is superb as Willems, who makes himself an outcast first through contemptible irresponsibility and through betrayal of those who trust him, and finally and hopelessly when, against his will, he is attracted to the silent, primitive girl, the terrifying Aissa (played by Kerima). Willems is wrong in almost everything he does, but he represents a gesture toward life; his enemy, Almayer (Robert Morley), is so horribly, pathetically stuffy that his family unit (with Wendy Hiller as his wife and Annabel Morley as his child) is absurdly, painfully funny. With Ralph Richardson, whose role is possibly ill-conceived, and George Coulouris, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Frederick Valk. The screenplay is by William Fairchild; cinematography by John Wilcox. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 9.)

The Painted Veil (1934)—Richard Boleslavski directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall, as her husband, and George Brent, as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 9-10.)

Private Benjamin—With Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber; directed by Howard Zieff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; starting Nov. 14.)

Raging Bull—The story of the boxer Jake LaMotta, with Robert De Niro as LaMotta. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (Sutton; starting Nov. 14.)

Resurrection—With Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Gemini 2; starting Nov. 7.)

Roadie—With Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Olympia; Nov. 7-13, tentative.)

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Rockers—A Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, with Leroy Wallace, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos. (New Yorker 2; through Nov. 6.)

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End—With Trevor Howard and Patrick Magee, directed by Steve Roberts. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 7.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (U. A. East; Nov. 7-13. . . . ¶ Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5; starting Nov. 7.)

Somewhere in Time—With Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (72nd Street East; starting Nov. 14.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 6.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsized thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Story of Sin (1976)—Directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In Polish. (Art; through Nov. 11.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 14-15.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Nov. 10.)

Times Square—With Tim Curry, Trini Alvarado, and Robin Johnson; directed by Alan Moyle. (Ziegfeld.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

Touched by Love—With Deborah Raffin, Diane Lane, John Amos, and Michael Learned; directed by Gus Trikonis. (Cinema I.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas; directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, who wrote "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. With Kika Markham as Anne, the emerging independent bohemian, and Stacey Tendeter as Muriel, the rigidly—exhaustingly—high-principled virgin, and Philippe Léotard and Sylvia Marriott. Script by Truffaut and Jean Grualt; cinematography by Nestor Almendros; music by Georges Delerue (who appears as the Frenchman's business agent). In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 13.)

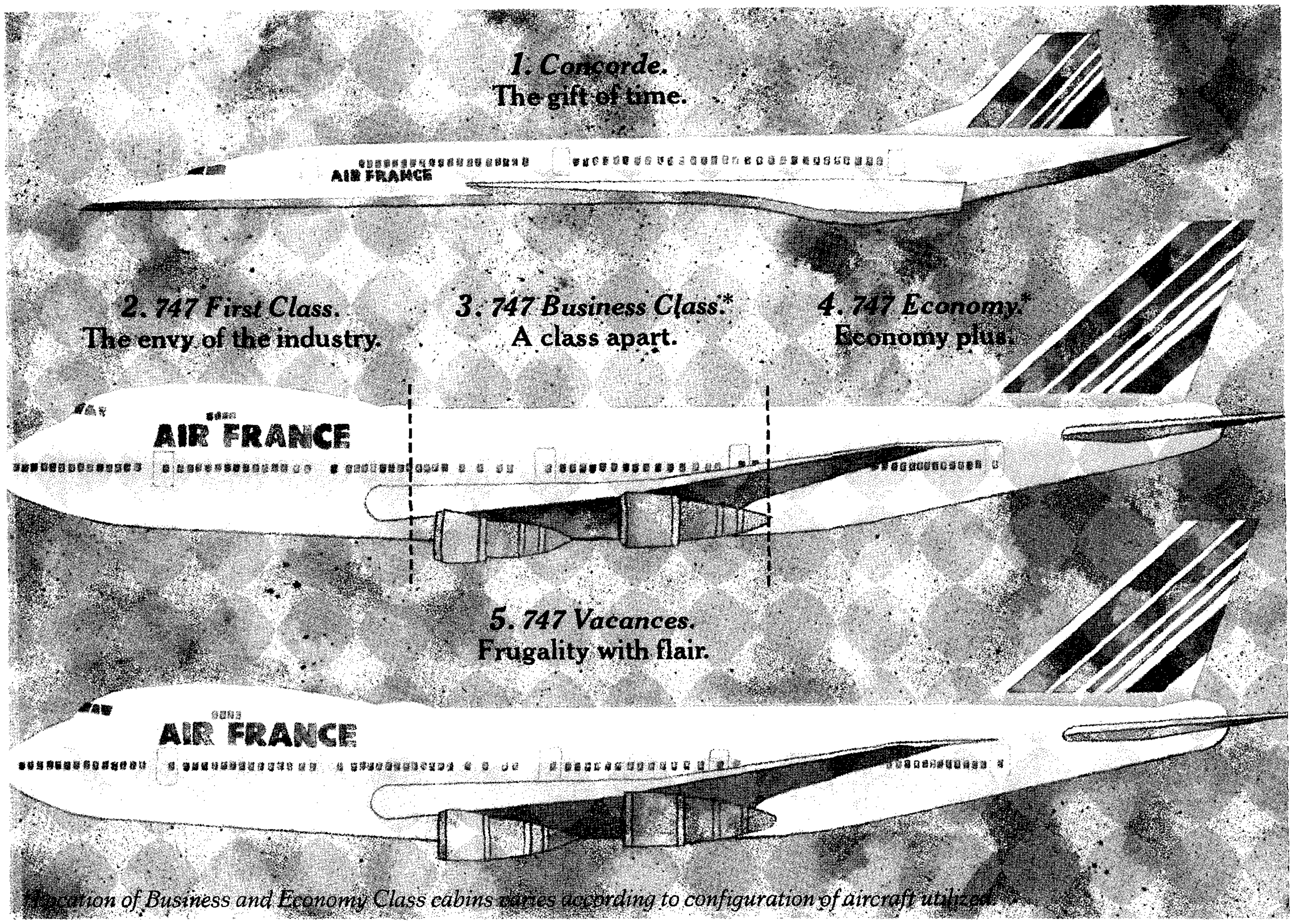
Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Cinema Village; Nov. 9-10.)

What's New Pussycat? (1965)—The script for this lavish production, set in Paris, is by Woody Allen, and his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive context. It's a frenetic but generally funny psychiatric farce. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called "Ode to a Pacifist Junkie"), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Clive Donner directed. (Cinema Village; Nov. 11.)

The Wild Duck (1977)—The West German director Hans W. Geissendörfer has made a film transcription of Ibsen's play, and it is one of the best Ibsen adaptations ever, with Gina Ekdal (played by Jean Seberg) sewing and troubling herself in a crowded room where yellowy muslin curtains suggest tantalizingly that there must be a sunlit world outside. Her husband, Hjalmar (Peter Kern), is a dullard hypocrite, who boasts of inventing when he has invented nothing. Their child, Hedvig (Anne Bennent), is crippled by the claustrophobia and the unmeant courtesies; her real life, we see, is led in the attic with her wild duck, which is the symbol of her spirit. One looks with grief and pity at the tragedy, all the time affected by the comedy of it; Ibsen's humor is one of his most often forgotten gifts. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

Worlds Apart—An Israeli picture, with Amos Kollek (who also wrote the novel on which the film is based), Shelby Leverington, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Barbara Noble. (Manhattan 2; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Nov. 14.)

La Différence.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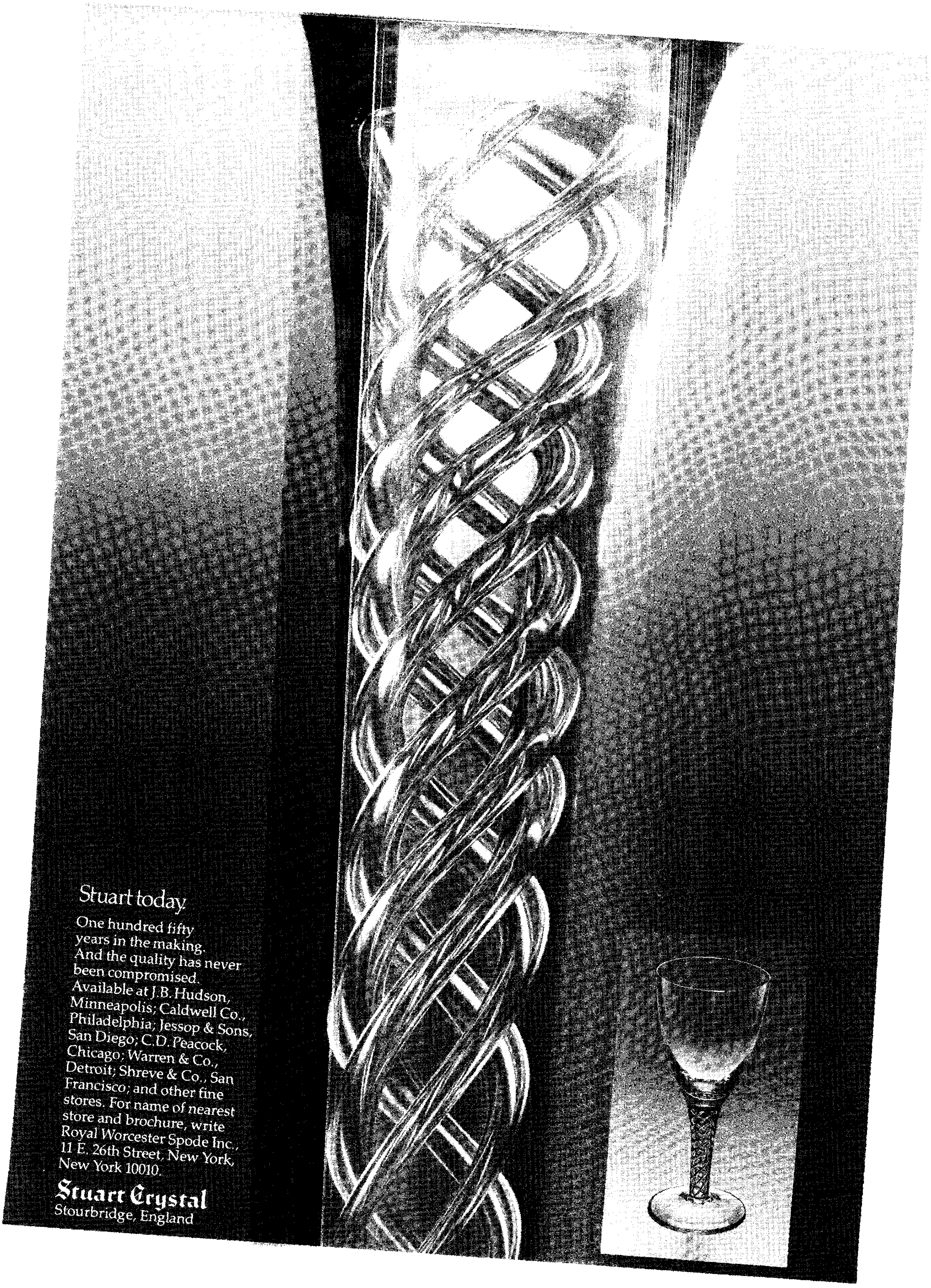

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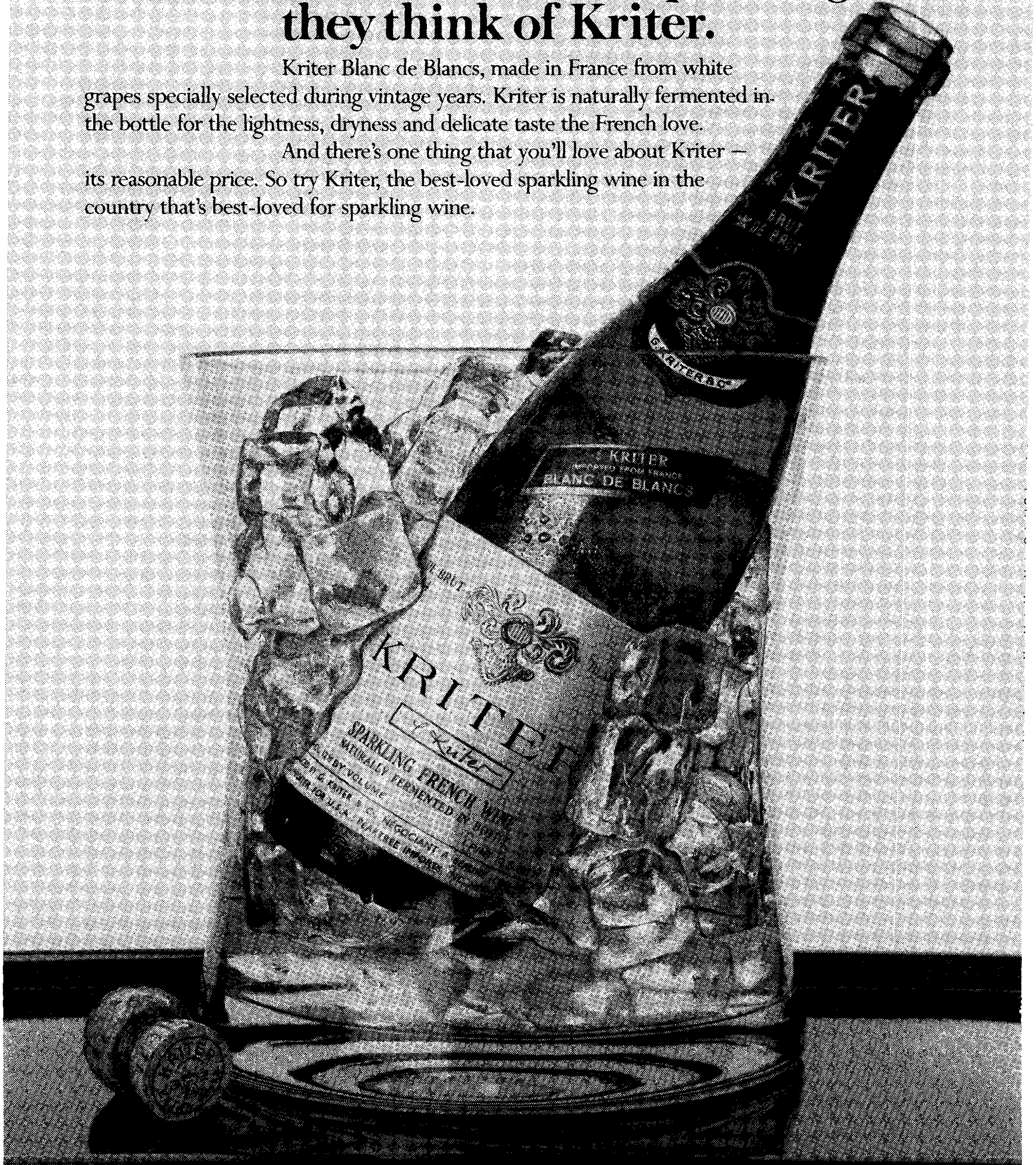
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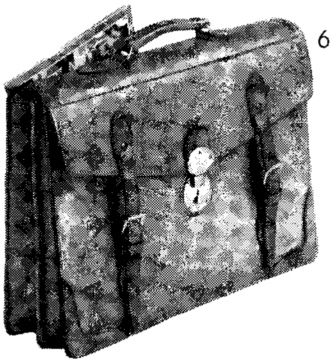

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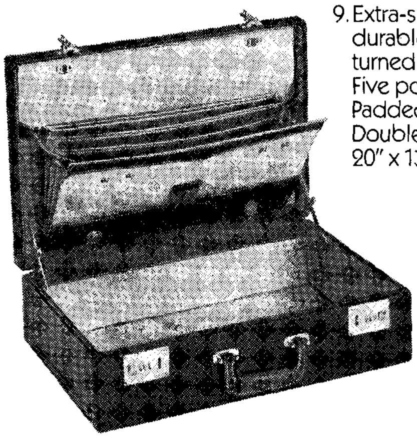

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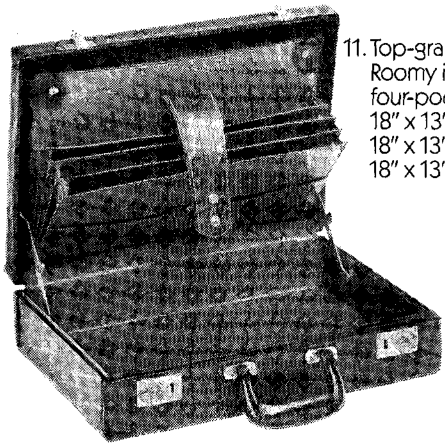

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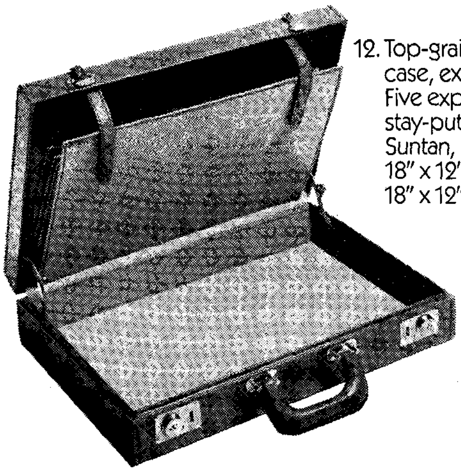

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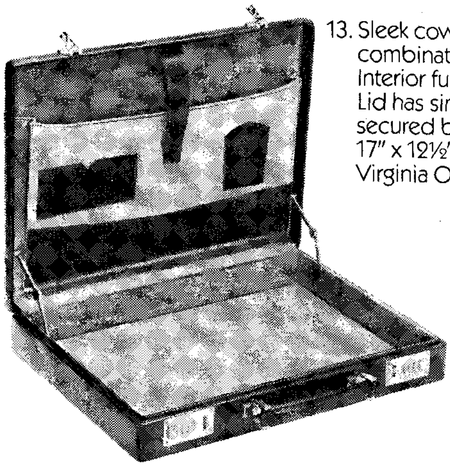

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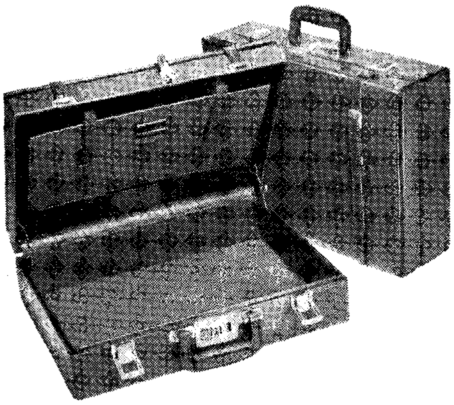

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15. Steerhide attaché case. Has three file pockets, reinforced leather corners, double combination locks. By Renwi of Canada. In Brown only.
18" x 13" x 3." $155.
18" x 13" x 4." $165.
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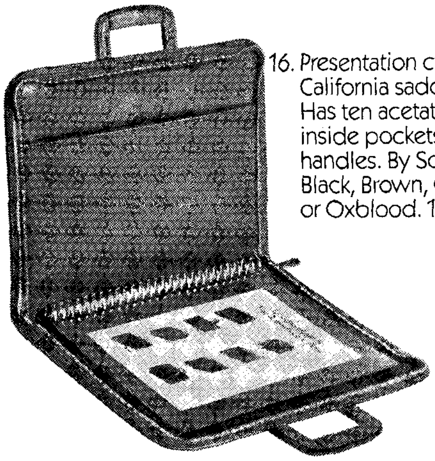

16. Presentation case in rich California saddle leather. Has ten acetate inserts, tw inside pockets, sliding handles. By Schlesinger. In Black, Brown, Chestnut or Oxblood. 17" x 12½." $1

17. Trimly styled saddle leather envelope. Has a zippered center compartment, removable shoulder strap and a lightweight spring steel frame built into the seam. In Dark Brown. $79.50

18. All-around zippered envelope in California saddle leather. Disappearing handles. Gusseted pockets. By Schlesinger. Chestnut, Black, Brown.

	Leather-lined.	Vinyl-lined.
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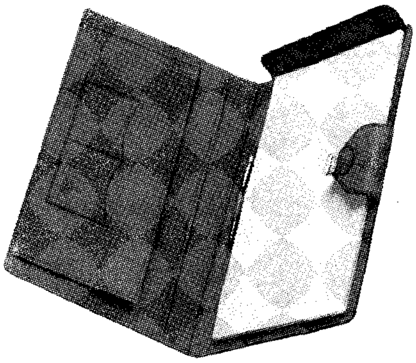
19. Versatile top-zippered briefcase in California saddle leather. Three unique outside compartments with removable shoulder strap and disappearing handles. By Schlesinger. In Oxblood, Chestnut, Brown or Black. $167.50

20. Jumbo catalog case. Indispensable for salesmen, pilots, lawyers. Top-grain cowhide. Reinforced leather corners. Two brass locks. In Suntan or Black.
18″ $125. 20″ $130.

21. Accountant's case. Belting leather inside and out. Four roomy sections. All-around straps. Solid brass swivel graduating closure. $350.

22. Roomy belting leather briefcase. Has a full back pocket, gusseted front pocket, padded leather handle. Combination lock. By Renwick of Canada. 17″ x 12″ $237.50

23. Sturdy expanding briefcase made of natural belting leather. Three inside pockets, open back pocket, solid brass hardware. By Schlesinger. 17″ x 11″ $225.



24. Legal-size writing case in beautiful belting leather. Inside are three pockets plus penholder. One pocket is perfect size for business cards. By Renwick of Canada. $127.50

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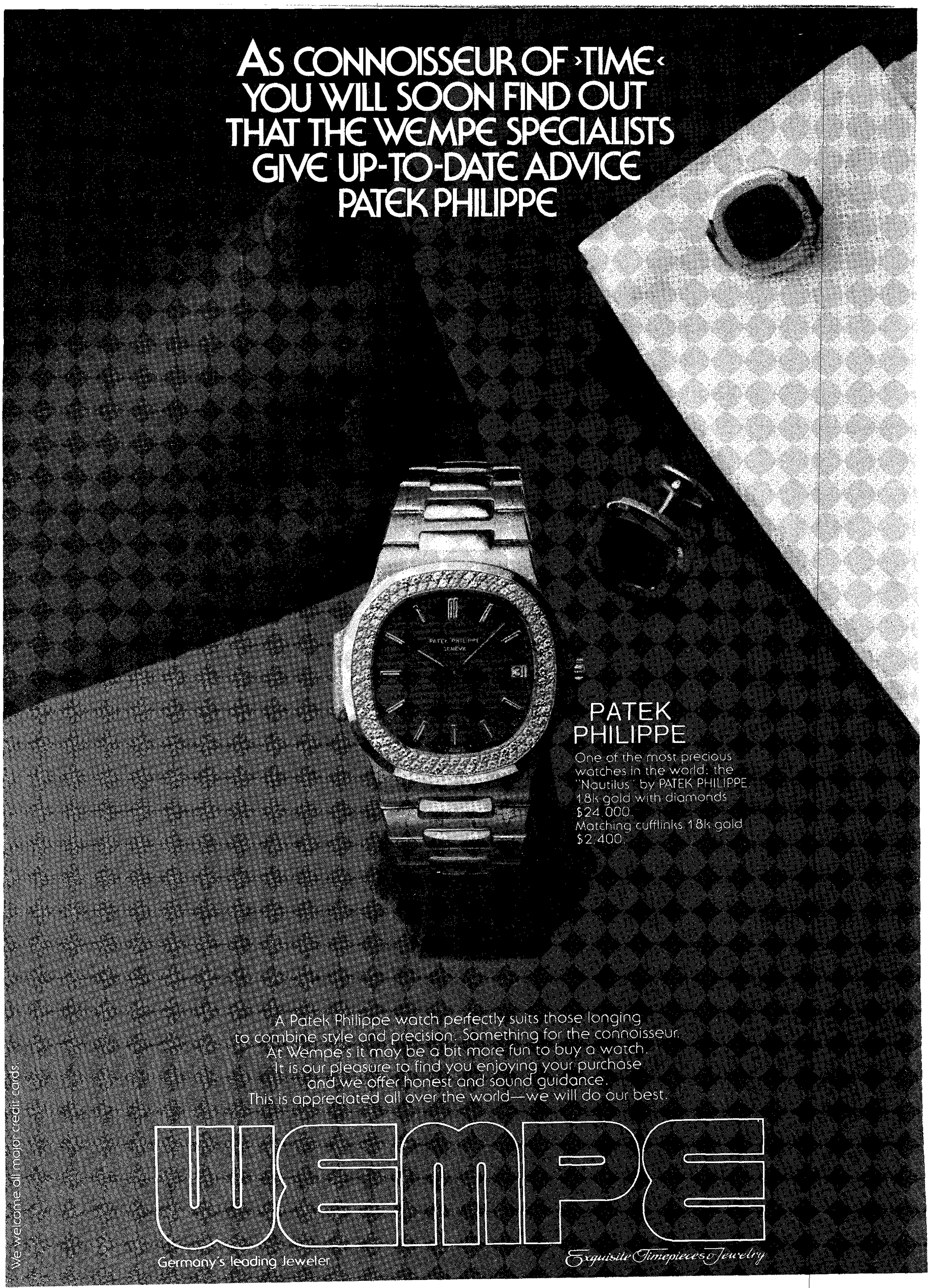
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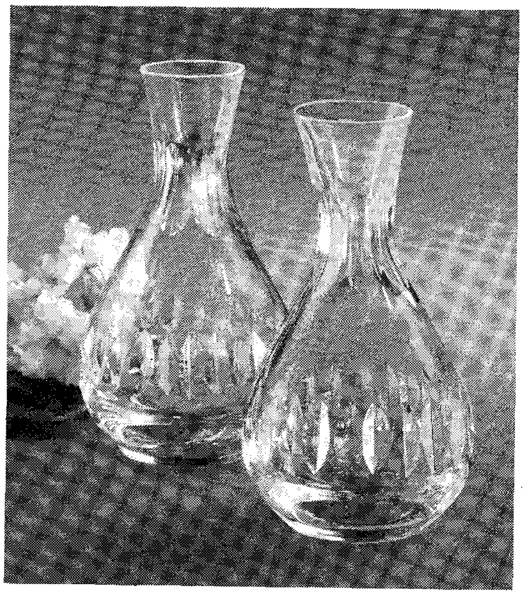

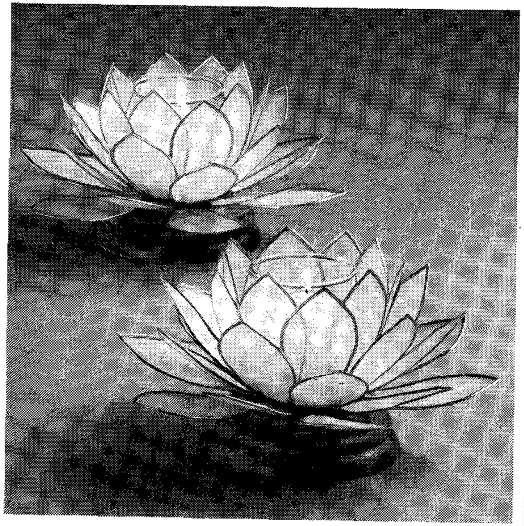

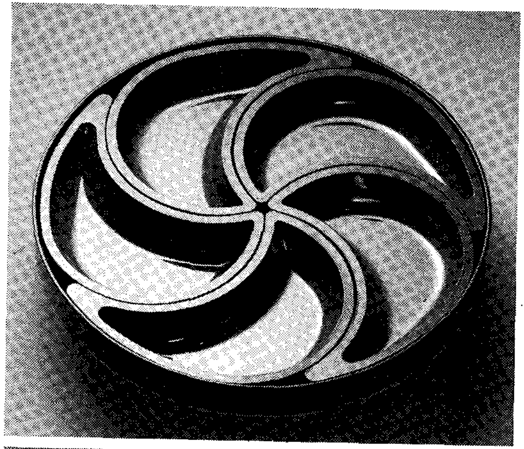

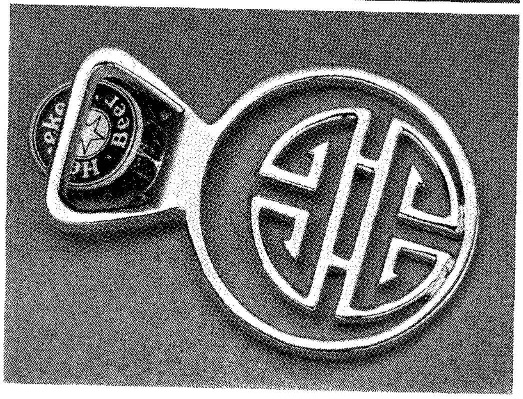

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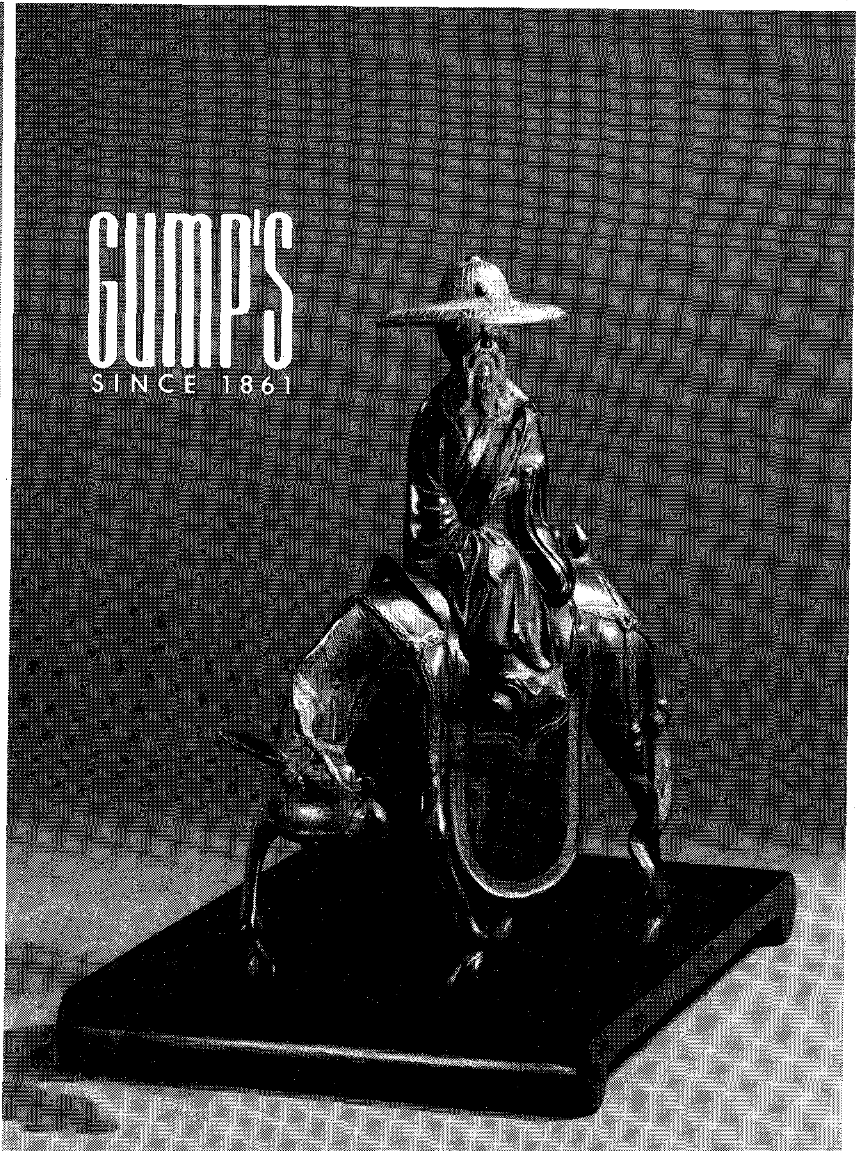

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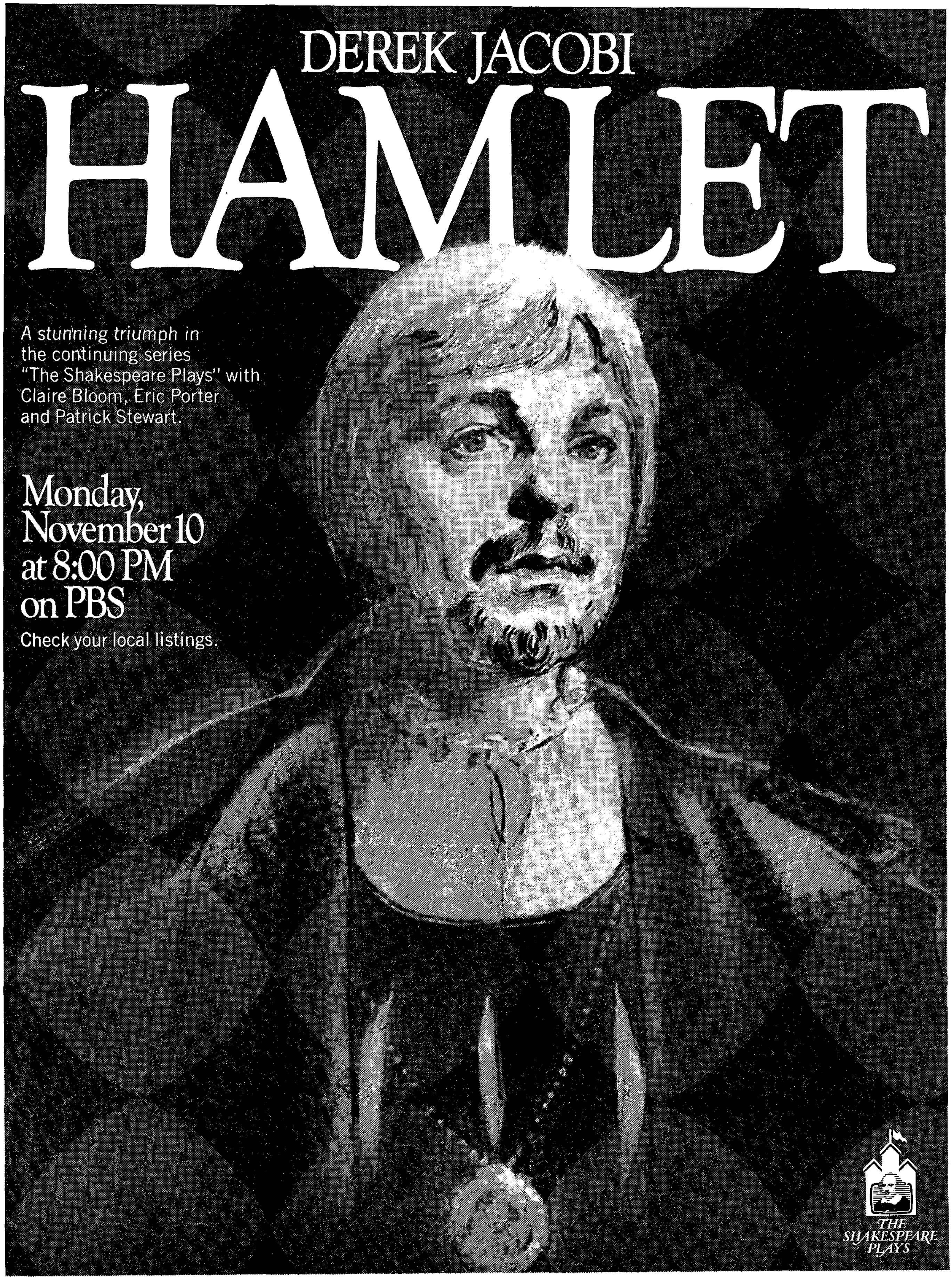

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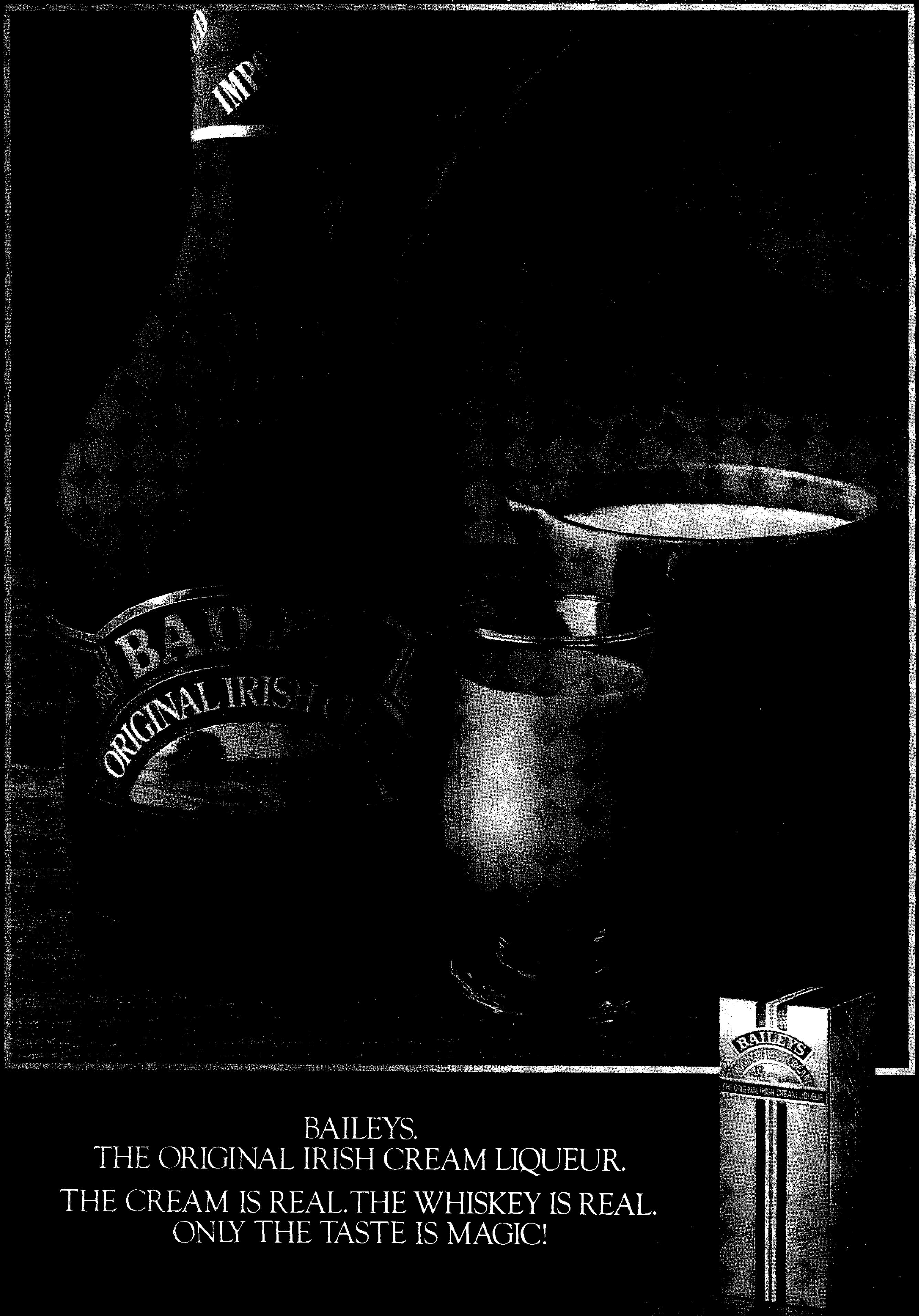
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A Rhode Island woman we know writes:

Sometimes I make scientific discoveries that I would like to share with the world, but because I don't have the sort of proof scientific journals require, my findings, I know, would not be accepted. Nevertheless, I write them down just to see how they look on paper. A recent discovery has to do with an important difference between the minds of cats (predators) and horses (herbivores). Herbivores live in the present. For predators, the future is all.

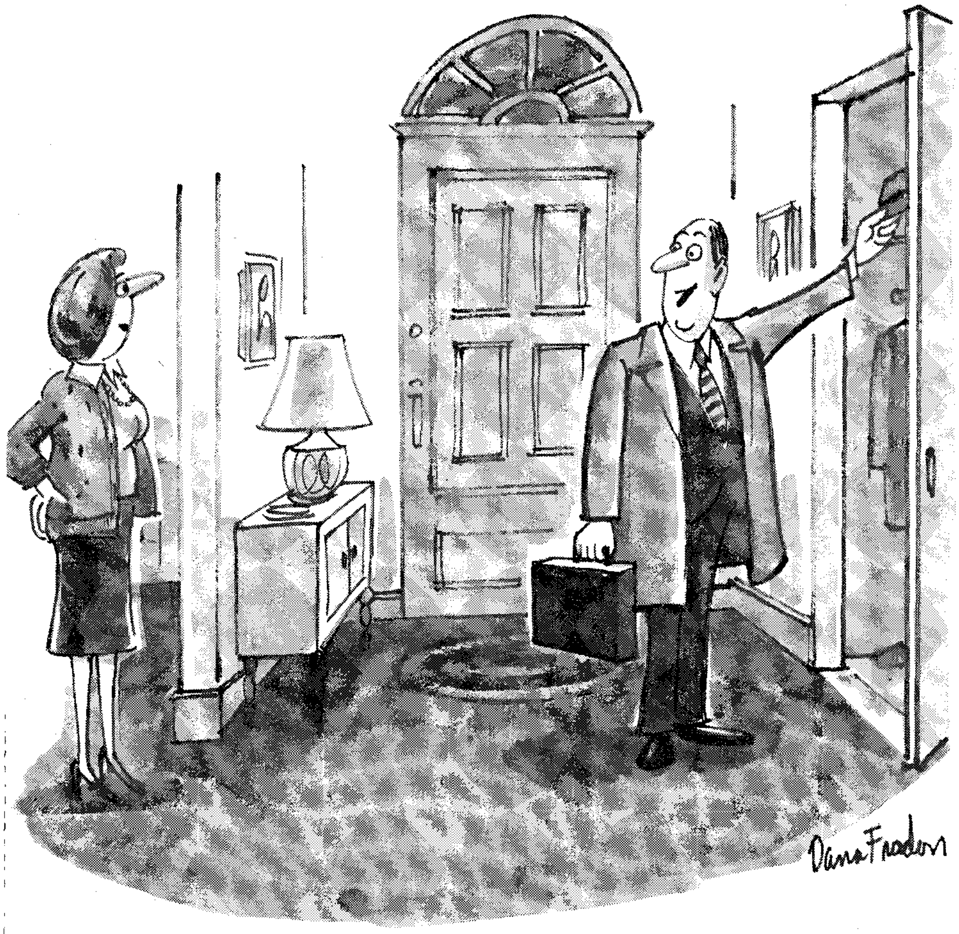
I have two horses. One of them, Sunny, is a pinto pony about fourteen hands high. I got him fifteen years ago, when my son went away to school and I was lonely. The pony is very pretty, with flashy chestnut-and-white markings and a neck that can arch like those of the horses in Greek marbles. But he is small and has faults—a balky disposition and a jolting trot, owing to his short stride. After I'd had Sunny a few years, I was invited to ride a friend's mare, Maisie, and fell in love with her. She was considerably bigger—a nice-looking eighteen-year-old chestnut with smooth gaits and a responsiveness that made riding her an easy thing, like dancing with a good dancer. I bought Maisie and retired Sunny. They have spent a peaceful decade grazing in my pasture. They look beautiful together. The chestnut patches on Sunny's sleek hide match Maisie's coat perfectly, and Sunny's white mane and tail heighten the whiteness of the daisies in June and the Queen Anne's lace later in the summer.

However, ten years passed, and Maisie was twenty-eight. She still looked fine, but the summer before last, when I rode her, I found that though she still had plenty of life—at a light touch, she would, as always, break into her airy trot—there were also unexpected little near-mishaps along the trail that had never happened before. A root would trip her. She would lurch, and I would lurch. We always recovered together, but it was a little scary all the same. The vet came and looked her over. She was remarkably sound, he said, but twenty-eight years is a lot of years.

I like this vet. He is a tall, casual young man, friendly and kind. He doesn't scorn to make calls on what they call in the trade "a back-yard horse," whereas a lot of vets won't come unless you have a string of valuable show horses. I stood holding Maisie in the bright stable yard and chatted with the vet. He pointed out that riding a horse that stumbles has its dangers. Sooner or later, she might go down. "You can ride her very slow, on level ground," he said. "Or else"—and here I was aware of a faintly quizzical smile as he gazed at the two of us—"you might look for another horse."

The summer of 1979 was a difficult summer for me. I had little time for anything except a long, gruelling piece of work that kept me grinding away at the typewriter day after day. I seldom rode. The work was so filled with tension that at night it took a long time to go to sleep. To pass the time and try to relax, I revived a childhood habit of deliberately turning my thoughts to something beautiful, something wonderful to contemplate, something I wanted very much. Now my choice was a horse. Next summer, when my work was finished and I was free again, I would buy a new horse. I feel about beautiful animals the way some people feel about art—enraptured and covetous. I decided I would buy a very beautiful horse. This must, after all, be my last horse. A horse aged eight or ten (when horses begin to be sensible) would last the rest of my riding days. Therefore, I would get the most beautiful horse I could find. Money wouldn't matter. I began to picture what I would like most. The image that became fixed in my mind was a white mare—possibly an Arab. She would have a delicate head, small, perfect feet, a lovely conformation, smooth gaits. She must be small, so that mounting wouldn't be difficult. I was able to picture her completely—a white horse grazing in a green pasture—and feel her under me as I imagined riding her through the fields and into the woods. Night after night, these thoughts put me to sleep.

This spring, I made a phone call to a man who breeds horses and asked him what he had to sell. I didn't mention my fantasy horse, because in the light of day it sounded absurd to shop for something so specific. He described a number of unsuitable horses and then said, "I do have a brood mare I'm



"Guess who Mayor Koch called a wacko today."

thinking of selling. She may be a bit high-priced for you, but she's a real beauty." I asked what sort of horse she was, and he said she was an Arab, with elegant conformation and gaits. "How big?" I asked. "On the small side," he replied. "About fourteen two." I had an almost eerie feeling as I asked what color the mare was. He answered, "White." I made an appointment to see her the next day.

When I got to the farm, the owner took me into the stable where the mare, named Rassi, was. She was in a box stall. At the sight of us, she was on her toes—ears forward, nostrils quivering. She was lovely. The man snapped a shank to her halter and brought her out. She snorted and danced a little in the aisle. When I patted her neck, she shied nervously. "That doesn't mean anything," the man said. "She's really gentle, but she hasn't been handled much lately. Wait until you see her move. This mare has wings on her feet." Rassi's owner picked up a lunge line, and we walked out to the meadow. She arched her neck like a horse in a Grecian marble—she was the color of marble, too—and her small black hooves, neat and perfect, danced on the green turf. She tossed her head, looking at everything, and the owner—a strong man—took a tight grip on the shank. I could see his muscles strain as he held her. In the center of the meadow, at the crest of a little hill, he let out the line and Rassi took off, trotting in a wide circle at the end of the tether. She had been lovely before. Now she was breathtaking. Just as the owner had said, she had wings on her feet. As she extended her trot, she seemed hardly to touch the ground. Her head high, ears pricked, she fixed her gaze on the horizon as though if released she would simply soar across the meadow and into the woods. She cantered, then galloped. Her mane and tail had the grace of flowing water: the enchanted horse.

Rassi's owner slowed her down and pulled her in. "What do you think?" he asked. "Did you ever see such power? When you're on her, it's just like floating." Then he explained that though he would like me to ride her, he had no bridle or saddle—all his tack had been sent off to a horse show. He suggested I come back. I said I would telephone him and make a date. He led Rassi to a pasture, where other horses were grazing. The moment he unsnapped the lead, she was off like an arrow. She galloped around once and then, with the quick change of mood characteristic of horses, settled down to graze. A horse's thoughts center on the present: a mouthful of grass, then another; sudden alarm at something unexpected, such as a rabbit starting up; then quietness again when the danger is over. It makes sense for herbivores to think that way. They have no need to scheme or to plan. They have only one need—to evade the predator as long as possible. For them, each moment is sufficient unto itself.

I said goodbye and drove home, thinking, of course, about Rassi. She remained as clear in my mind's eye as the white mare of my fantasy with which this quest had begun. But there was now an added element in the picture: her hot, nervous temperament and the man's arm muscles straining as he held her. By the time I got home, I had made my decision. I knew that I wanted her even more now that she was real, but I was afraid of her. Ten years ago, I could have handled her, but not now. With all that power and spirit, anything might happen, and I wouldn't be strong enough, quick enough, brave enough to cope. Rassi was ideal for someone young, but not for me.

It was late afternoon, and I made a drink and took it out on the porch and tried to read the paper. The air was soft and calm, and the sun slanted beautifully through the leaves of overhanging trees, but the birds were noisy and distracting. I couldn't read. I thought, It is very foolish to get a new horse and risk your neck. Any new horse could give you trouble. And, face it, you don't ride that much anymore. Stick with Maisie and just go out for long, slow walks. If you only walk her, she'll be good for some years yet. While I was thinking these things, my black cat was in my lap. Like Maisie, she has slowed down lately. She used to hunt far out in the meadow, but now she knows her limitations and sticks pretty close to the shelter of the house. I was a little surprised when she jumped off my lap and went out on the lawn. As I watched, she walked purposefully over to the well, where a rambler rose makes a weedy thicket. At the edge of it, she arranged herself in a comfortable crouch and settled down to stare with steadfast patience into the leafy depths, whence, she no doubt had good reason to hope, some incautious mouse might at any moment emerge.

I turned back to the newspaper, in spite of the distracting birds and the distracting beauty of the trees and grass and sunshine. At the same time, wordless thoughts flowed through the back of my mind. After a while, I was aware that, without conscious thought, I had made a new decision. I would buy a horse after all. I would look for an older horse—maybe ten or fifteen—well-schooled and with a placid disposition; a horse that I could ride quietly and effortlessly. She would be a white mare, perhaps an Arab, with a flowing mane and tail. I saw her grazing in the pasture—Grecian marble in the green grass. It might take a long time to find her, but I would keep looking. I would find her.

I glanced out at the rosebush and saw my cat, still motionless after all that time, her lemon-yellow gaze unwaveringly fixed on the motionless leaves, and I thought, She is enjoying herself because she is thinking of the moment when the mouse will emerge. She is a predator, and predators wait, anticipate. Herbivores live in the present. For predators, the future is all. My cat and I, we live in our dreams.

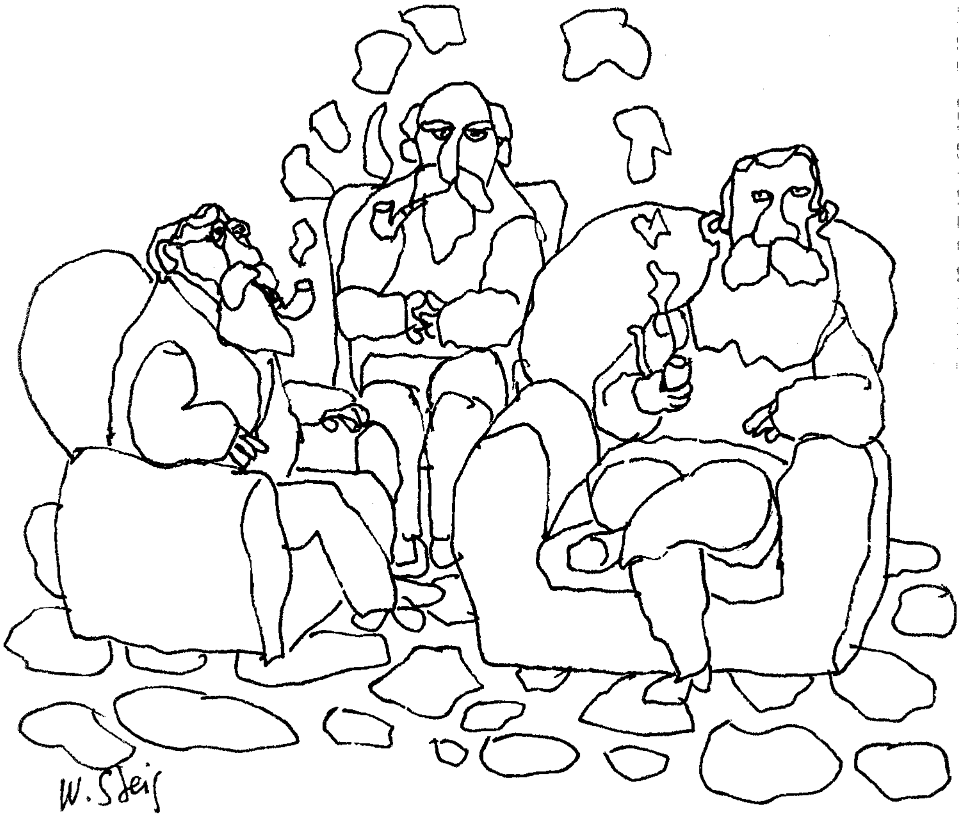
* * *

Gardner D. Stout Hall

RECENTLY, just before the Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples was opened in the American Museum of Natural History, we arranged to meet Mr. Stout, president emeritus of the Museum and past-president of Dominick and Dominick, the investment-banking firm, for a tour of the new gallery. Mr. Stout, a tall, wiry, slightly stooped man of seventy-seven, with eyes set wide apart and an aquiline nose, who had been president of the Museum from 1968 to 1975, was accompanied by his successor in that job, Robert G. Goelet, a tall, unbending man with eyes set close together and a straight nose, and by George S. Gardner, chairman of the Museum's Exhibition and Graphics Department, who had mounted the show. While we were waiting for Mr. Gardner to unlock the door to the exhibition, Mr. Goelet, who also holds executive positions with a variety of investment and real-estate firms in the city, and who was wearing a light-gray flannel suit, said that while the Museum had always wanted a hall of Asian people—this had long been the only major area in the world without its own ethnological gallery, despite the fact that most of the three thousand items going on display, representing about five per cent of the Museum's Asiatic holdings, had been collected between 1870 and the nineteen-twenties—it hadn't been until the beginning of Mr. Stout's presidency that planning, and particularly funding, got under way. The hall had cost two million eight hundred thousand dollars. We asked Mr. Stout, who was wearing a bankerish dark-blue suit, how he had come up with the money.

"We got a lot of it from the Saudis," he said. "I figured that the best people to get us to the Middle East, and to the right people there, would be Exxon. I went to the president of the company, who recommended me to Charles Hedlund, who until last year was a vice-president of Exxon and also president of Esso, Middle East. He got us to Saudi Arabia—we were there about ten days, in 1974. Though King Faisal was away, we met two members of the royal family in Riyadh—Prince Khalid ibn Fahd, the Deputy Minister of Education, and Prince Muhammad ibn Abdullah, who was also in the Ministry of Education. They gave a banquet for us in a tent that seemed fifty yards long, and served a whole carcass of a sheep. I sat cross-legged on the floor—I'm old to be doing that, and I was so stiff when the dinner was over that two retainers had to lift me up by the elbows. During the dinner, one of the princes said to me, 'Mr. Stout, try this camel's milk; you might like it.' It was a royal command. Afterward, I was very sick—it took a doctor twenty hours to fix me up. I knew that our exhibition would cost a lot of money, and I later asked Hedlund, 'How do I get it?' He said we should just ask for it, and we did. Later, we got a check for a million dollars. Separately, we agreed to help the Saudis with a museum they are setting up, and we have had four of their people here, for training."

Mr. Gardner, who is as tall and thin as the two others, and was wearing a blue blazer and a white turtleneck shirt, got the door open at last, and we went into a well-lit hall. "One of the things I like best is the lighting," Mr. Stout said. "So many museum halls



Colloquium

nowadays are pitch-black, with just the cases lit."

"If, despite the lights, anyone tries to mug you, there are plenty of weapons about," Mr. Goelet said, indicating cases full of spears, bows, and arrows, the property of some Siberian tribesmen represented by a mannequin in a glass case. "Do you know, some of the clothes on display in this case are made of fish skin?" The three men seemed as excited and as uncertain of which way to turn as tourists let loose in an Oriental bazaar, which is more or less what they were in: corridors and alleyways, dividing the gallery into areas representing different Asiatic cultures and areas, ran in all directions, past cases piled high with copper trays from the Near East, red-and-gold masks from Tibet, painted wooden statues from India, and one hairy brown Ainu cloak, from Japan. The exhibits were laid out roughly where they would be on a map of Asia, and it was possible to walk through the hall following either a northern or a southern trade route.

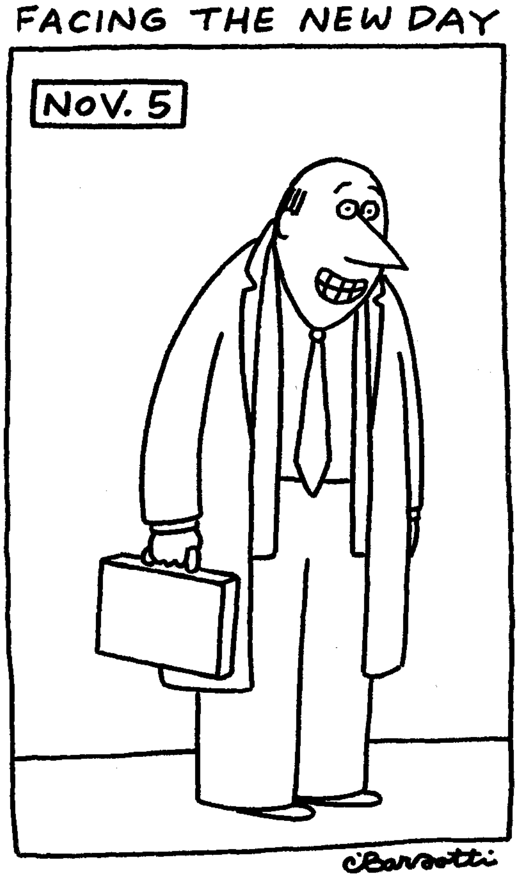
Mr. Goelet said, "The way we set up the exhibition was, first, to go through our own collection and see what we had, and then, where we had to, to pick up new material to fill in any gaps. Mr. Stout picked up that Bedouin tent over there, and the accoutrements inside it, when he was in Riyadh. We were recently given some Armenian material." He indicated a large case, with a mannequin dressed in the ornate purple-and-white robes of an archbishop. "Otherwise, though, we had almost everything we needed in storage already. Around the turn of the century, curators like Franz Boas would have material sent back from Asia, and in the nineteen-twenties Roy Chapman Andrews, while he was looking for dinosaur eggs in Mongolia, found a lot of other stuff, too. There were many other gifts from those days: we have the Drummond collection of antique Chinese jades, the Dentan collection of Senoi-Semai artifacts, the Louis Dupree collection of Afghan material, the Whitney collection of Tibetan religious objects, and the Wolfe collection of Southeast Asian art. We had grants for six consecutive years from the New York State Council on the Arts just to go over it all!"

We asked Mr. Gardner whether there had been any problems selecting the material they would use from such an abundance—a task that had been supervised by Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., a research associate at the Museum.

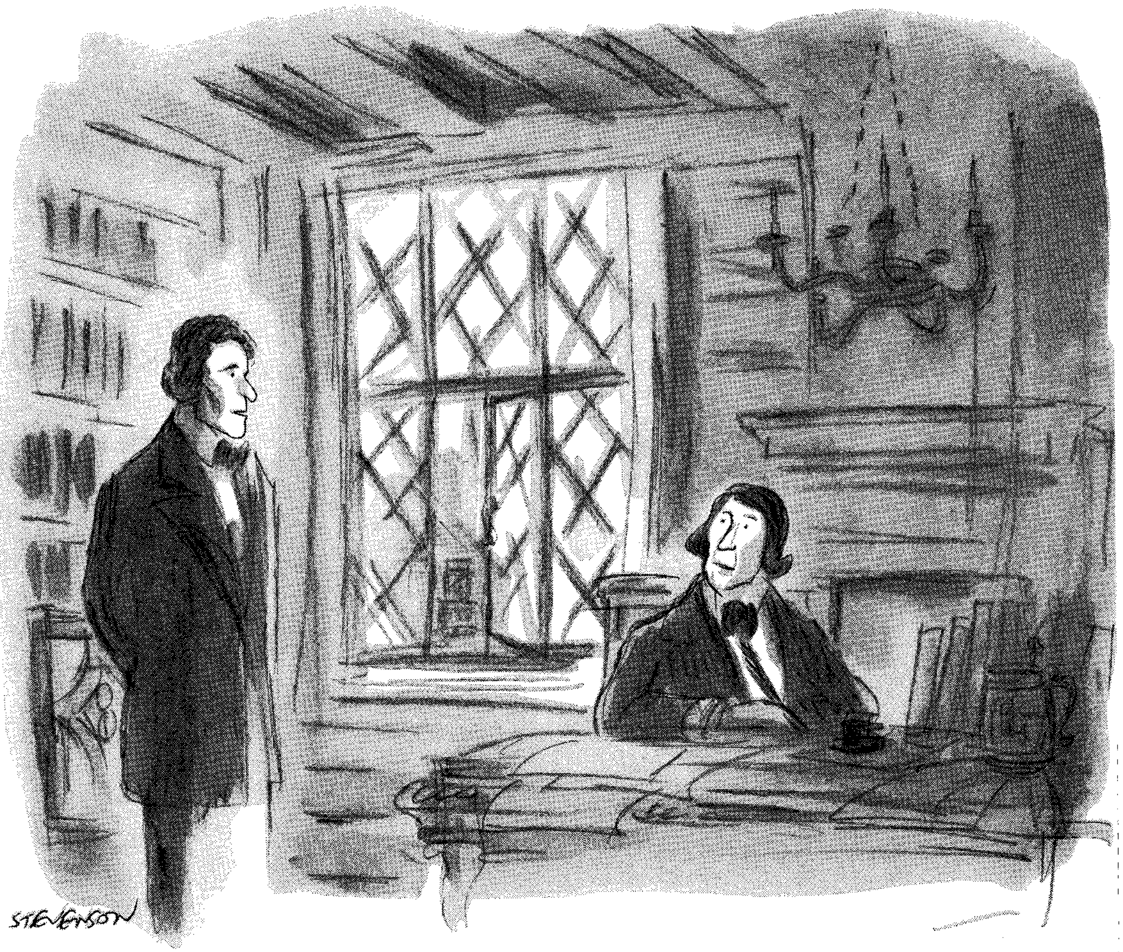
"Not really," he said. "Whenever there were eleven similar costumes, we'd pick one. Whenever there were forty-seven pots of the same sort, we'd pick the best three or four. Fifty years ago, when exhibition techniques were different, we'd have shown them all."

We turned to follow the two Museum presidents on through the Islamic section, where a recording of a muezzin's call to prayers played softly; in the cases all around were pottery, Korans, and kilim rugs of soft reds, greens, and blues. Mr. Goelet called our attention to an oil lamp, which came from the same district, reputedly, as Aladdin's. "We tried rubbing it during a recent fund drive, and nothing happened," he said. The muezzin's call blended with the sound of a Cossack chorus as we passed through a copy of a Muslim gate (the original is at Vassar College) and rounded a corner into the Central Asian section, filled with other rugs, of reds, yellows, and blues; there were embroidered Uzbek hats and what looked like derby hats worn in Siberia, which Mr. Stout said he especially liked. "We have the best Siberian collection outside Russia—and possibly *inside* as well," Mr. Goelet said. In the Chinese section, he pointed out an ornate sedan chair, trimmed with a brilliant blue, for carrying a bride on her wedding day. "Do you know what that blue is?" he asked. "It's made from crushed kingfisher feathers." Farther along, in a section having to do with prehistory, Mr. Goelet stopped to admire a small exhibit containing two skulls of Peking Man, ruddy-colored replicas whose five-hundred-thousand-year-old originals were last seen in the city of Tianjin, in 1941; its subsequent whereabouts are a mystery. "A few years ago, Harry Shapiro, former chairman of our Anthropology Department, had a phone call from a lady who said she knew where they were," Mr. Goelet told us. "She said she would meet him at the top of the Empire State Building. When Dr. Shapiro got there, she showed him a photograph, which he said afterward might indeed have been the lost fossils. All of a sudden, she said, 'There's a man over there watching me,' snatched the photo back, and disappeared. Nobody has seen her since."

On our way out, Mr. Goelet and Mr. Gardner walked ahead, and Mr. Stout, who walked more slowly, said, "I feel as though I'd labored and given birth to this hall myself, over the eight years I was president of the Museum. It's full of such wonderful things! Look over there." He pointed to a mannequin in the Japanese section, wearing what looked like a haystack. "It's a raincoat made entirely of straw, on the principle of a thatched roof. It was collected in 1869, the year the Museum was founded; they don't make them like that anymore. Something like that ought to come as a great surprise to many New Yorkers, some of whom might never have known anything about Japan, other than some red spots on a map. Once, several years ago, I came upon a seven-year-old black girl in the Hall of North American Mammals who was clearly lost. I watched her while she stood for several seconds in front of the giant Alaskan brown bear—the one at the end



of the hall, standing on its hind legs, about twelve feet tall. Then I took her hand and asked her why she stopped there. She looked up at me and said, 'It's magic.' That must happen time after time in the Museum, and I was privileged to be present once when it did! I like to think it will happen sometimes here, too, in the Asian hall."



"All right, Wilhelm, we have the child walking through the woods."

"Please, Jacob, don't you think we've been using the woods too much?"

"Woods are always good, Wilhelm. Now, who does the child meet?"

"Perhaps a dwarf or two?"

"We did that, Wilhelm."

"How about a wolf, Jacob?"

• • • •

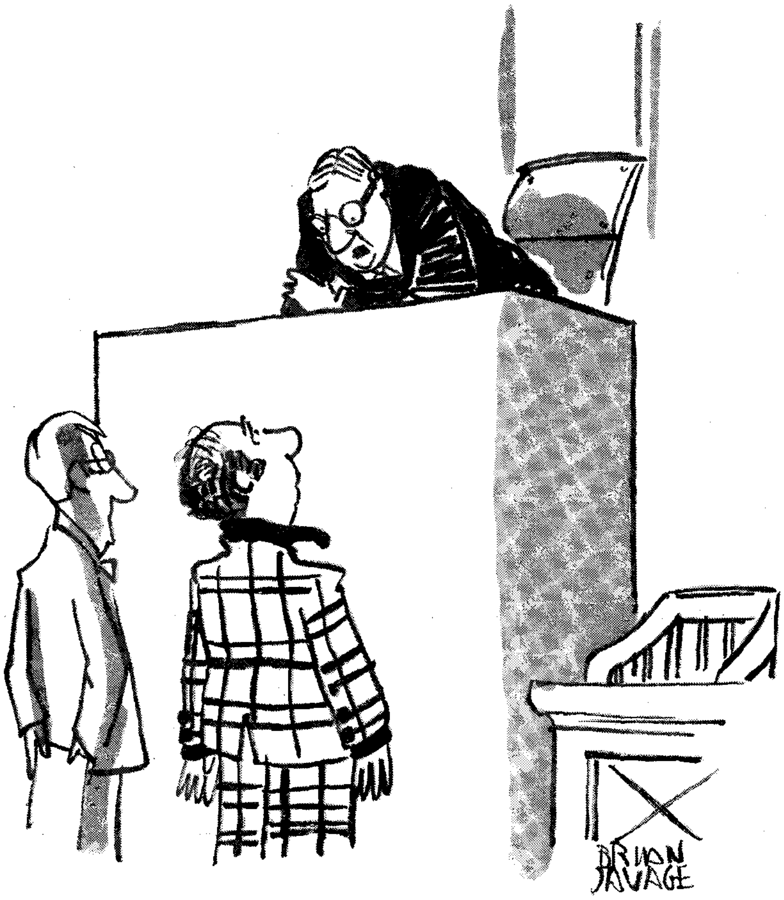
Shirts

WE were ambling along East Forty-third Street the other day, thinking of an oyster lunch—if of anything at all—when we were hailed by a friend. Before we could hesitate, we were being propelled through a door of the Biltmore and firmly led upstairs. "The chaps from Turnbull & Asser, in London, are here taking orders," our friend said. "Come and help me choose my new shirts." We looked at him and his shirtfront with renewed respect. In Room 720, we were introduced to Paul Cuss, head of T. & A.'s "bespoke" department. He had a guard officer's posture, but, in a concession to informal transatlantic ways, he had removed the jacket of his pin-striped suit and was in shirtsleeves of the most impeccable kind. A colleague sat with his head bent over order forms, while another stood discreetly in the background, with one leg slightly forward and the tips of his fingers pressed together. The walls of the room had been modestly enlivened by pinned-up bits of haberdashery—parabolas of silk sock, diagonal bow ties, and swoops of cummerbund. On a sunny table near the window, among coils of tape measure, were hundreds and hundreds of swatches, bound into soft, floppy books as fat as volumes of *Who's Who.* Those cloth pages spoke to all shades of taste, with everything from plain white poplins and stolid blue oxfords to sporty checks ("Good for a shooting shirt, that," said Mr. Cuss), aggressive stripes, and dazzling green or magenta silks.

When our friend had settled on his choices (more or less the same, we observed, as what he already owns), Mr. Cuss chatted with us for a moment. He said that the average order was, like our friend's, ten shirts at a time—unless you were like one of his other customers, a duke who got two dozen white silk shirts every single year. "We can't think *what* he does with them, though. Whenever he comes to see us in the shop, his collars are all raggy, in a really shocking state." We learned that Prince Charles, whom Mr. Cuss visits at the palace, has very sound taste in shirts. The door was now open to a spot of harmless name-dropping, and all three decorous shirtmakers became suddenly quite excited as they rattled off a roll call of their clients' famous names.

Gala

GREAT opera careers can and should end with a bang, not a whimper, provided the artist in question is self-critical enough to make a graceful and permanent exit at the right moment. Some of our most intelligent singers—Rosa Ponselle, Risë Stevens, and Bidú Sayão—retired in early middle age, leaving behind aural afterimages of perfection that linger in the public's mind long after their appearances onstage have become history. Other artists, less levelheaded, more self-indulgent, have ended their careers with a long, slow, embarrassing whimper of performances that diminish memories of their best work. Given the alternatives, we're happy to report that Beverly Sills, one of opera's genuine superstars, decided to end her thirty-three-year operatic career while her voice is intact, and the event was celebrated by one of the biggest bangs ever set off in the musical atmosphere. The occasion was a glittering party-and-concert gala at Lincoln Center which combined sentiment and practicality in typically Sillsian fashion. Sentiment was supplied by Beverly Sills herself, singing Rosalinda in the second act of Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus"—the role in which she made her New York City Opera début twenty-five years ago. Practicality was visible in the planning of the gala, which raised a million dollars for the City Opera, which Miss Sills now runs.



"Before sentence is passed, I feel it my duty to warn you that you are getting dangerously thin on top."

• •

The evening began at 6:30 P.M. with trumpet fanfares echoing across the breezy open spaces of Lincoln Plaza, and ended about seven hours later with a lively dance in a heated tent in Damrosch Park. In between came cocktails and dinner for two thousand ticket holders (thousand-dollar patrons ate pasta primavera and breast of capon at tables with red tablecloths in the New York State Theatre; those who had paid less ate salmon mousse and roast chicken at tables with white tablecloths in Avery Fisher Hall) and a variety show at the State Theatre which featured dancers, musicians, stage and screen stars, and a lot of opera singers who sang just about anything but opera. Leontyne Price swept onstage in bright-blue sequins and belted out "What I Did for Love" with steely determination. Renata Scotto, wearing a rhinestone-studded pink-and-white silk sheath, made "Over the Rainbow" sound like Manon Lescaut's death scene. Eileen Farrell, wearing a multicolored lamé tent, sang "I've Got the World on a String" in her second, or night-club, voice. Sherrill Milnes applied his immense baritone to "Maria," which Leonard Bernstein wrote for the tenor lead in "West Side Story." John Alexander and Placido Domingo—two of Miss Sills' favorite singing partners—copped out with semi-classical selections (Alexander sang "Wien, Wien," and Domingo sang the inevitable "Granada"), but Donald Gramm, an operatic Cary Grant, came onstage with a wicked twinkle in his eye and sang "I Want What I Want When I Want It," from Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom's "Mlle. Modiste," adding two verses of special lyrics dedicated to Miss Sills the impresario. But the hits of the evening turned out to be three non-operatic ladies who made a good part of the audience feel as if they had been caught up in a backward time warp. Mary Martin, white-haired and radiant, came onstage in a swirl of peach chiffon to sing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in the same sultry, little-girl voice that she was using back in 1938; Ethel Merman pranced along the footlights in bright-red chiffon to deliver "There's No Business Like Show Business" in her familiar mesmerizing roar; and Dinah Shore, trim, blond, and velvet-voiced, walked out in a slinky black silk dress slit to the knee and made "Blues in the Night" sound as if it had been written just yesterday.

Toward the end of the evening, Miss Sills clowned through a medley of operatic bits and popular songs with Carol Burnett, a close friend, who had acted as mistress of ceremonies; after that, Miss Sills greeted a flock of V.I.P.s (Joan Mondale, Lady Bird Johnson, Sarah Caldwell, Mayor Koch), and waltzed briefly with Walter Cronkite, Zubin Mehta, and Burt Reynolds. Then, standing alone in the center of the empty set with her accompanist, Charles Wadsworth, at the piano, she told the audience that she would end the show by singing a Portuguese folk song that she had used for many years to close her concert performances. "Thank you all for a wonderful love affair," she said, looking around the enormous silent auditorium. "It's been as much joy and passion as this poor little heart can bear. But the book isn't finished. It's just a chapter that is finished, because I'm fortunate that I can stay with my beloved company and maybe help someone else's dream come true as mine did. I can only hope that the best is yet to come." Mr. Wadsworth struck a chord, and Miss Sills took a deep breath and began to sing, in her familiar crystalline soprano, "The time has come for me to leave you."

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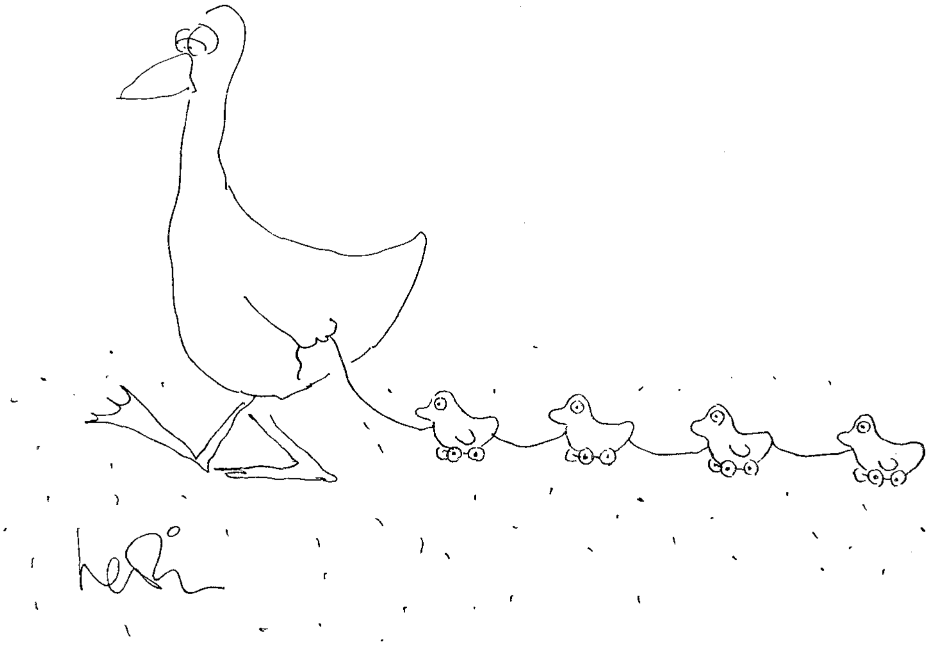
—BRUCE MCCALL



THE LAUGHTER OF AKIVA

THE school came between landscape and seascape. It hung—yellow turrets, gargoyles, even a pair of blind stone lions—on the lip of the bay. The house had once been the mansion of a famous white-bread manufacturer: whole mossy walls brought over from England, gargantuan fireplaces, ingeniously filigreed oak doors whereon naked cupids sported. The Religion Committee had ordered curtains to hide the cupids—all the same, by second grade every child knew just where to look, and for what. Long ago the Architecture Committee had grafted a new wing onto the house: it jutted out, two stark cheeseboxes at right angles, from the yellow stone cornices of the bread millionaire's towered medieval dream.

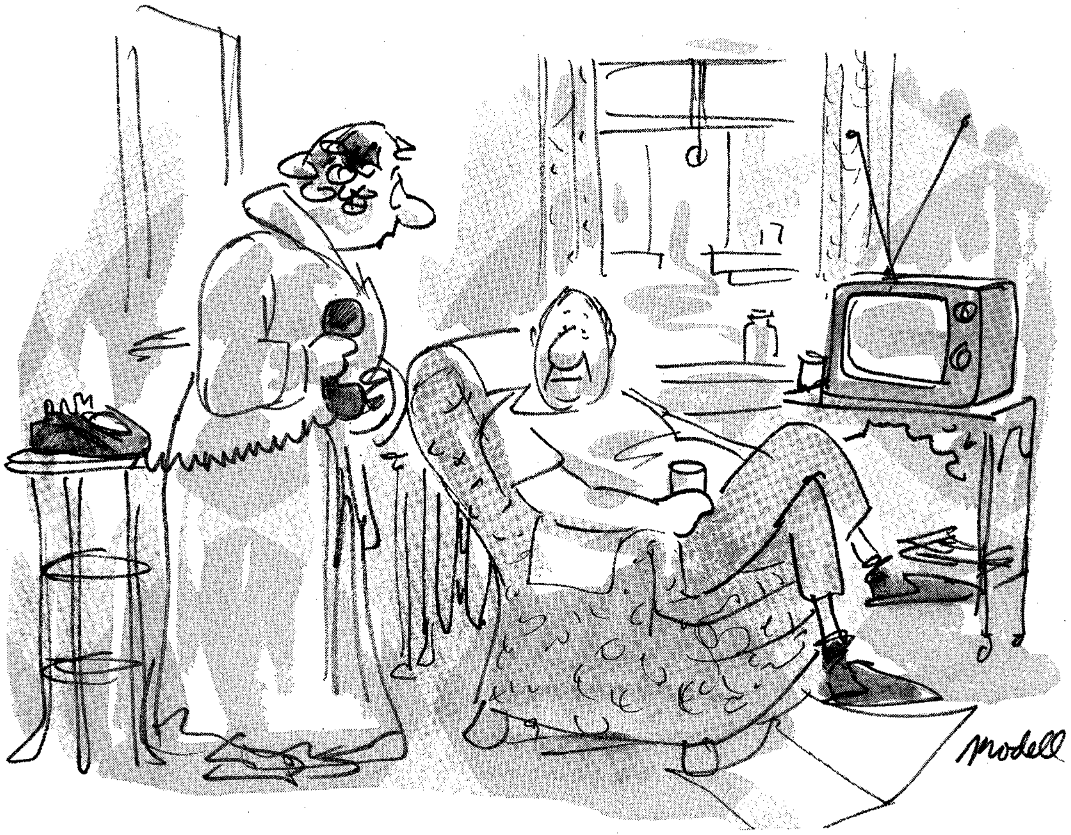
The new wing had been squatting there for almost thirty years, and still the most recent contingent of parents went on calling it the new wing; and so did the headmaster.

The headmaster was, in a manner of speaking, English—but whenever he quoted his long-dead mother and father, he quoted them in Yiddish. "My son," he quoted his father, "when the teacher begins, *nemt men a dremele*. That's the time for a nap." The headmaster had several such ancestral jokes, all at his own expense: he was a formidable elf. What was elfin was his twinkle, his grin, his sly fine teeth, the tricky downward slide of his eye, his ruddy shining skin. The children were not often afraid of him; the teachers were. He was Oxford-educated and London-born, but all his vowels were East End—he had gone to Oxford on scholarship.

In the mornings, well before the first rumble of the early buses, he would come down from his dark and sagging rooms on the top of the old carriage house, and run to the beach. He was a bachelor of fifty-eight, and still a good runner. In the misted green rain of May the water looked flat and impervious, as if a dead membrane had been stretched over it. The waves were without rise or fall. On other mornings the whole circle of the bay wheeled its dazzle of brass like another sun. Crab shells cut into the rubber of the headmaster's sneakers. That was one side of the school.

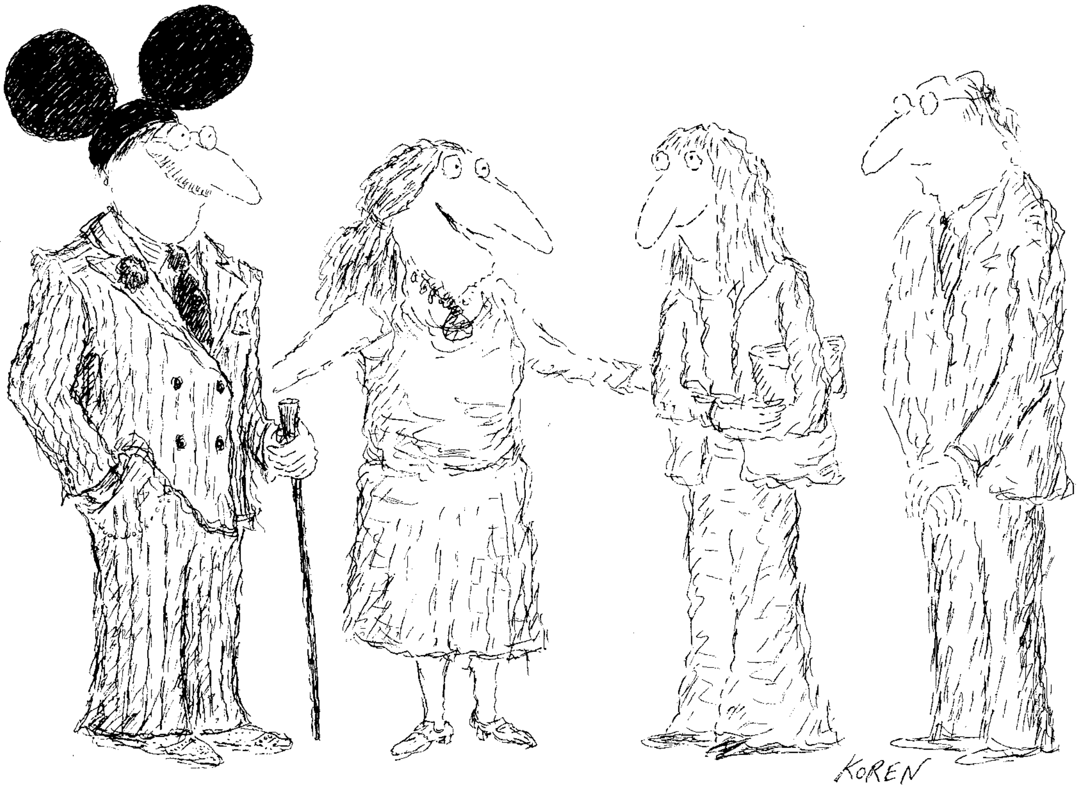
The other side, where the buses parked, was hairy with unmown grass, jumbles of wild flowers, topiary gone ragged, puddled grottoes of broken urns and fountains. Hilly lawn followed tumbledown meadow, weed-frilled green splashed into the fuzz of dandelion puffs. After school, in the low light of afternoon (the school day was a long one), when the buses with their cargoes of bedlamites had departed, the headmaster leaned into the middle of these deserted fields; he leaned his breast toward the brown road, into the cup of the empty side field; at such moments, in the cut that came between the mingled shrieks of two hundred children and the whited-out silence of the playgrounds, he felt himself not so much a schoolmaster as a man of almost sacral power. He knew what lay in his hands: the miraculous ascent of lives, the future implicit in the present, the very goodness of humankind. *The world rests on the breath of the children in the schoolhouses*—this fragment of Talmud feathered his spirit like a frond from a tree in deep warmth.

On the beach side of the school, the sea side, he understood himself better. Shell shards and slimy rocks assaulted underfoot: nature's sheddings and bones. The gate to the sea a junk yard, the beach a tract of spotted junk. Here everything balanced: where he had come from, where he had arrived. A lost shell. Long ago a rich benefactor had unearthed him teaching Hebrew school in a rundown synagogue in Brooklyn. What the rich man was chiefly after was his accent: the House of Lords and Whitechapel were all the same to him. Philanthropy, dutiful and ambitious, would bring Eton into being on the coast of Long Island Sound: an Eton dense with Hebrew melodies, Eton grown out of exiled Eden. The benefactor was given to poetical musings: he eschewed "principal." "You will be the headmaster," he told Karpov, who was then already thirty-one years old. His sisters in London called Karpov a drifter. At Oxford he had studied astronomy. Through telescopes as huge as chimneys he looked toward the mathematical spheres. He felt



"Do you know anything about a double-parked Rolls-Royce?"

himself both too shabby and too cunning for the stars, so he abandoned himself to the chances and devisings of America.



"Richard is a nostalgia person."

• •

The rich benefactor was still alive, senile, travelling in a chrome wheelchair pushed by a male nurse in red sandals; sometimes lucid when a sparse wind of oxygen coughed in his brain, dropping wavering bulletins into a tape recorder: *Founded school . . . organized funding . . . inspired board of trustees . . . hired Reuben Karpov bright moody boy from England . . . he drew up Curriculum . . .*

This self-righteous list—truncated, abrupt, grunted—exempted the benefactor from Karpov's secret cynicism: every item was truth.

By now the war between the headmaster and the parents was well past the raging point. The war was a tradition: an institution parallel with the institution of the school itself. The parents resented Karpov. Some loathed him. Even his handful of defenders admitted that he was brilliance gone to seed, that his famous Dual Curriculum—one half concentrating on the Treasures of Western Culture, the other half given over, in their original tongues, to the Priceless Legacy of Scripture and Commentaries—had ossified. A splinter group insisted that there was nothing inherently malevolent in the headmaster himself, only that he was an inferior pedagogue: he was unfit, he had aspirations but no theories. The origins of the war—what year it had begun, and over which issue—were forgotten; each side knew the other's tactics by heart. Both sides were engrossed by tactics. The mothers accused Karpov of élitism. He retorted that he would not abandon the loftiest for the lowest. "I began as a stargazer," he would remind them, "and I will continue to look higher than the worm. *Ad astra!*"

But he scorned the mothers. "These *women*," he would say, and sometimes, in Yiddish, "*di vayber,*" as if the word had long been pickled in gall. A majority of the fathers were doctors. They were specialists in heart, kidney, liver, bones, blood, skin. One or two were psychiatrists. They were handsome, and disliked their elderly patients; they believed themselves immune to old age. They walked about with instruments clipped to their belts—the instruments were capable of emitting electronic birdcalls when activated from far away. "*Cheep, cheep,*" several of the instruments would cry out during a meeting of the Education Committee. The headmaster did not honor these physicians; he thought them stingy. Their philanthropies were rare and grudging. The biology lab had never had even so much as a microscope from any of them. Instead, they owned sailboats, and at the annual fall picnic stepped out right onto the school beach, their belts cheeping over denim shorts and virile calves.

THE headmaster ruled like a god; like a gleaming seated Buddha. Only the senile benefactor had ever dared to call him Reuben; everyone, including all the parents and all the teachers, even the oldest, said Mr. Karpov. This name—Mr. Karpov—glowed. Its syllables invested the air with civilization and authority. All the same, by now everything was memory for the headmaster, his learning was stale. He could still intone "The Ancient Mariner" by heart, and every spring he invaded the sixth-grade room to write out "Invictus" on the blackboard, but he no longer seriously read. He never so much as yawned through the *Times*, not even on Sundays; instead, he bought the town paper, with its quick news of burglaries and local funerals; he liked to see which cans of vegetables were on sale at the A. & P. He remembered the illuminations he had long ago undergone in steeping himself in this or that volume—"The Ring and the Book," for instance; and "Ulysses." But now he dozed away nights in the shifting rays of lampless television, stupefied by Lucy, by the tiny raspy-voiced figures of the Flintstones, by his long, long void. Through mountaintop lenses he had once reviewed the white sleet of heaven. One of his own professors discovered a planetary satellite at the edge of the solar system: a bronze moon named Frederickson's Spa because it looked to be vaporous with sprays and hot springs. At Oxford, Karpov twice sat at dinner with old

PICKING GRAPES IN AN ABANDONED VINEYARD

Picking grapes alone in the late-autumn sun,
A short, curved knife in my hand,
Its blade silver from so many sharpenings,
Its handle black.
I still have a scar where a friend
Sliced open my right index finger once
In a cutting shed—
The same kind of knife.
The grapes drop into the pan
And the gnats swarm over them as always.
Fifteen years ago
I worked this row of vines beside a dozen
Families up from Mexico.
No one spoke English, or wanted to.
One woman, who made an omelette with a sheet of tin
And five spotted quail eggs,
Had a voice full of dusk, and jail cells,
And birdcalls. She spoke
In Spanish to no one, as they all did.
Their swearing was specific
And polite.
I remember two of them clearly:
A man named Tea, six feet nine inches tall
At the age of sixty-two,
Who wore white spats into downtown Fresno
Each Saturday night,
An alcoholic giant whom the women loved.
One chilled morning they found him dead outside
Rose's Café. . . .
And Ángel Dominguez,
Who came to work for my grandfather in 1910.
And who saved for years to buy
Twenty acres of rotting Thompson Seedless vines.
While the sun flared all one August
He decided he was dying of a rare disease
And spent his money and his last years
On specialists,
Who found nothing wrong.
Tea laughed and, tipping back
A bottle of muscatel, said, "Nothing's wrong.
You're just dying."
At seventeen, I discovered
Parlier, California, with its sad topless bar,
And its one main street, and its opium.
I would stand still and chalk my cue stick
In Johnny Palore's East Front Pool Hall and watch
The room filling with tobacco smoke as the sun set
Through one window.
Now all I hear are the vines rustling as I go
From one to the next,
The long canes holding up dry leaves, reddening
So late in the year.
What the vines want must be this silence spreading
Over each town, over the dance halls and
  the dying parks,
And the police drowsing in their cruisers
Under the stars.
What the men who worked here wanted was
A drink strong enough
To let out what laughter they had.
I can still see the two of them:
Tea smiles and lets his yellow teeth shine,
While Ángel, the serious one, for whom
Death was a rare disease,
Purses his lips and looks down, as if
He is already mourning himself,
A soft gray hat between his hands.
Today, in honor of them,
I press my thumb against the flat part of this blade
And steady a bunch of Red Malaga grapes
With one hand,
The way they showed me, and cut—
And close my eyes to hear them laugh at me again,
And then, hearing nothing, no one,
Carry the grapes up into the solemn house
Where I was born.

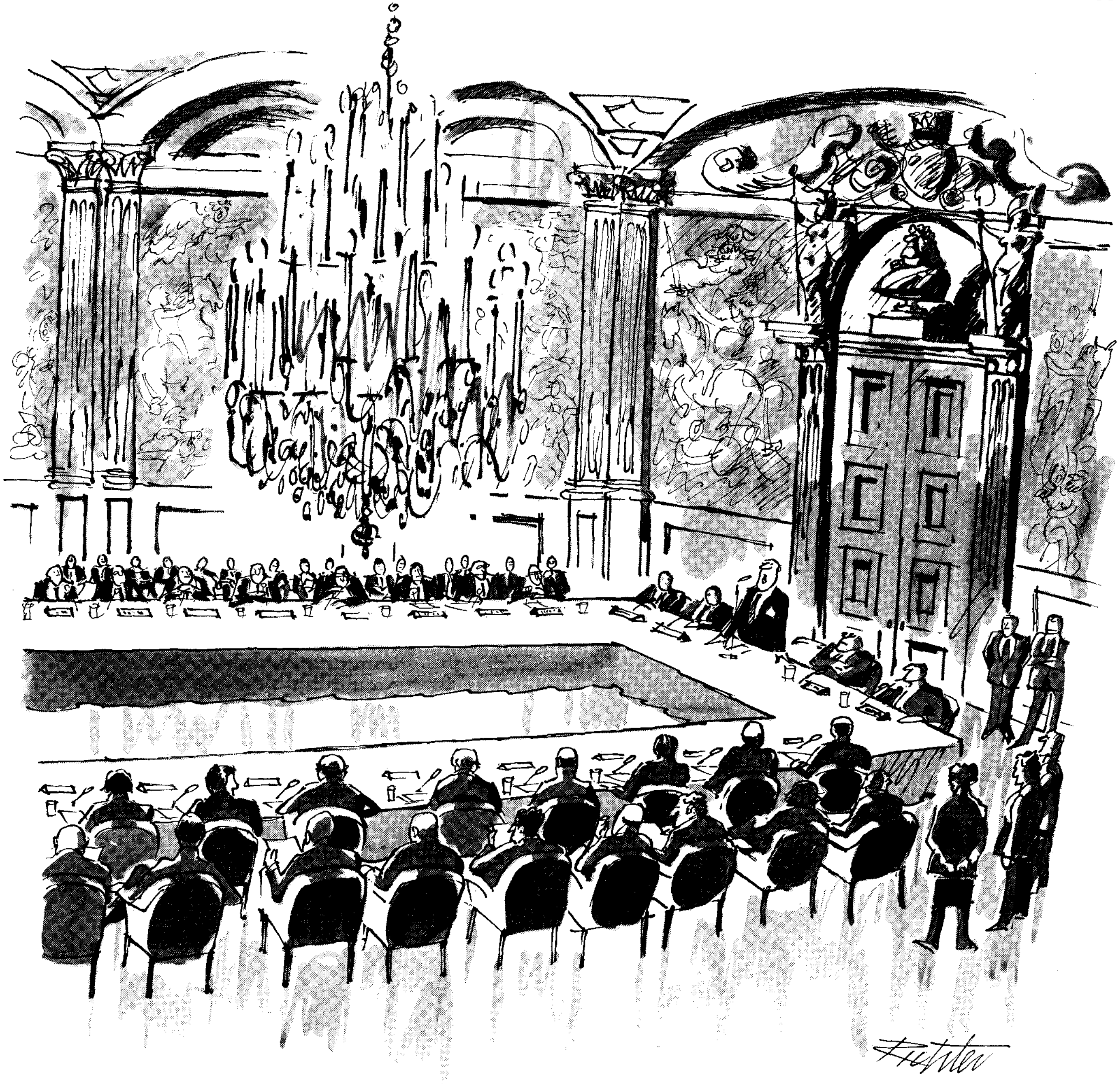
—Larry Levis

• •

Borys Korzeniowski-Conrad, the novelist's elder son; Borys spoke to him of his father's irritability, of his lonely scowl. The headmaster had behind him certain endurances; sophistications; even elations. Once he had gone over to Cambridge to see the courtly E. M. Forster in his rooms at King's. The old man read from an unpublished manuscript: *Parting from his pupils when they were fourteen, he forgot they had developed into men. They seemed to him a race small but complete, like the New Guinea pygmies, "my boys." And they were even easier to understand than pygmies, because they never married and seldom died. Celibate and immortal, the long procession passed before him. . . .* It was an elegantly vowelled and meticulous reading, the casting of Karpov's own life.

Nevertheless the headmaster had lived, he was more than what he seemed, a parochial sultan among arrogant doctors and their forward light-minded wives. Whoever governs a school creates the world anew; but then he caught his heel on a beak-smashed shell on the beach, and recalled how little he was, how alone, father dead, mother dead, sisters abandoned to their little London lives, the desire to read spent, the desire to quarrel gone; gone.

The mothers came to him in committees, in troops, in adversary eddyings; they came to quarrel. The old dismal war crackled on. The math workbooks were geared to experts in advanced calculus, not to the fourth grade. The eighth grade, that race of giants, should not have had its lunch shift scheduled before the second grade, which got cranky when hungry. The vocabulary lists were too long. The teachers worked the children too hard, they expected too much. They did not work them hard enough, they expected too little. Karpov knew how to hear the mothers out; they were not like Englishwomen, he fathomed by now how their American impudence needed its sacrifice. Sometimes, when grimly pressed, in order to keep the peace he yielded outright, and fired a teacher in midterm. The mothers' voices, surly, bold, protective; he thought of them as egrets twit-



"Mr. President, honored friends, trusted allies, distinguished enemies . . ."

• •

tering over their nestlings. Their pants suits, their plumpness, their breasts, the secret hips of the slim ones, their long hair glistening downhill; he saw them as nature's creatures, by which he meant vehicles instinct with secretion: the pocket-mouth of the uterus, motherhood red in tooth and claw. Even when he yielded, he mastered them, because they had arrived as petitioners, as suppliants, and to yield was to consummate mastery—it was the sign of his sceptre. The mothers had no humor, no irony, only fury. They beat on and on: my child; the other children; the teacher; the word lists; the homework. He saw how their anger was stimulated by the mammary glands. They were no more than antagonistic reflexes brewed in the scheme of the stars. Miniature caldrons of solar momentum.

In late summer, before the new term opened, he said to Figler, "The school is honored. You won't believe whose child."

"Boy or girl?" Figler asked.

"The *mother*. It's a question of who the mother is."

"It's a question of whether the child is a good worker or lazy."

Zev Figler was the headmaster's best teacher. He was the most reliable member of Karpov's staff. He was always on time, never missed a day, and even the children felt how fair he was, especially in giving marks. It was easy for him to be fair, because his tests were all mechanical—either you knew the answer or you didn't—and all he had to do was add or subtract points. Each pupil knew how he stood with Figler. If you had high marks, you were a good worker, and Figler would respect you, which he showed by a kind of teasing. If you had low marks, you were a dimwit, and Figler would treat you as you deserved, looking past you as if he were affronted by the sight of you. He was a short young man with a thrust-out chin slightly cleft, and a fast-growing beard. His jowls were always bluishly dark. He had flat pale eyes under slow lids, and an altogether pretty nose conscious of its duty.

The headmaster felt contempt for Figler, but he also valued him. Even though Figler was on the more difficult side of the Dual Curriculum, he was still a teacher in an elementary school, and the headmaster knew better than anyone (better than the doctors, who accused Figler of obtuseness, cowardice, rigidity) what such people were. The women among them could never really be counted on: their cars broke down, their children got sick, or they themselves would catch cold. Worse, their classrooms were chaotic, disorderly. Figler's car never broke down, his children—a boy in third grade, a girl in fifth—were robust, his serene blue eyes never watered. Moreover, his classroom was perfectly disciplined. What disciplined it was ridicule. The ridicule came out of Figler's system of meticulous fairness: either you had the right answer or you did not. If you did not, Figler would make everyone see what a foolish answer it was. He would get everyone to laugh at you, and even you yourself, if you could manage not to cry, would laugh right along with the others.

The headmaster knew this, but he understood that it was healthful for the children to break the tension of the long Dual Curriculum day with levity, so he did not interfere. The laughter tumbled all morning out of Figler's classroom door, because Figler was impatient with error, and even more impatient with laziness. The first thing he told certain parents was to throw away words like "underachievement" and "potential." Either a pupil was a good worker or he was lazy. A lazy pupil was a dreamer. The dreamers were worthless. Their heads were always drawn leftward, toward the windows; the green slope on that side of the school dropped to the almost empty bay. Sometimes a sailboat pasted its white triangle against the silver water. Once a bird's tail brushed the windowpane like an upside-down broom. Figler's subject was Bible History. He kept up a military pace, one-two-three, too brisk for mooning out of windows. He taught all those stories just as they filed by in the text, but what he liked best was lists, especially of place names and journeys: *And they journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, and pitched in Dophkah. And they journeyed from Dophkah, and pitched in Alush. And they journeyed from Alush, and pitched in Rephidim, where there was no water for the people to drink.*

Figler asked, "Where was there no water to drink?"

Twenty hands beat upward: "Call on me, Mr. Figler! Please, please, Mr. Figler!"

"Michael!" Figler shot out.

"Rephidim!"

"Good, Michael, good!"

And on the next weekly test he would ask: "Name all the places the Children of Israel camped on the journey out of Egypt, from the Wilderness of Sinai on. Two points per correct answer."

The correct answers were: Kibroth-hattaavah, Hazeroth, Rithmah, Rimmon-perez, Libnah, Rissah, Kehelath, Mt. Shepher, Haradah, Makheloth, Tahath, Terah, Mithkah, Hashmonah, Moseroth, Bene-jaakan, Hor-haggidgad, Jotbath, Abronah, etc., etc. And when he returned the papers, striped all over with his large tidy check marks, Figler would say, "There was no reason for anyone not to get one hundred per cent. All you had to do was learn the mimeographed list I gave you a few weeks ago. All you had to do"—and here he would give his special roguish look—"was remember to save that list just in case. If you didn't save it, it was plain laziness and I can't help you."

And again everyone laughed, because the special roguish look meant that he was pretending that he was not making a joke about the lazy pupils, whose names everyone knew, and there was nothing funnier than when Figler pretended nothing was funny. His pretty nose was perfectly bland, his face unmoved.

The headmaster was proud that he had a teacher as popular as Figler, but at the same time it showed him his terrible isolation: he had no one who could understand the sensation that overcame him now and then, especially at graduation. The graduation ceremony was very beautiful, always at dusk, with the shining white lions fading from their June snowiness to filmy gray to the kind of pink mirage

MARLOW RUMSEY
AT A GLANCE
BORN OCT. 10, 1923
DIED AUG. 3, 1976
R.I.P.

"The Brie was O.K. That's it."

• •

that lasts only a fraction of a second before the depth of the true dark. Up the hill from the edge of the Sound the eighth grade liquidly drifted, first the girls in their white dresses, holding their little bouquets or garlands, like a flock of brides, and just behind them the boys subdued by their stiff new navy-blue suits, trailing after the amazing bright bevy of those mass brides. Mainly it was during these moments that Karpov felt the wild awfulness of the sensation; but sometimes he felt it when he peered into the first-grade room, and heard all those little ones reciting; or the pang would snap against his liver when he saw even one child, a new child who was being interviewed, with the mother sitting close.

The interview consisted of his holding up five fingers.

"How many?" Karpov asked.

"Five," the child murmured.

Now again he held up five fingers, but also the thumb of the other hand. "How many now?"

The child sunk her head into her collar.

"Now?" he persisted.

The tender head stayed down. The child did not reply. He took in, with no reservations, that she was not one of the bright ones, and just then the pang, the sensation, the almost-animal that ran its warm paws alongside his liver, made him know again his condition; his discovery. His condition was immortality. His discovery was its horror. He did not attempt to draw Figler into this cold knowledge: how year after year it was the same, the first graders so tender-mouthed and little, the eighth-grade girls exploded into puberty, the candle-tips of their breasts puffed up beneath their white dresses in the long procession up the glowing hill; spring after spring after spring. Nothing moved. Nothing altered. The first grade always the first grade, the eighth grade always the eighth. This knowledge turned him cold; it was the coldness of the cosmos itself. The same, the same, the same. Nature replaces, replaces identically, replaces chillingly.

He feared for himself, because he was of the elect, the fearful elect who had been swallowed up by a look at immortality. The look flashed in him often and often. He saw how they would pass before him, these children who were eternally children, who could never grow beyond the age of pubescence; they passed before him, always the same, always the same: the same timid ones, the same wags and cutups, the same eyes with their hidden hurts, the little beauties, the mournful unblessed, the whole ragbag of by and large indifferently formed flesh thrust from the legs of the newest batch of mothers. Wave after wave, and always the same wave. They were like the stars that are still alive, or possibly dead. You are not permitted to see their endings; only, carried by antique light, their earliness.

To Figler he said again: "The mother."

"Whose mother?" Figler said.

"The mother of the child I interviewed today." And for some reason—it was not impulsive, but he had no clear purpose in doing it—he handed over to Figler Dr. Macy's report. Dr. Macy was the school psychologist, though in reality the school had no such factotum on a regular basis, as other schools had. It cost too much. Dr. Macy was an autumn hireling; just before the start of each new term she tested the incoming pupils for disturbance, neurosis, left-handedness. She distinguished between the worthwhile and the worthless. She weeded out. She was proud of her education; her judgment had no elasticity. Like Figler, she saw only success or failure. Her pride in her education led her to predict and command the future.

Figler read:

HANNAH SALEM, AGE FIVE YEARS
SEVEN MONTHS

Hannah is a tense, anxious child, constricted in her approach to tasks, lacking in spontaneity, withdrawn in her relationships to others. Though she is right-handed, she is not well integrated and she did not use the testing time in an efficient or assured manner. There is a rigidity about her and a weakness in adaptability. She sat through the entire testing period without smiling once. She was slow, like a sleepwalker. She had dead eyes. Shown a Rorschach card expressing ominous darkness, she responded with Storm Cloud. The popular response among children of her age is Bird or Bat. Non-achiever, not recommended for Dual Curriculum.

Figler said soberly, "You didn't admit this child?"

"She's already registered."

"And the interview with you? She did better with you?"

"She was afraid. Paralyzed. She couldn't add five and one."

"She'll fail," Figler said. "Not a good worker. Slow is lazy. She gave the wrong answer. The good workers said Bird or Bat."

Karpov said, "I can't let her slip through my fingers."

"She'll drag down the school average. She'll dream," Figler warned.

"I am mindful of our reputation," Karpov said. "She'll polish it up for us. A luminary. She'll do us good. I can't let her slip." He took in the elegant turn of Figler's nostrils and said, "I mean the mother. You don't know the mother." He had not expected Figler to know the mother. He plucked back Dr. Macy's report and shoved it in a folder. "Dr. Macy is a grid. The holes are large and crude. It would be a detriment to the honor of the school if we let her slip through one of Dr. Macy's abysses."

Karpov's teachers were like children themselves. He was familiar with their habits. Family, cooking, television, good marks. They had all had good marks in elementary school. They taught "respect for books," but they wrote childish memos (even their handwriting was childish) and, though they had by heart the causes of the War of 1812, they were ignorant. They all had a certain childish liveliness.

"Marla Salem," he told Figler. "The mother is Marla Salem."

"I think I've heard of her," Figler said. Karpov knew he had not.

SHE was an imagistic linguistic logician, a phrase foreign to Karpov. He had no idea of its purport. But he had seen her interviewed on a television program, and that was what they had called her then: an imagistic linguistic logician. A mouthful. Though Karpov recollected the name of her most celebrated book, "The World as Appearance" ("die Welt als Erscheinung," a Kantian borrowing), he had not read it or any of the four others. He took them all out of the local public library. One was called simply "Mind," but when he looked again, he saw the subtitle: "Ancient and Modern." The three others were "Metaphor as Exegesis," "Divining Meaning," and "Interpretation as an End in

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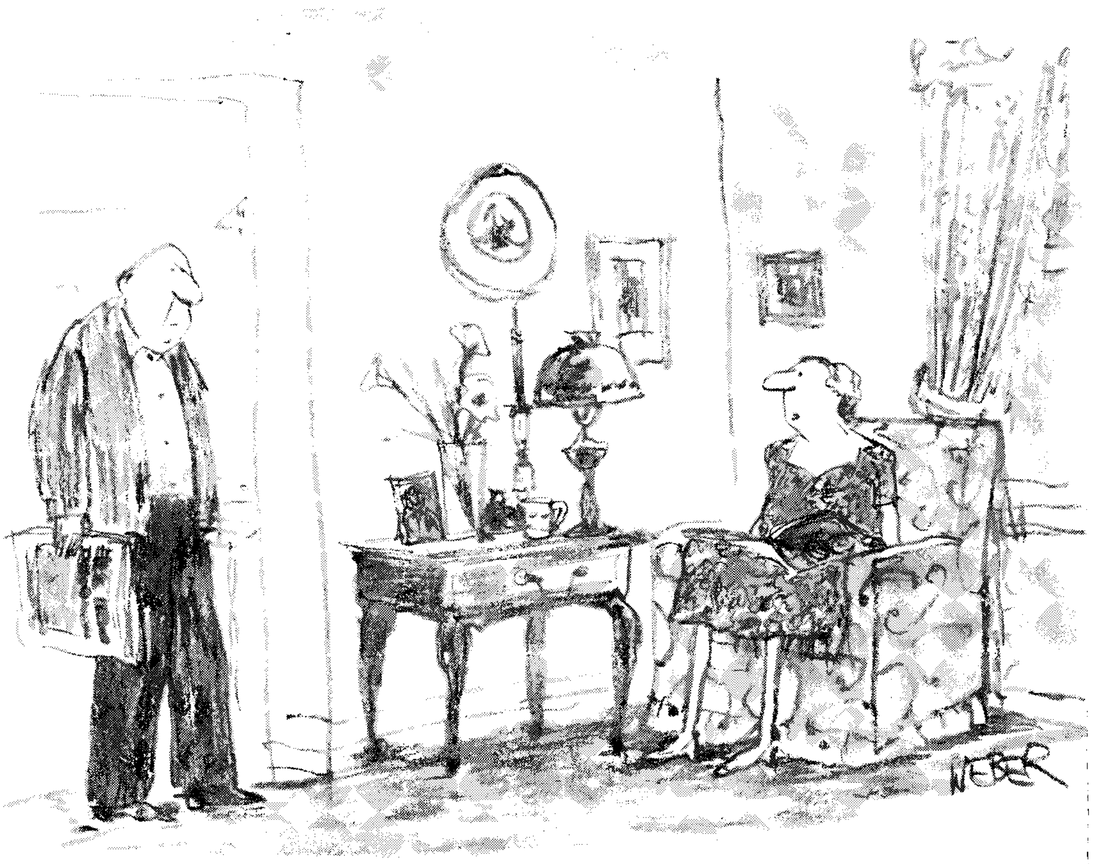


"You used to move like Fred Astaire."

• •

Itself." He turned the pages of the last. "The eternal concurrent of language," he read, "is the shadow of language, by which we intend its effect; language without consequence, i.e., the 'purity' of babble, is inconceivable in the vale of interpretation." It made him feel weak. But when she came to him with the child she spoke plainly, in a commonplace way; you could not tell from her voice, her manner, her blouse, what she was. On television she had seemed older, white-haired, great bleak wells under the eyes; at least sixty. In his office he saw she was perhaps ten years younger than that, with a wide face, a fat-weighted chin, and thick strands of jagged hair always on the loose, wandering aloft; sticking up or out. Her shoes were well worn. Even on the surface she was different from the other mothers because, he surmised, she did not go to a hairdresser or contemplate her clothes. Her shoes were laced as well as old, and on this occasion she wore anklets, like an adolescent; her shins were too wide. It troubled him that the school's financial forms were premised on the husband as head of the family, as breadwinner, as the one responsible for writing the checks; she had no husband. She did not volunteer whether she was divorced or widowed. Her accent, in which Karpov heard unknown segments of Europe, mystified him. So did her age. Was she forty-five, fifty? An elderly primipara—though Dr. Johnson's mother had borne him in her forty-first year. Who had sired this child? Some bohemian vagabond? Another philosopher? A refugee survivor from Mittel-europa? He could neither charm nor intimidate her. She was neither forward nor quarrelsome.

It was hard for him to think of her as a woman. She spoke like a man. Even her voice was a man's voice: full and low. "I prefer," she told him in that dark barbed growl, "the lump sum." He was taken aback by this directness. He was not used to a woman speaking so directly, and he was not used to discussing tuition with one of the mothers. "That's not how we do it," he explained. She was forcing him to explain. He was not used to explaining, in a plain flat unquarrelsome way, to one of the mothers. "We space it out. We require postdated checks over a span of nine months." And for the first time, when he said "nine months," although he had spoken this very sentence a hundred times before to the fathers, he realized its other meaning, the period of gestation, and his face and his belly heated up.

She put her signature at the bottom of the form. He had never encountered a woman's signature that was so like a man's. He went on gazing at it. He had expected the usual female hand—its frivolous slanting letters, the curves of the base strokes like perfume reduced to hieroglyph, the cosmetic artifice of writing given over only to decoration; the trivialization of alphabet under a woman's fingertips.

She saw how he seemed to brood. "Did I sign in the right place?"

"Yes, yes, it's all in order." They shook hands. "The school," he said, "is honored." And then: "Will you come and speak?"

"Speak?"

"To the parents. We have a most distinguished parent body, numerous physicians, an annual luncheon—"

"What could I possibly speak about?"

"Something like on that television program. You could talk about the attitudes of the—the dreaming rationalist."

"The dreaming rationalist?"

As if these weren't her own words! He felt he was being made a fool of by all these echoings, but he drew out his joy. "My dear lady, it's not every day we have a parent like yourself. It's not every day that I can sit here and entertain a primary thinker."

"Headmaster"—no one addressed him that way, everyone said Mr. Karpov—"a contract isn't an entertainment and I'm not a primary thinker. Since Aristotle all thinkers are secondary."

"Dear lady, you meditate, you write—" He reached for the heap of library books on the far side of his big desk. "This one passage in particular, from 'Divining Meaning,' you could address yourself to it perhaps—"

He read aloud:

> When we think about thinking, we find ourselves in a position of self-justification. We are not willing to admit that we do not generate our own thoughts, but that, on the contrary, they appear to be generated *for us*, as if by a transcendent engine that connects the process of mind to some outward source, so that we have the sensation we are being *fed*, as in the expression *fed ideas*.

He asked, "Are there religious overtones to that?"

"Doubtless there are religious overtones to everything." She gave him her first smile now, which stretched her lips while hiding her teeth and oddly deepening a shallow cut in the flesh between the eyebrows, and he wondered whether it was satiric.

"If you consider us *hoi polloi* and won't talk to the parent body, then how can I account for having seen you on television?"

"*Chaos ex machina*. An apparition," she offered. The sinister little perplexity of a smile continued.

He said glossily, "Your fame accounts for it, then. You can't avoid it. They come and drag you away."

"People like myself are never famous."

"People like yourself never notice when you are." He had spun himself out to the limits of his courtliness. What she said was true. Figler did not know her name; fame is what the schoolteachers know.

TABLEAU VIVANT

They think it's easy to be dead, those
who walk the pathway here in stylish shoes,
portable radios strapped to their arms,
selling the world's perishables, even
love songs. They think you just lie down
into dreams you will never tell anyone.
They don't know we still have plans, a yen
for romance, and miss things like hats
and casseroles.

As for dreams, we take up where the living
leave off. We like especially those
in which the dreamer is about to
fall over a cliff or from a bridge that
is falling too. We're only too glad
to look down on the river gorge enlarging
under a body's sudden weight, to have the ground
rushing up instead of this slow
caving in. We thrive on living out
the last precious memories of someone escaped
back into morning light.

Occasionally there's a message saying they want
one of us back, someone out there
feeling guilty about a word or deed
that seems worse because we took it as
a living harm, then died
with it, quietly. But we know a lot about
forgiveness and we always make these trips with
a certain missionary zeal. We get back
into our old sad clothes. We stand again
at the parting, full of wronged tenderness and
needing a shave or a hairdo. We tell them
things are O.K., not to waste their lives
in remorse, we never held it
against them, so much happens that no one means.

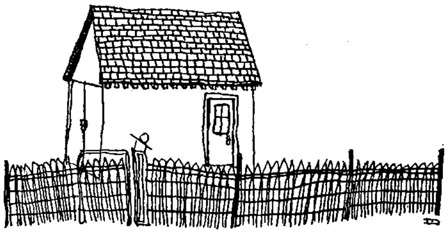
But sometimes one of us gets stubborn, thinks
of evening the score. We leave them calling
after us, *Sorry*, *Sorry*, *Sorry*, and we don't
look back.

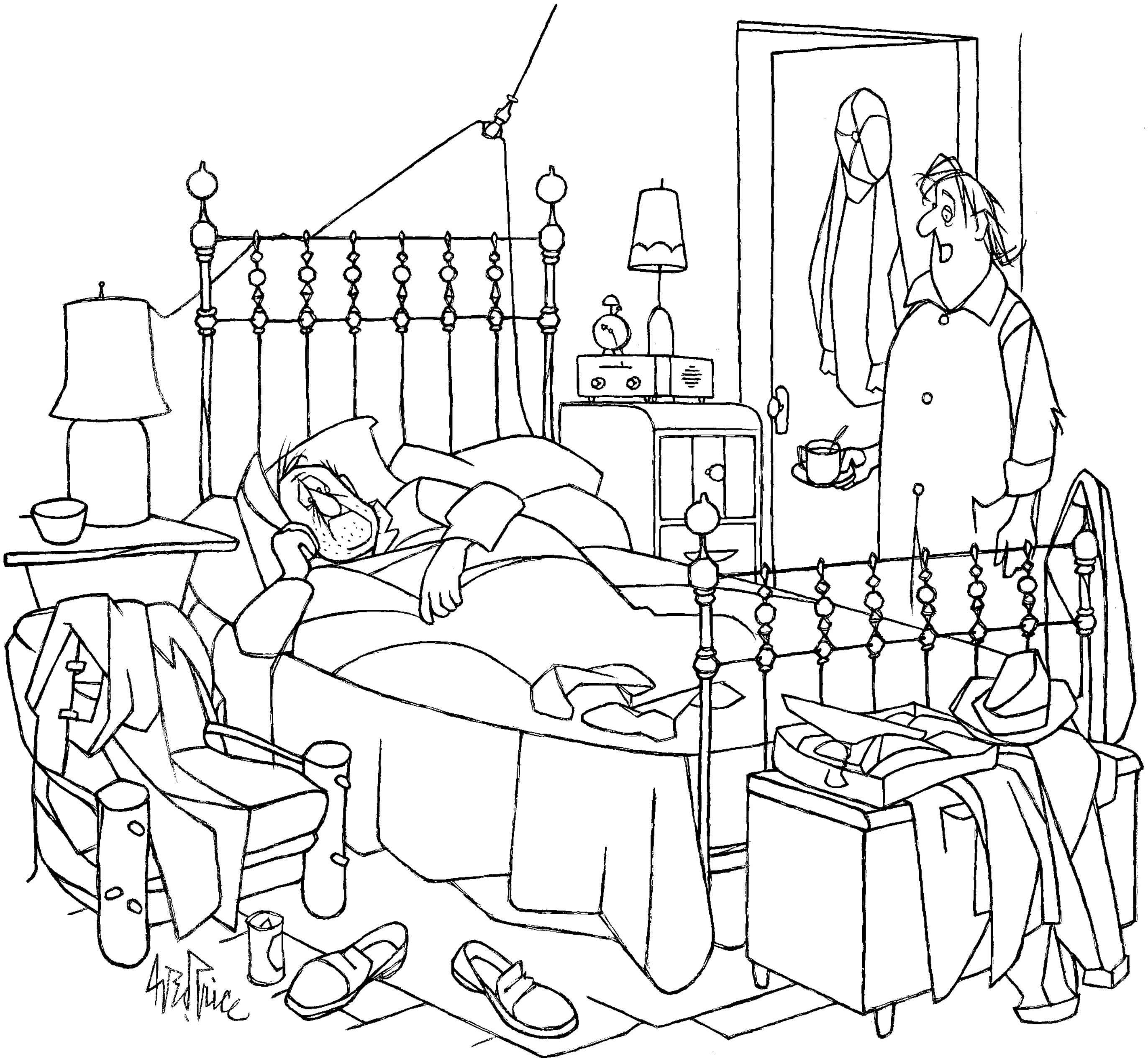
—Tess Gallagher

• •

He began to study her work in earnest. It was difficult to tell whether it had "religious overtones;" sometimes it seemed to; sometimes not. He entered her mind; it was very serious in there, and very splendid; it made him afraid to encounter such a majesty of assimilation. She was right to say she was not a primary thinker—it seemed to him he recognized her ideas. He had stumbled on some of them in his Oxford days. He wondered whether she had a degree from anywhere. She did not call herself "Doctor," but this might only have been her pride, or else her abnegation, or else the wild stripping of a savage Europe; her consonants pricked like barbed wire. It came to him, turning and turning those rare pages, that she might have been a poet; but she had relinquished everything lyrical, everything "expressive." She renounced originality. She renounced the visionary. She was only exact. She dealt in scrutiny and commentary. Her genius for clarity frightened him. He was intimately persuaded that she was honest. Not one lie. She was too logical to lie.

He had not applied himself in this way for a long time. He thought it would tire him, but instead it woke him up. Even while asleep he had alert dreams. He dreamed of strapping himself into the high riding seat of the telescope at Mt. Palomar, and being swung by machinery up, up toward the vast mirror, like a goddess's eye, that sucked in the reflections of the stars. In that immense looking glass he revived the perilous image of Marla Salem's smile; he believed he had no status with her. This seemed just. He had absolved himself from his "potential"—why? Figler would deem it laziness. He argued to himself that he *had abandoned astronomy not because* he was no good at it but because others were better. The heights or nothing. He was maddened by genius. He





"It's Tuesday. Act I, Scene 1."

• •

respected nothing else. Year after year he searched among the pupils. They were all ordinary. Even the brightest was ordinary. In three decades he had not found a single uncommon child. The best were like Figler, devoted to high marks.

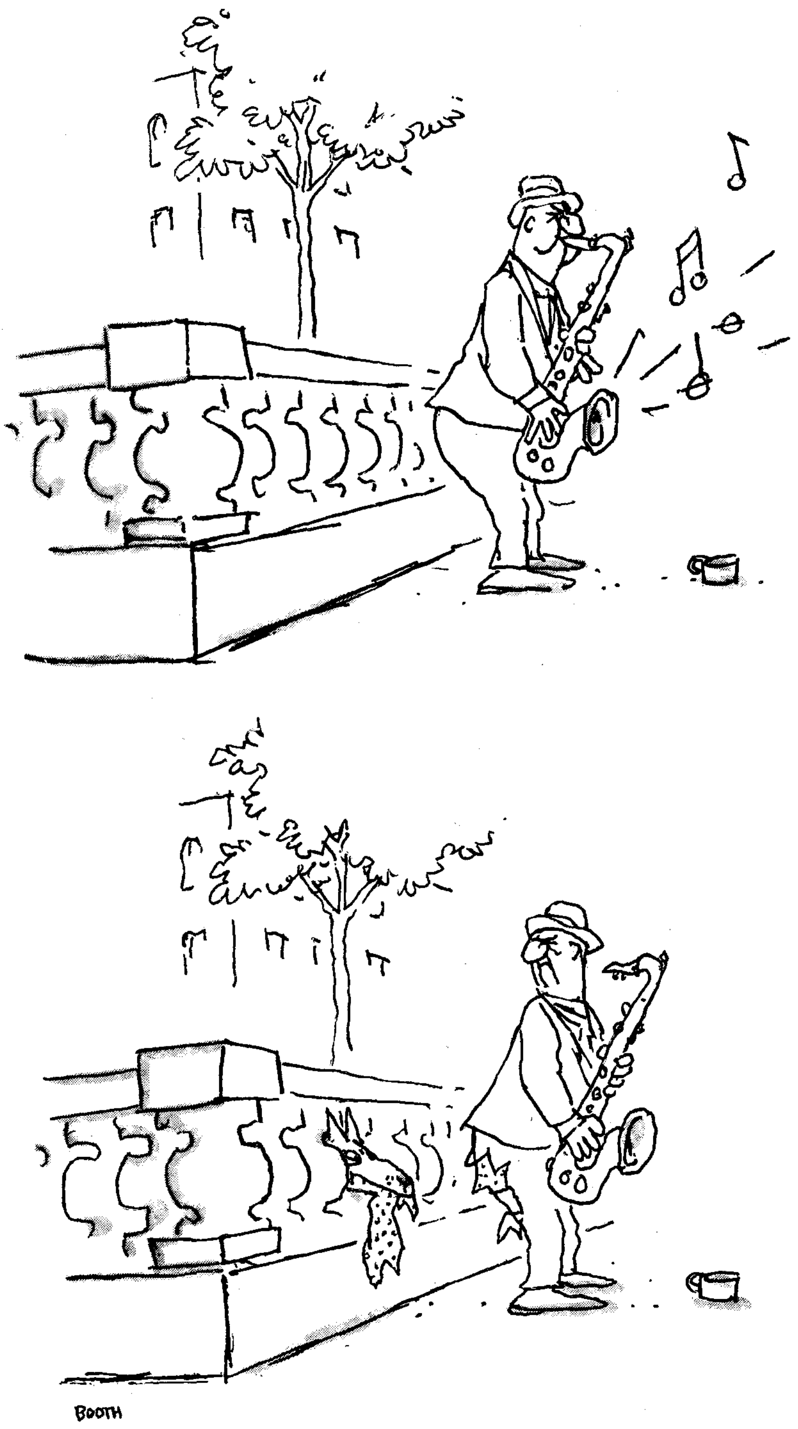
In the school he felt his status. When he walked into a classroom, a stiffness, a reverence, came into the teacher. Or she might all at once turn jolly and make a joke, but that, too, was out of reverence. Mrs. Mieblan, for example, whom he knew to be a timeserver of the first water, rarely gave tests, because she could not bear the labor of grading them, but the moment he appeared she would announce a quiz for the very next day. Meanwhile he went into the first-grade room. Mrs. Perlman was there, indistinguishable from any of the young mothers. She had long brown hair. He had hired her on account of the clear tattoo of her speech. Very rapidly he learned she was stupid. He said to himself, "For the first grade, what does it matter? They learn to read by themselves anyhow." The children were writing in their workbooks. He looked for Hannah Salem. She was in a corner seat, in the row farthest back. She was holding a pencil and a workbook. She was fixed on air, beyond the window, toward the sails. He strode over to her.

"What do you see out there?"

Her eyes shot down to her book.

"Something interesting?" He intended to be cheerful and teasing, and he saw that he really was—the whole room laughed, the high and rugged beast-laugh of small children. Hannah sat dumb. Abnormal. She could not be joshed. What could one do with a child like that?

He beckoned Mrs. Perlman out into the corridor. She ran forward with her long hair flowing, her widened nostrils tense. She was afraid of him. Always, with the teachers, he felt his



power. He was their king. He said, "The Salem child."

"Which one is that?"

Two weeks into the term, and she did not yet know Marla Salem's daughter. "The blond child. The one I just spoke to."

"Oh, that one." A grimace. "That one's hopeless. A deaf-mute. She doesn't talk. She never volunteers."

"Is she learning to read?"

"I've put her in with the slow beginners."

The child of Marla Salem! He grieved at such incongruity. He knew himself to be a voyeur of early intellect; he longed for a child of genius to watch. Math or chess or cello. A prodigy. Youthful astronomer, what he himself had been; then backed away and began to drift. "Drifter," his sisters in chorus called him. The heights or nothing. The loftiest ranges, from which he permitted himself to parachute, drifting downward—the school, its bestowal, his second chance, his turning, a life-shock: to seize in the hand new mind, fresh clay, early intellect, to begin again, to watch, to watch, and all in a castle by the side of the sea; and he its monarch. And then the blessed days of his invention, the Dual Curriculum, the inspiration, morning after summer morning, of fitting in this and fitting in that. It was, in the end, a Curriculum luminous enough for a royal prince or princess. But no prince or princess had ever been enrolled. He had no one worthy of his construction: lordly civilization enmeshed with lordly civilization, King David's heel caught in Keats' lyre, Gemara hooked to the fires of algebra. Instead he was educating commoners, weeds, the children of plumbers. Plumbers: his name for the doctors, why not?

"The mother is exceptional," he instructed Mrs. Perlman; Mrs. Perlman was a reader of magazines bought on cashier lines at the supermarket. Marla Salem's work must fall on Mrs. Perlman's cranium with no felt weight.

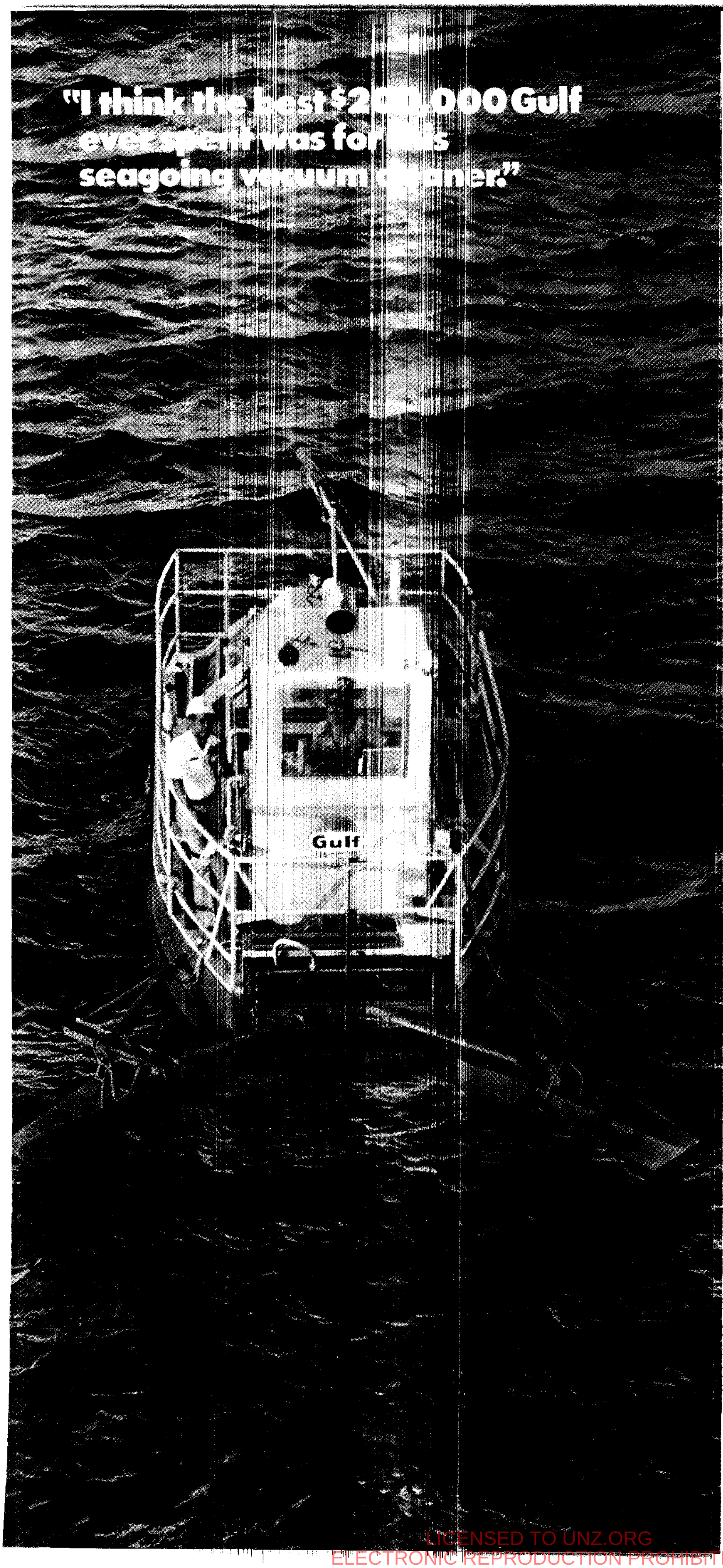
"You don't need a crystal ball to know about this one. Nothing much there, nothing much to come," Mrs. Perlman said.

"Could you try harder," he intoned. "Because of the mother."

"It's not the mother who's in my first grade." Was this defiance? She did not falter. "Mr. Karpov"—it *was* defiance—"you want a silk purse out of the wrong animal's ear."

"Get her reading," he threw behind him.

In his new wakefulness, his brain in friction, he telephoned the author of "Metaphor as Exegesis." Her voice in response was croaky. He imagined her at work all night, her head lifted up only at dawn. "Did I wake you? Have I interrupted? Are you in concentration?" he asked, his blood beating with anxiety. All his life he had been subject to infatuations. He recoiled from "appropriate" women. For thirty years the school mothers had been arranging marriages for him; and for the fulfillment of this gratifying aim even his worst enemies among the parents came forward with a generosity, a capaciousness, a monstrousness of good will. He had been deposited at this dinner table and that with a Miss Sehnsucht, a Miss Greenberg, a Miss Radovsky, a Miss Citron. As a consequence he allowed the rumor to emanate that long ago, during the blitz, he had lost a sweetheart in the rubble of London's East End. They were soon to be engaged. His heart broke and he suffered without surcease. Thus the Rumor. Some of the mothers accepted the Rumor as an eternal predicament for a young, and then for a middle-aged, bachelor; but most knew it was absurd: time heals, he was stubborn, deceitful, evasive, spiteful, hopeless; a hopeless case. The Misses Sehnsucht, Greenberg, Radovsky, and



"I think the best $200,000 Gulf ever spent was for this seagoing vacuum cleaner."

"In the last year or so, Gulf Oil has spent about $250 million to protect the environment around Gulf drilling rigs, mines and refineries," says Manuel Andino, Gulf's Utilities Director at San Juan, Puerto Rico.

"If any oil gets into the water, the Bay Skimmer can pick it up fast."

"But I'd say the Bay Skimmer was one of their best investments: $200,000 for a seagoing vacuum cleaner for San Juan Harbor.

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“Want something that projects reason and reciprocity, quiet, confident leadership, and understated yet unmistakable power.”

Citron, schoolteachers with their M.A.s in Nursery Education, pleasant-faced, thick-thighed girls enthralled to have met a real Englishman with an Oxford degree, the head of a school, floated off, passed him by, displaying their reluctance in phantom murmurings: “He had a sweetheart killed in the blitz,” they would say, going offstage in their prime, generation after generation, while his brow widened and a white foam scribbled at his temples.

One day he saw he was older than he had ever been before, and though he had stayed in one spot for thirty years, he was exactly what his sisters in London took him for: a drifter. “You ought to get that Dr. Macy of yours to do one on *you*,” his sister Leah wrote in the same letter that reported his father’s death. And now the mothers began to fix him up with the less appropriate: widows getting on toward plumpness, with grown children; nervous divorcées scratching at their little moles; secretaries and nurses who would not mind an older man because, they supposed, having spent his life in such a green and watery and airy landscape, he was rich. Gradually he fell into his long sleep, his head at the dinner table patient and sombre; but unseen inside his skull he clicked his gold molar, unseen under the table his toes twitched in his shoes; with eyes wide he was somnolent. So they left him alone finally. Nights he lay down beside the flickering planetary glow of the television, sick with infatuation.

KARPOV’s infatuations were terrible. They were also secret—trancelike, heavy. One summer, in such fine costly boots with shining nails, he toiled up an Alp and at the top of it met a Unitarian minister and his wife. In the hotel the three struck up a friendship, arguing the historicity of the Patriarchs, then of Jesus; the wife, always out of breath, panting in a way that ravished, pleaded so passionately for the actuality of the Saviour that he could not resist her round violet eyes and thick charcoal eyebrows lifted at their farther ends in almost an Oriental flourish. For two years Karpov and Mrs. Williston corresponded. She was an Englishwoman married to an American; the minister’s congregation was in Labrador, Iowa. Karpov was then forty, Mrs. Williston fifty-one. She had no children. “My dearest Mrs. Williston,” he wrote in his last letter, growing breathless to match her, “it would be my joy to instruct you in the Holy Tongue. I would put each stroke and shape of the Hebrew alphabet into the palm of your hand like a most fragrant and rosy-colored pomegranate, a *rimon* . . .” She did not reply to this offer. Two mornings before his letter arrived, her heart fanned, stirred, slowed, became as agitated as a cricket; then dropped into the cage of death.

All his infatuations were caged, breathless, fruitless, in the air: figments. A woman seen through a hairdresser’s window, the white face floating all alone above a cloudlike vast bib, a silver bullet encasing the crown of the head, and only the profile revealed, in an isolation of perfection, of sweetness, a chin so cleanly arched that it might have sprung from the neck of a field flower. Or: a dancer glimpsed at a concert—not performing; it was a chamber-music concert to which he had escorted a Miss Adler. Karpov had not paid for the tickets. The school mother who had fixed him up with Miss Adler had presented them to him as a gift: Miss Adler was musical. He thought it a burden and a nuisance, the drive into the city with Miss Adler chattering melodically at his side, sweating ever so slightly and giving off a perfume that, so he felt, was causing his bile to flow in the wrong direction. Miss Adler was a social worker, and believed that Mozart early urged on deprived children enabled them to overcome the psychological maimings that are the consequence of economic impoverishment. Karpov heard all these words and wanted to smack her. Her vocabulary was even more offensive than her sweat. At the concert Miss Adler turned to him and pointed to a young black woman three rows behind them—how like her, to have swivelled her head backward! “That’s Dyadya Ngambe,” Miss Adler whispered, “don’t you recognize her from that article?” Karpov did not. “She’s that Nigerian dancer on tour, you know the one, from that article in the *Times*.” He swivelled his own head and took in the molded brow of the African,

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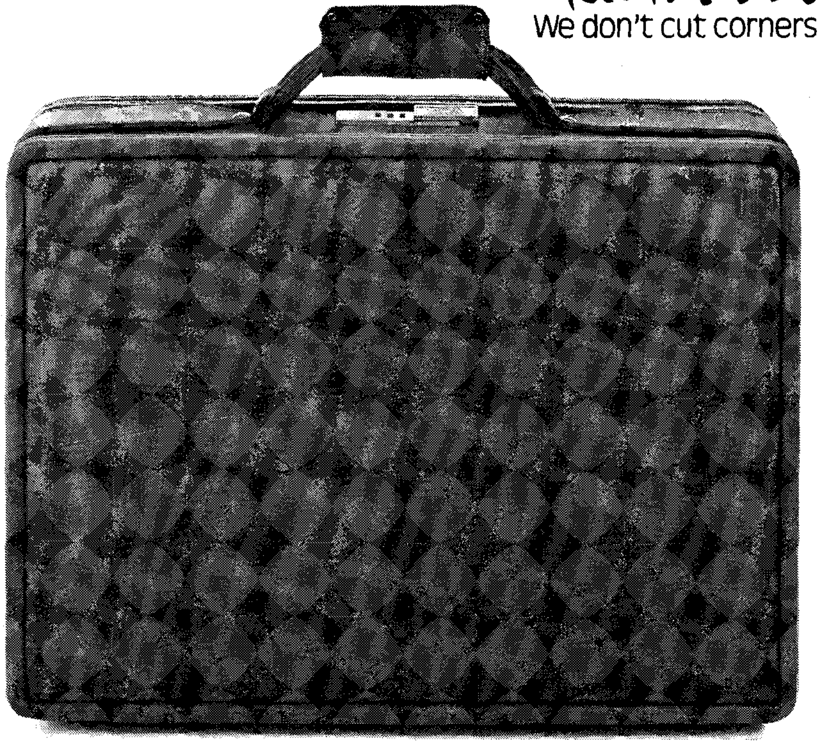

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her long throat wound in a tiger-striped shawl, her powerful knees staring forward nakedly at him like two fists. Without warning—and yet he was not excessively surprised—the first thwack of infatuation struck his Adam's apple, his stomach swarmed with too many organs, twin hearts and triplet kidneys, Physiology menaced him. How he longed to follow her to Africa, to fold himself into knife blades of equator-heat for the sake of her wood-brown cheeks and berry-dark lips and polished mahogany thighs!

All these insubstantial mismatchings—woven of cloud and chimera—he attributed to the strangeness, the duality, of his own education. Two worlds split him. Other schools that taught Chumash and Rashi and Gemara were called yeshivas; their heads were called roshei yeshivos. Whereas *he, in his mock Eton, was headmaster* and ran a Dual Curriculum. It could be done and yet it could not be done. Rather, it could be done only in imagination; in reality, it was all America: the children America, the teachers America, the very walls of the bread baron's mansion America. Egalitarianism—the lowest in the lead. And therefore all things lost to any hope of the patrician, himself the betrayer of both his nannies. "Two nannies nurtured me," he often explained, "my Talmud nanny and my Oxford nanny, both in the employ of an ancient line." And then he would argue the "atmosphere" of each, the Talmud nanny analytical, exegetical, an extraordinary cogitator, energetic chess mistress and mistress of many-layered syllogism, problem-inventor-and-unriddler, at the same time a softie, merciful, her bundles tumbling and tears often in her eyes; the Oxford nanny, though herself very old, nevertheless aeons younger than the Talmud nanny, and rather more callous, a bit cold, her glory in her raiment and manner, lofty and lean, with a long distinguished chin like a young lord's, her gaze a field of dreaming spires and her lips overflowing with Swinburne. "From these two nannies," he would say in those theatrical moments when his fingertips plucked the air like notes on a staff and charm rang its music in his running voice, "I derived my inspiration for the Dual Curriculum." His voice was handsome and large as well as occasionally elfin. The vowels were humble, their timbre benevolently royal—clad in lace.

Marla Salem was not an infatua-

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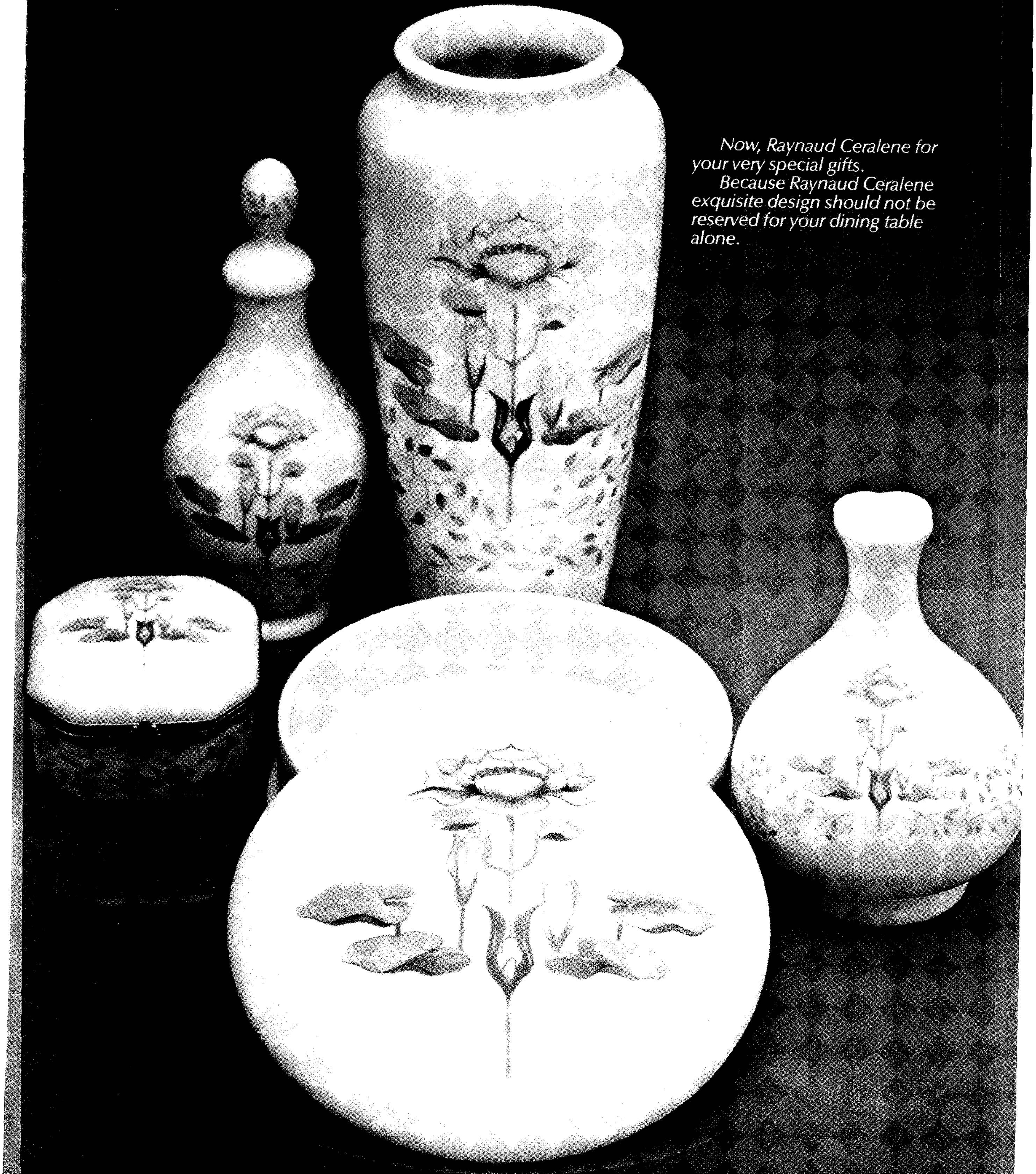

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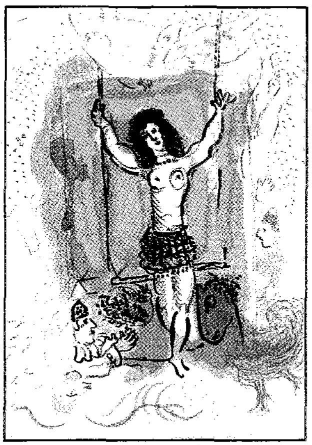

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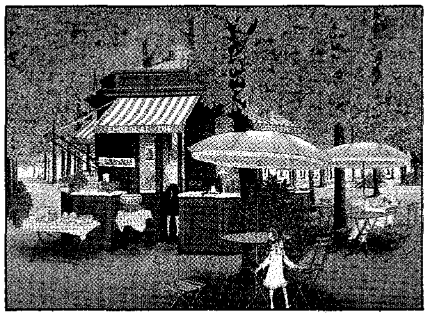

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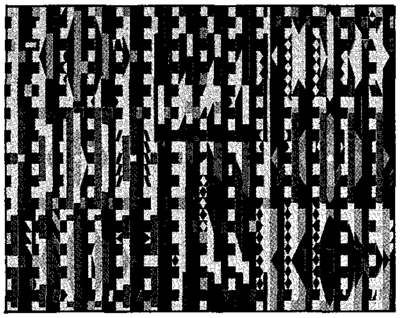

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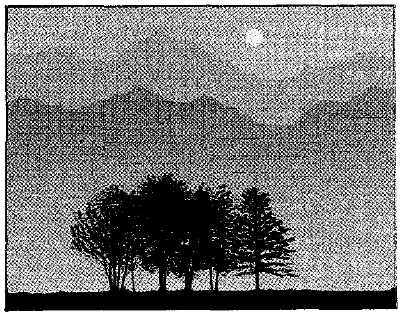

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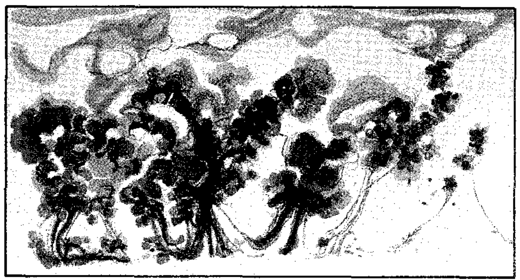

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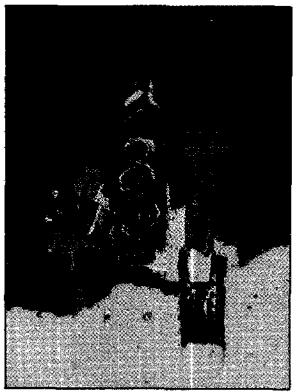

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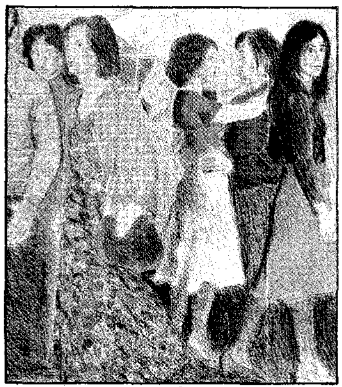

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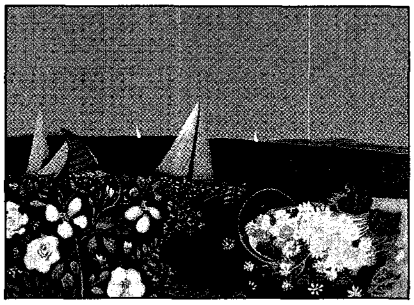

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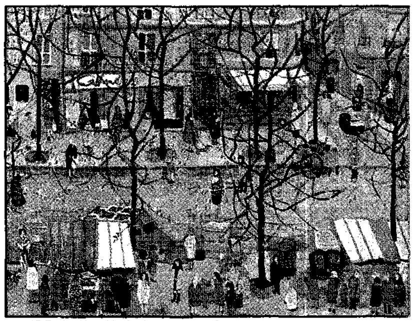

Nathalie Chabrier's *Marché aux Legumes,* original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 250.

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tion; he was almost sure of this. She was too hard on him, and also too easy; she was indifferent. "Allow me to apologize," he said into the telephone. "I've been reading you and you are quite right, our parent body would not be able to follow you. My intention—I confess it—was to exploit you." He stopped; she breathed serenely on. "To attract notice. Glory and honor to the school. You know I used to be an astronomer. If I asked you to come to us in a public way, it's only because I am still in pursuit of the stars."

He was pleased with this conceit: it was how he addressed the elderly benefactor. Or, when he spoke at graduation, peering brazenly into the meadow covered and multicolored by the assembly of parents: "The whole host of heaven is here tonight. I'm glad to tell you that I am particularly fit, as a former astronomer"—and here he would lift an arm toward the graduates—"to recognize angels in ascent." Or, at the close of an especially bitter meeting with the mothers: "Ladies, I submit. You see in me a pale satellite shot down by a shower of meteorites. At their most passionate instant of flight, meteorites are the brightest passengers of the ether." What lace, what rodomontade! His mouth churned gewgaws, ribbons, fragments of fake ermine. All the same, he did not think of himself as a flatterer; he despised his antagonists too much.

"What a pity you gave them up," Marla Salem said. "The stars. If only you really had pursued them."

"I disappointed my family," he found himself admitting.

"Why?" But the question was a concession. She did not like talking to him. Her indifference trickled through the instrument.

"Oh, you know how it is with families—"

"No, I meant why did you give up astronomy."

He thought. She was making him think. He thought of his usual answer: the heights or nothing. So he said, "For me it was the heights or nothing."

"But it might have been the heights. You stopped too soon."

"I was already falling. I was falling from the start—"

How humbly he spoke to her! With what self-abasement!

"In the empyrean," she said (was it mockery of his grandeur?), "in the firmament, there is no down. No fall-

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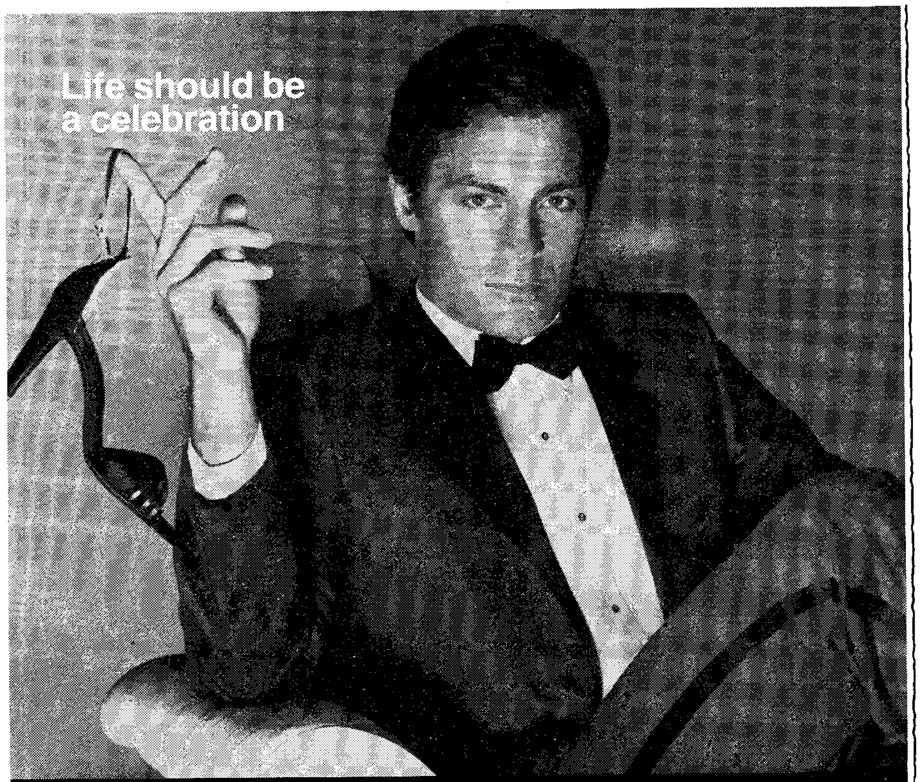

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ing without a downwardness. You stopped too soon."

AFTER this he was afraid to telephone her again. She was impatient with stragglers. *Ad astra;* and he had stopped too soon. She was ambitious in a way he had never before encountered, or, if he had, he had forgotten it. Her ambition was the same as desire, and her desire was unlike his; it had long ago put away dream. Her ambition, her desire, was to cast molds, to bring form into being. He acknowledged—now that he was looking for it—how she worked to make a frame for every idea. The ideas were peculiarly athwart, as if in parody. She set out—she mimicked—every rational scheme, but with the almost imperceptible screw-turn of her malignant smile. He had witnessed that smile only once, and for only a moment; but retrospectively, toiling through her work, he learned the quality of its tight-stretched mirth. It was strange to think she had a child. Profoundly, illimitably, he knew the mothers; she was not like any of them. The unself-conscious inexorable secretion ran in all of them. From morning to night they were hurtled forward by the explosions of internal rivers, with their roar of force and pressure. The mothers were rafts on their own instinctual flood. Encirclement, preservation, defense, protection: that was the roar and the force. That was why they lived, and how: to make a roiling moat around their offspring. The ardor of their lives was directed toward nothing else, and though it seemed to them otherwise, they were in the pinch of nature's vise, they were contained in an illusion of freedom: as the bee mid-flight is unaware its purpose is honey, and supposes each flight to be for flight's sake, so the mothers went here and there, and did this and that, and believed one thing and another, but all for an immovable and unsubtle end. And their offspring, too, would one day be the same: aggressive, arrogant, pervicacious: the gland's defense of the necessary shove toward continuity.

This was his own view, though certain of the words were not: for instance, the image of the bee duped by its own behavior was Marla Salem's. To his astonishment he found himself in her audience, before a platform on which she sat with two others. It was not a large auditorium, but it was well stocked with faces pushing forward, lit and straining. He saw she had her

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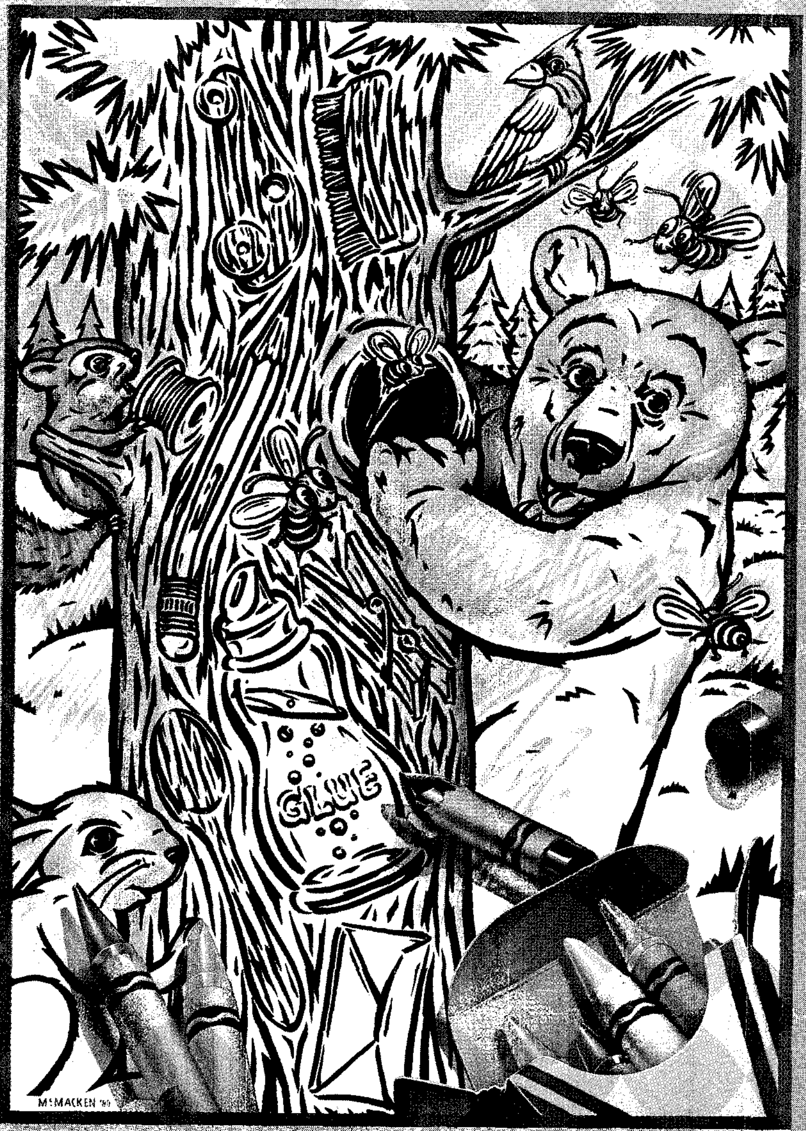

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little following. It was a "symposium;" the topic was "An Interpretation of Pedagogy." All this came to him in a note. He marvelled that she had thought of him, that it seemed to her worthwhile to invite him. Her single sentence, in that unwomanish hand, was abrupt enough: "Headmaster: I intrude on your demesne," succeeded by the place and time and that peculiar subject. The word "demesne"—how shrewdly and cruelly chosen. Plainly she recognized his narrow reality, his tiny kingdom, his sceptre the width of a thread, his diminutive sovereignty. The Little King. She recognized all this and meant to taunt.

All the same, he turned up. The meeting was in a room at one of the city universities, and he soon lost himself in the density of the campus. A guard took him into the right building at last, but sent him down the wrong corridor. Altogether he was half an hour late and had missed all the keys to the proceedings—who these two hairy men on the platform were, who these leaning and hard-breathing listeners were, what manner of fellowship he was witnessing. It rapidly came to him, then, that she had intended not merely a taunt but a reprimand. Captain of fleas and midges, warrior among the mothers! She meant him to feel his shame and denigration: how had he dared to ask her to speak to his little pond, his mothers, his doctors? Each of the two hairy men—hair fallen on the forehead, hair scrabbled over the ears, hair springing upward from the wrists, the lip, the jowl—called the other an "epistemologist." One had an enormous belly, a funerary mound pouting between short legs. The other kept winding and unwinding his ankles behind his calves. But their hands lay like sleeping infants in their laps, they were serene, and even when in disagreement failed to argue. Karpov presently understood why. They were an alliance in thrall to Marla Salem. They were no more than a chorus behind her, while she, between them, reading aloud from a gray sheet, was clearly the point of the occasion. He heard her voice as if separated from its freight, a sound dark and darting, almost too mobile, though edged with a certain scrape among the lighter vowels, and this alone was so interesting to him that it was a long while before he would pay attention. When he did, she was absorbed by a phrase: "the unsurprise of surprise": she was telling how in Mozart, and in Thomas Mann (she had

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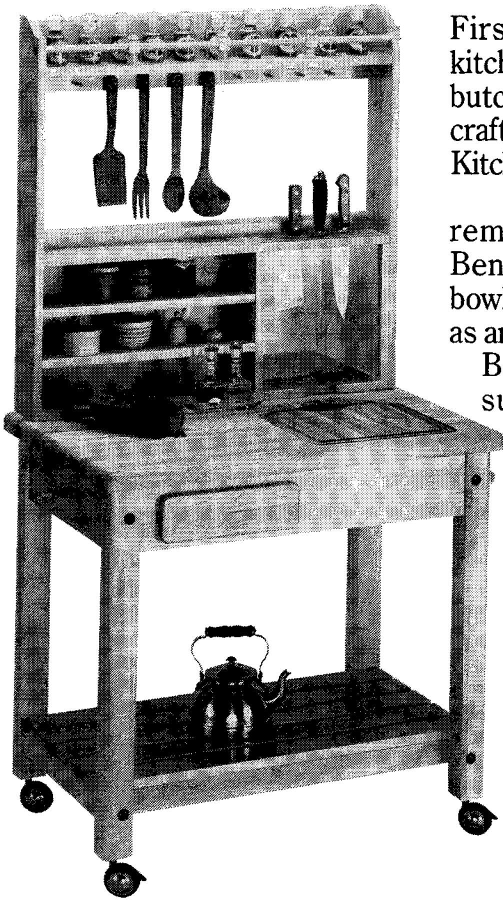

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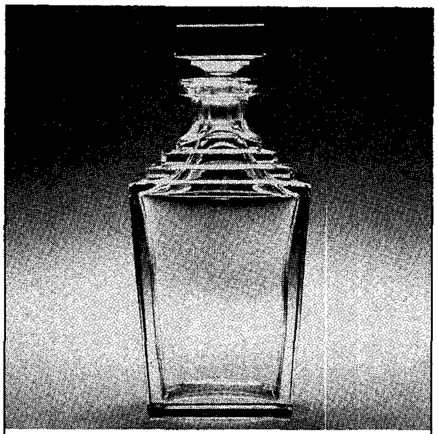
other illustrations as well, but those were not known to him), the sudden lifted note, the upward slope of the arch of narration, arrive to widen one's eyes with the shock of first encounter; but only seconds afterward, when the resolution has been bored through, the note, and the arch itself, seem predestined, the surprise seems natural and predictable. From this she rapidly passed into what Karpov soon affirmed to himself must be an assault on psychology, fragmented but thorough. The predictions of the psychologists, she said, were mechanistic, founded on the mythos of cause-and-effect, or else on the-reality-as-given, and omitted at their base the essential "unsurprise of surprise," which sufficed not only for art but even more for the human configuration. Here Karpov jumped a little: it struck him that she had somehow got her hands on Dr. Macy's report; but this was of course not possible; it was locked up in the safe in his private office, where no one would ever have access to it, except now and again a teacher coming to seek a clue to some deficiency, some mystery of character. But no parent, never! And yet, when she said "mechanistic," and "cause-and-effect," and all the rest, he nearly quivered: it was as if she was accusing him, on account of Dr. Macy's prediction. It was *that* sort of prediction, she declared—"the judgment from early performance"—that nourished what (here she raised her head from the gray sheet) she was then and there determined to call "the hoax of pedagogy."

Karpov listened hard now, concentrated in every grain, and so did the rows and rows around him. He wondered if they were teachers; or a collection of principals or school administrators; or else a roomful of "epistemologists," like the silent furry men on the platform. It troubled him that she was so derisive—or call it ironic—but also it was evident enough that if she was ironic her audience could not have been teachers or school bureaucrats. He decided they must all be philosophers, and when they laughed—again and again, and always at that word "hoax"—it was confirmed for him that they were. She heaped up analogies, allusions, hypotheses—she was frighteningly erudite. What awed him most were the strange links she wove between vivid hard circumstance and things that were only imagined. Her fables were curiously like certain paintings he was to see, and be broken by, in later years. It was her charm to quote from midrash, but though Karpov wore his yarmulke always, and was, at least in this, indistinguishable from any rosh yeshiva, something in him—he thought it must be the astronomer—did not allow him to believe that midrash was *min hashamayim*, a species of celestial anecdote, a particle of the Oral Law, to be held equal with the Written. To him these stories were only that: little stories made up to color a moral lesson; and when she began with "There ran the little fox," he knew at once which midrash it would be, and could not, for himself, see the connection with her subject.

"THERE ran the little fox," she said, "on the Temple Mount, in the place where the Holy of Holies used to be, barren and desolate, returned to the wild, in the generation of the Destruction. And Rabbi Akiva was walking by with three colleagues, Rabbi Gamliel, Rabbi Elazar, and Rabbi Joshua, and all four saw the little fox dash out. Three of the four wept, but Akiva laughed. Akiva asked, 'Why do you weep?' The three said, 'Because the fox goes in and out, and the place of the Temple is now the fox's place.' Then the three asked Akiva, 'Why do you laugh?' Akiva said, 'Because of the prophecy of Uriah and because of the prophecy of Zechariah. Uriah said, "Zion shall be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps." Zechariah said, "Yet again shall the streets of Jerusalem be filled with boys and girls playing." So you see,' said Rabbi Akiva, 'now that Uriah's prophecy has been fulfilled, it is certain that Zechariah's prophecy will also be fulfilled.' And *that*," said Marla Salem, "is pedagogy. To predict not from the first text, but from the second. Not from the earliest evidence, but from the latest. To laugh out loud in that very interval which to every reasonable judgment looks to be the most inappropriate—when the first is accomplished and future repair is most chimerical. To expect, to welcome, exactly that which appears most unpredictable. To await the surprise which, when it comes, turns out to be not a surprise after all, but a natural path." Again she lifted her head. "The hoax is when the pedagogue stops too soon. To stop at Uriah without the expectation of Zechariah is to stop too soon. And when the pedagogue stops too soon, he misreads every sign, and thinks the place of the



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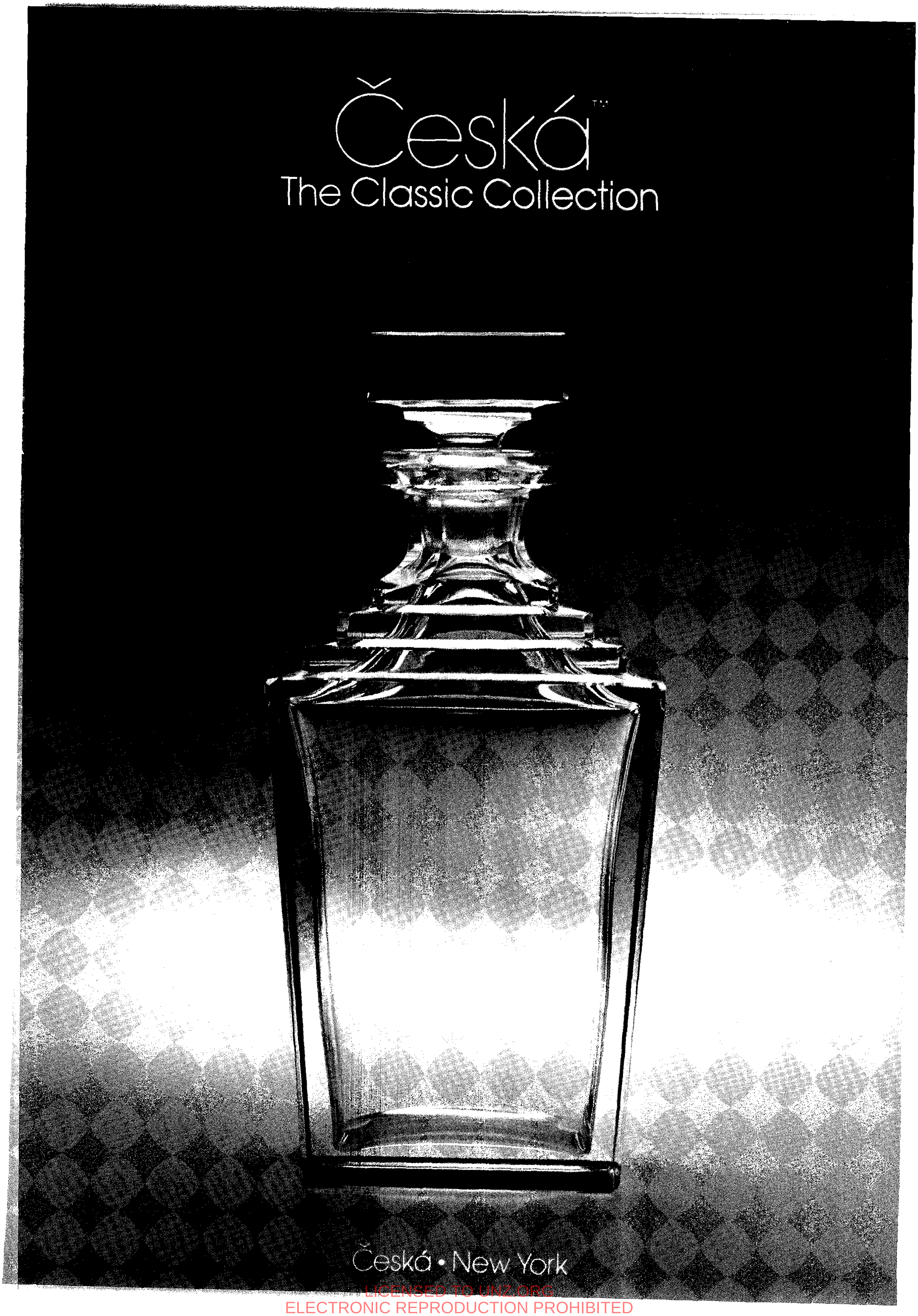
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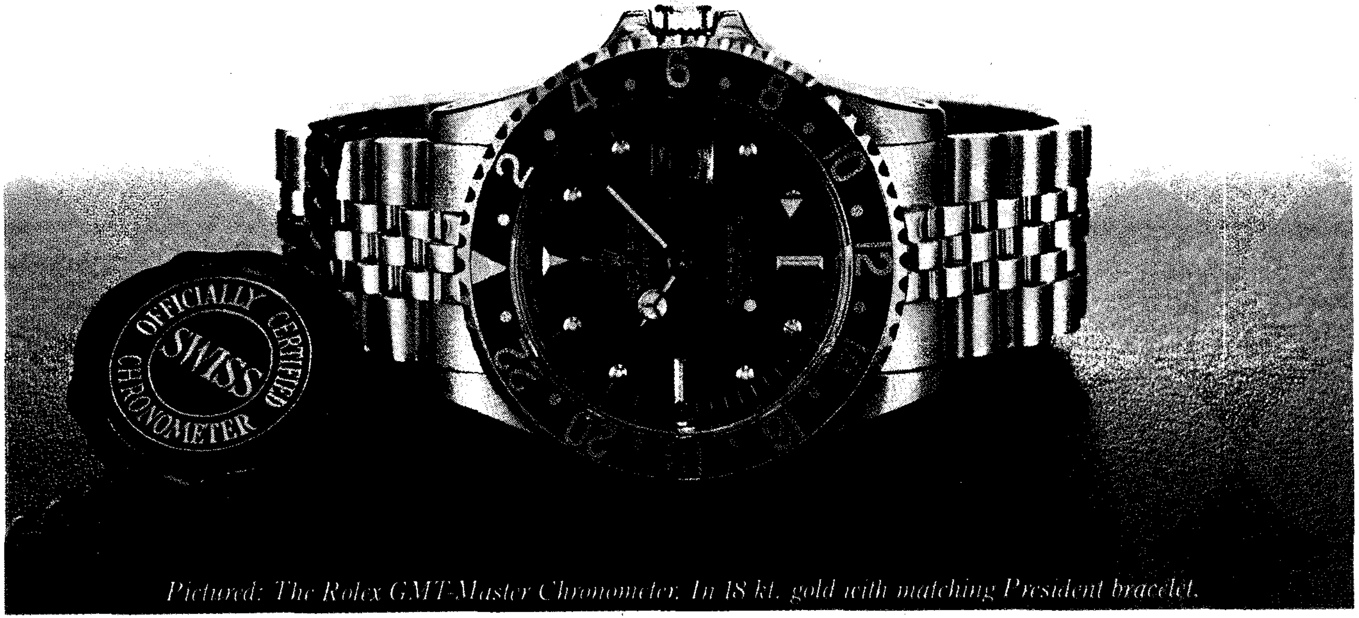

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priest is by rights the place of the fox, and takes the fox and all its qualities to be right, proper, and permanent; and takes aggressiveness for intelligence, and thoughtfulness for stupidity, and diffidence for dimness, and arrogance for popularity, and dreamers for blockheads, and brazenness for the mark of a lively personality. And all the while the aggressive and the brazen one is only a fox!—a false and crafty creature running in and out of a desolation and a delusion. The laughter of Akiva outfoxes the fox."

It was surely the most eccentric lecture on Theory of Education Karpov had ever heard. It was unlike her books—more fevered with parody, and then contorted beyond parody, so that once again it seemed wholly straightforward. In the light of this, he wondered about the cunning of her taste—he distrusted her. To seize on this midrash of the Destruction of the Temple, with all its melancholy at the gateway of Exile, and to miniaturize it into an emblem of teachers and pupils! She was daring, her pursuit was prodigal, she was afraid of nothing: and then, quite tamely, she arrived at the bee, she settled down with the bee: with the entelechy of the bee; how the bee, mid-flight, is the instrument of Purpose, though its fuzz and its buzz and its wingedness have knowledge only of their own freedom. And what did this have to do with pedagogy, this passenger bee joyful in its airy swoop downward upon the blossomy bed? It smells, it sees, it flies, all of its own will, all of its own delight, and all the while the poor gulled bee is a puppet, artfully deceived, deluded, managed and manipulated. Recondite to any human eye, the pigments in the plants and flowers reflect high-energy ultraviolet light, this invisible yet shouting shine lures on the sensitive bee, it lights in the belief it wills to light, when the truth is it is being drawn on by the paradisal fragrances of the secret sugar compounds that ambush it amid nectar and pollen. And the same with us: when we most imagine ourselves drunken and wild, en route to more wine or to our self-made whim, that is when we are most tethered; it is only that we have stopped too soon, before the playing-out of prophecy. And prophecy is penitential patience.

And so Karpov took it all as accusation, after all—she had summoned him to squat there, a penitent, and again hear himself accused of having stopped too soon. She herself did not stop too soon: she exhausted every im-

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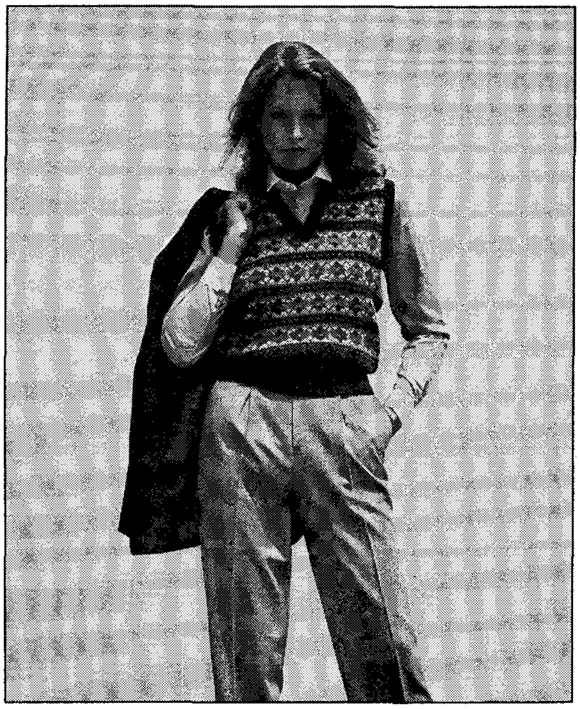

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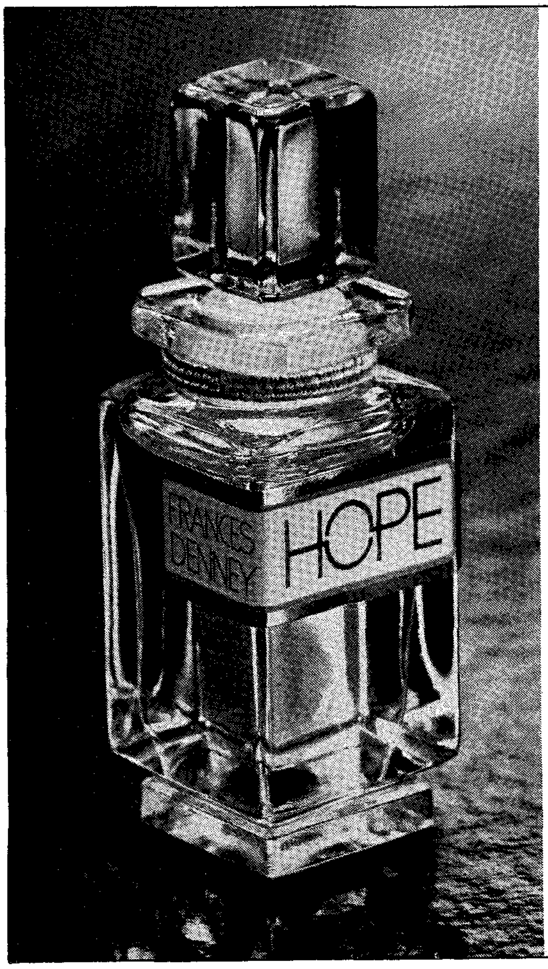

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age of folly, exhausted the bee (whose habits, alone in the garden and in community in the hive, she minutely reviewed, until Karpov felt himself in full possession of beedom), exhausted the evidence about the cannibal-galaxies, those megalosaurian colonies of primordial gases that devour smaller, brother-galaxies—and when the meal is made, the victim continues to rotate like a Jonah-dervish inside the cannibal, while the sated ogre-galaxy, its gaseous belly stretched, soporific, never spins at all—motionless as digesting Death. She exhausted even Akiva, about whom there were ten thousand tales (she did not omit his fanciful dictum on teachers, "More than the calf wishes to suck does the cow yearn to suckle"), she exhausted everything but the little ardent pack of listeners. She led them all behind her as if on a spiral stair, new refreshment coming with each elegant turn upward toward the summit. At the summit, light like a noise—whereupon, with the abruptness of the finish, she sat down. What did he now understand that he had not understood before? That one must never stop too soon. Instantly the two bearded epistemologists undertook to "discuss," and only then did Karpov begin to understand what he had understood. The pair were better groomed in learning than Figler, but they were Figler. Karpov discovered himself again dampened by an ordinary pond, which was to say in the range of the commonplace: it was an impoverishment. They "discussed," they commented, they summarized, they followed, they flowed; the pond waters lapped and skipped; they were hard workers of the mind, they had read much. But they spoke mainly in nouns, they were filled with pebbles of noun endings: "-fication," "-ixation," "-ingness," "-terfusion," "-soplasm," "-ibility," "-ism," "-seosity," "-ization." They left out the bee, the little fox, the laughter of Akiva.

From all these—the bee, the little fox, the laughter of Akiva, especially the cannibal-galaxy—Karpov did not feel estranged. He suspected, in fact, that the lecturer's familiarity with the midrash was secondhand, and not out of the original text or tongue. As for the devouring galaxy, he was confident that she could not aspire to his own command of that affair: how Dr. François Schweizer and his colleagues had studied (via the 158-inch telescope at the Cerro Tololo Inter-American Observatory in Chile) the skies of the

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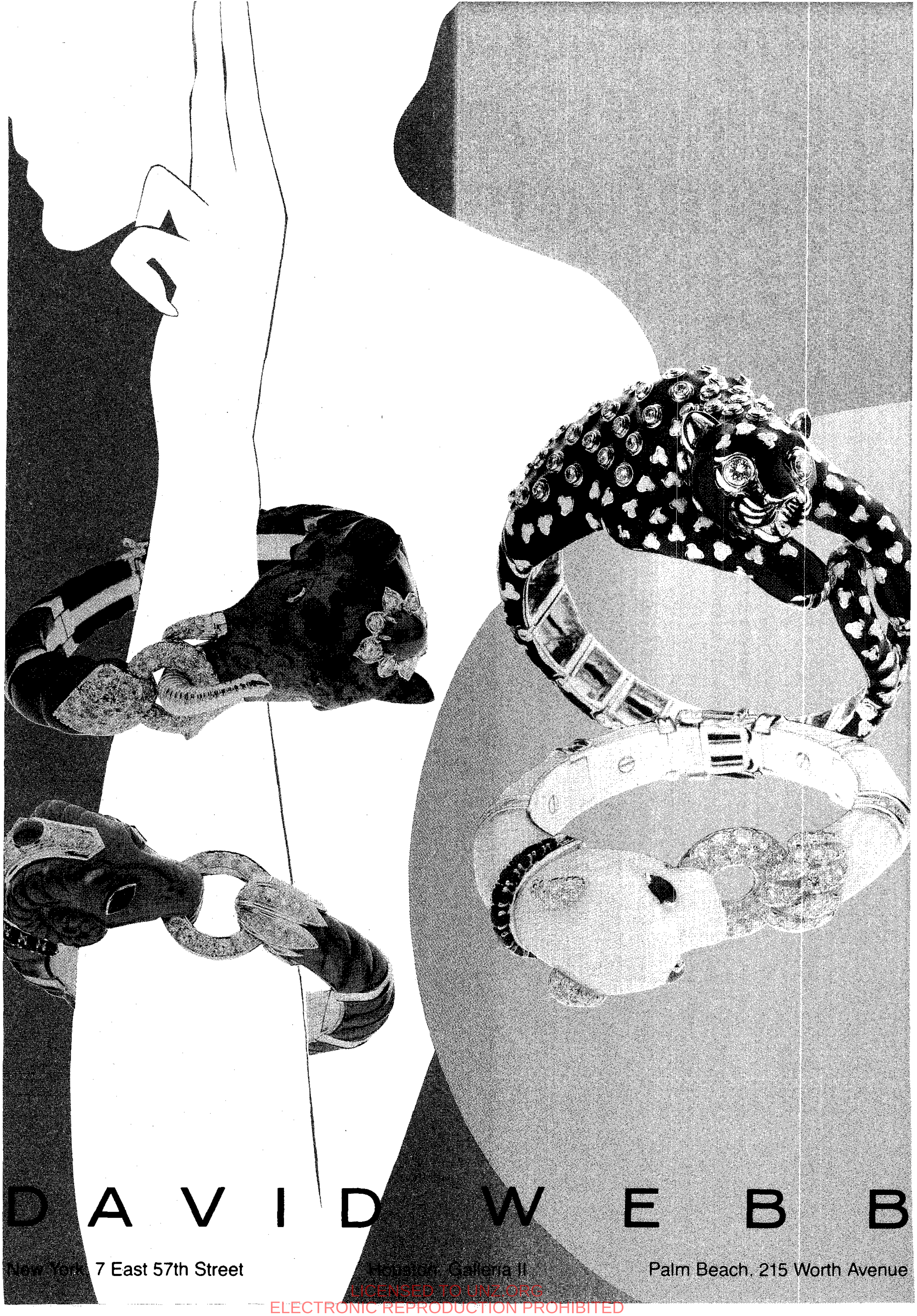
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Southern Hemisphere, and how the name NGC 1316 came to the one devourer whom they had examined in detail, owing to its emission of pronouncedly vigorous radio signals—a dusty swallower speckled by hundreds of billions of stars, its smaller prey being somewhat equivalent to one hundred million times the mass of our puny earthly sun. Nevertheless Karpov could not have seen, on his own, how the pinwheel cosmos interprets pedagogy. For him the cosmos was always inhuman, of a terrible coldness, and far away, even though one lived in its midst. For her it was a long finger tapping.

THE next morning, at school, earnestly the headmaster observed the philosopher's daughter. This time he did not enter the classroom but went behind the playground and up the stairs of the carriage house, to his own dim bed. From here, with the shade lifted (his bachelor's apartment had no curtains anywhere), and kneeling on the bed to give him the advantage of the window's aerie, he enjoyed as good a view of the first grade in recess as he could have had if they had all been marched past him one by one. The first graders were swinging on the swings and clambering in and out of the jungle gym: the soles of small shoes and white socks crammed into them flashed by, high birdcries whinnied past. Two figures were separated from this scene, which had repeated itself every day, for years and years: the infinity of the little ones! It was true Karpov had never before hidden himself in this way to look on, but had only taken it all in from the road; and from the road behind the playground the children seemed like colorful starlings, shrill and hopping under the elderly trees. One of the figures some distance apart from the others, the larger of the two, was Mrs. Perlman, who sat on a faraway rock with her dangling dark hair swaying over the shiny pages of a magazine. The playground supplied her with as much tedium as the classroom, but here she yielded herself license to withdraw. All the teachers were like this—would snatch at any consecutive row of minutes to close themselves off from obligation. Mediocrities. Sluggards. Only Figler was unremittingly alert, like a fowl without eyelids. The second figure removed from the rest was Marla Salem's child. Karpov was not surprised by this. She had not altogether abandoned the center of play,

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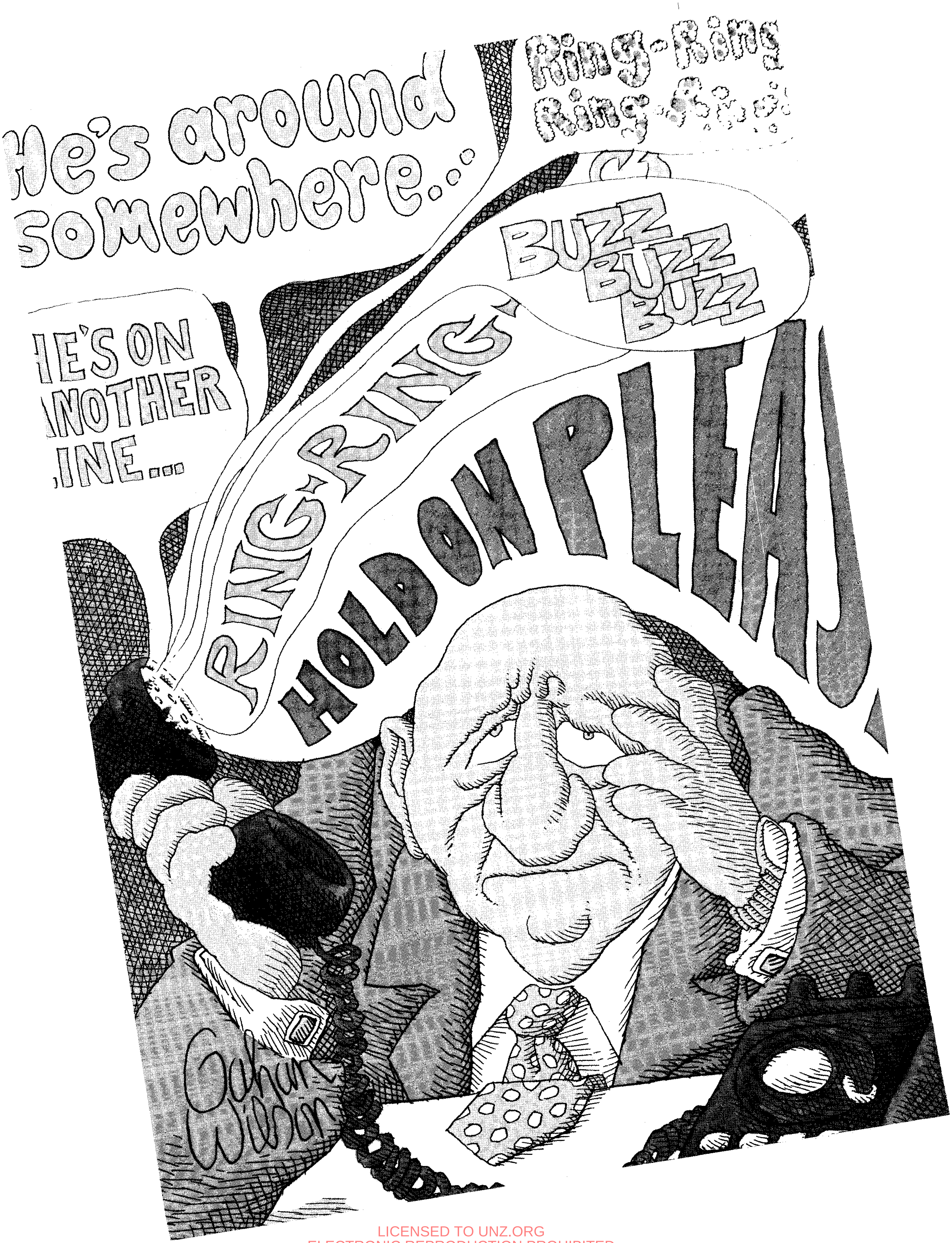
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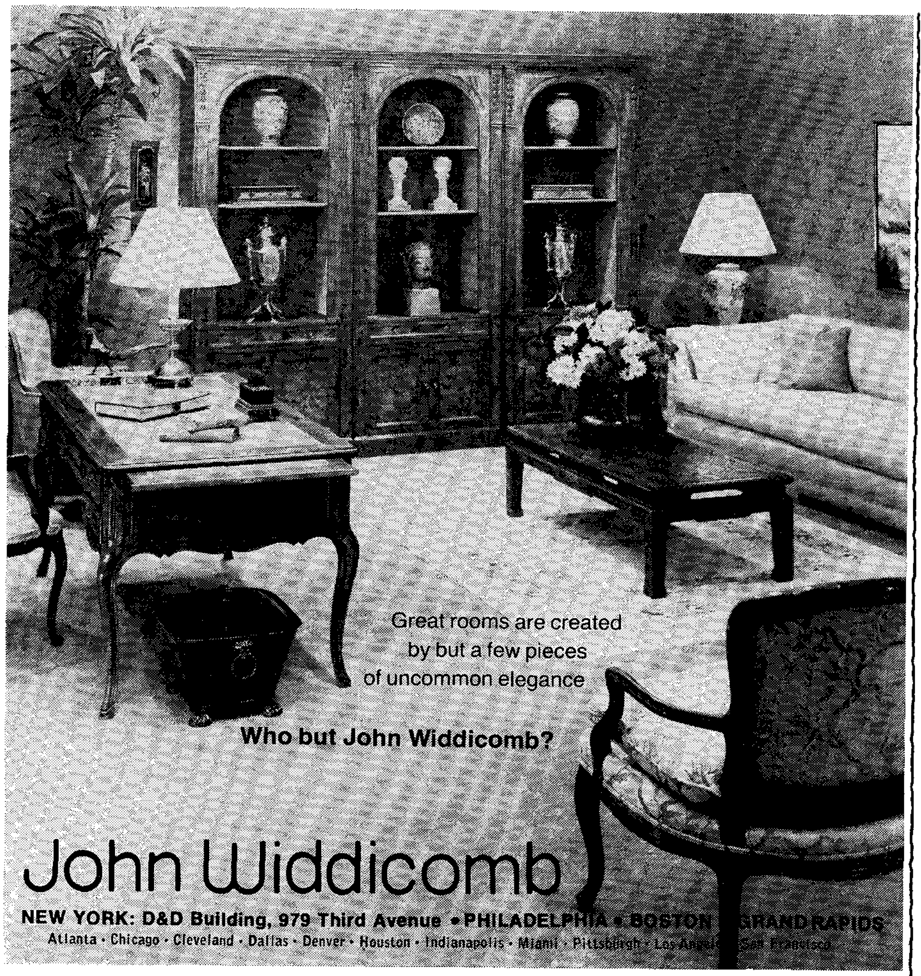
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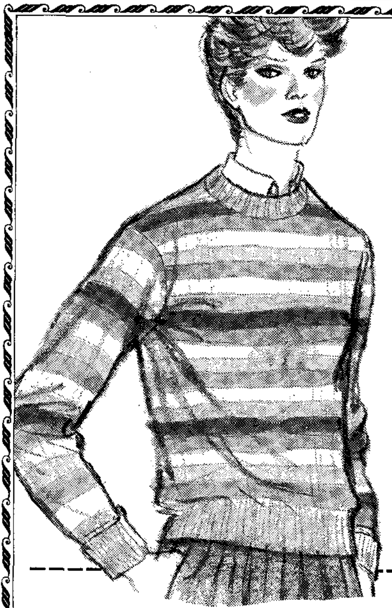

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but only stood there in her pale dress and watched the others. The sun threw a kind of powdery satin over her hair, which was smoothly divided into two round bronze curls, fallen on either side of her collar. Her knees were tightly pressed together, and her fingers were entwined in the lifted hem of her dress, twisting. Otherwise she did *not* stir; she was an onlooker. When someone did a trick and all the others shrieked their laughter—on the topmost bar a boy hanging upside down from his heels, that negligent fool Perlman!—there passed over Hannah Salem's eyes and cheeks a tentative, almost a fearful, glimmer, what Karpov's oldest sister would have called a *shmeykhele*, the wraith of an amusement toyed with inside a desolation of solitude. Except for this diffident near-smile, afraid of itself, Karpov could not read anything at all in her face, as oval and thin as an antique coin. He only marked it out that while the others tumbled about like a yardful of geese, flailing and elbowing and crowing and crowding, the philosopher's daughter was perfectly friendless. It was not that the turbulence avoided her, but rather that she was not noticed by it. If she had been anyone else's daughter, Karpov would not have pitied her; even now he did not pity her. But he was disappointed all over again. He had come with a stony purpose: to scrutinize the child of Marla Salem. He meant to unravel, to decode, the mother. Somewhere in the child the amazing mother lurked. The children always contained the mothers; he knew this to be true without exception, having fixed his eye a thousand times on the shape of a thumbnail familiar because of the mother's thumbnail, or the recurrence of an insignificant gesture, even something so minute as a millimetre's elevation of a shoulder muscle. It was all there always, nature's prank of duplication: in the skin, in the shin, in the position of an ear in relation to a hairline, in the arc of a lip; and even more than that, in a jeer, in a word, in a lie; especially in forwardness; especially in assertiveness. The shy begat the shy (though few were shy), the combative begat the combative.

The headmaster kneeled on his bed and peered down into the playground, and saw nothing of the strange mother in the strange child.

BY the second grade Hannah Salem had of course learned to read. On the other side of the Curriculum—the

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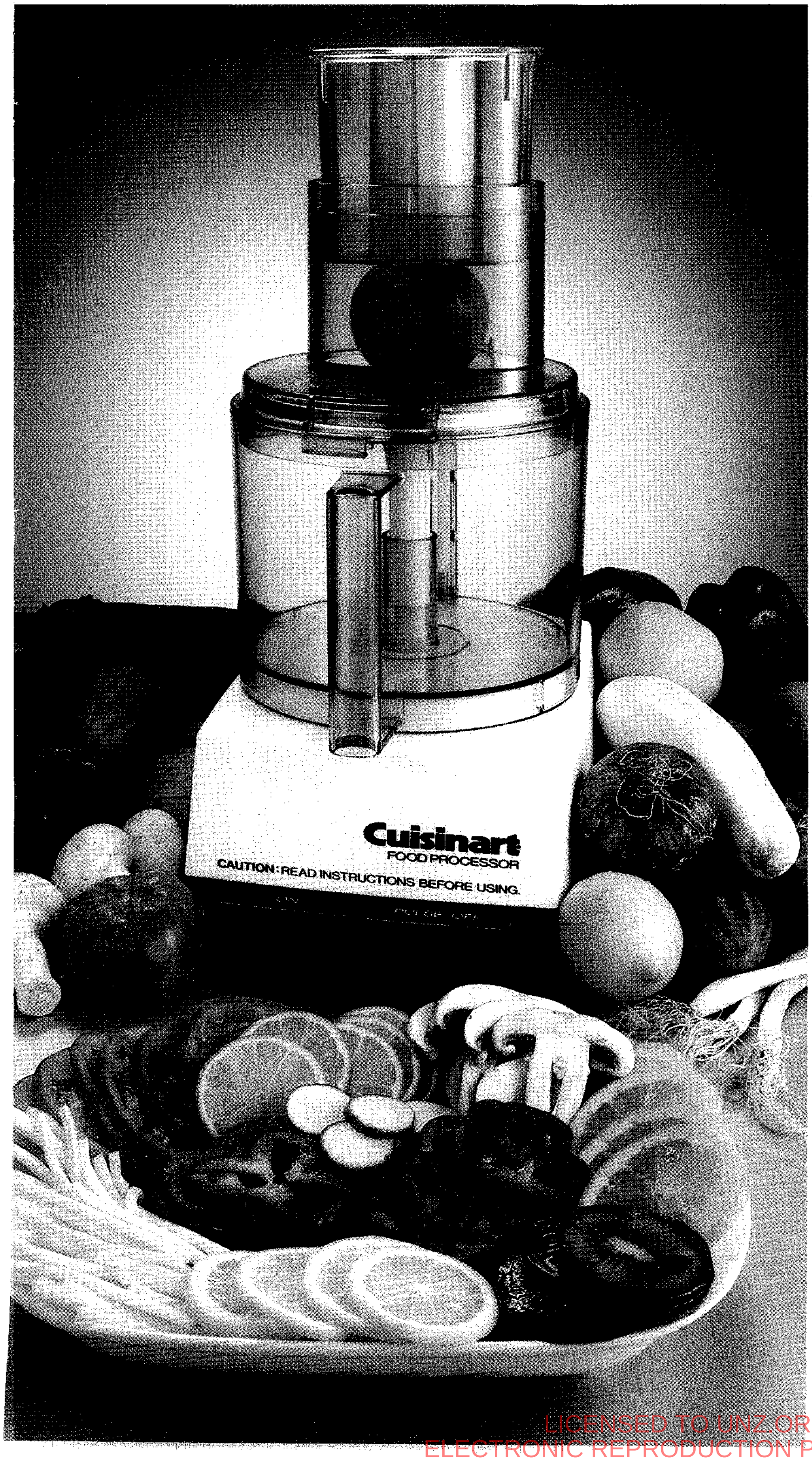

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Scriptural side—she was weak. She was weak also in arithmetic. She was weak in "class participation": she never raised her hand to offer an answer. It was assumed she did not know the answer. Sometimes she did know it; sometimes she did not. Already the class had grown into the configuration it was to keep term after term: already it could be seen which would be Figler's favorites. Figler had favorites. Mieblan had favorites as well, but whereas Figler's favorites were those who had the highest marks, slothful Mieblan liked best those who were loudest and longest in "class participation." She esteemed the glib, and rewarded four-flushers by encouraging the exercise of what she called "student opinion," "independent analysis," "democratic airing of issues"—her real aim was to fill the hour without having to prepare for it. Karpov knew Mieblan was a cheat and an idler, yet she was one of the few besides Figler who could keep absolute order. There was no yowling and no chaos in her room; she was a secret terrorist. Karpov never learned what the instruments of her tyranny were. When he opened her door he was impressed by the calm. It was only that something tentative in the rows of faces suggested intimidation; the children were afraid of Mrs. Mieblan. How did she threaten them, with what? Was it her voice, some ugliness in her look? She had a long crocodile smile; she was all teeth from ear to ear, but there she stood, in her nice dress and her stockings and pumps, smiling widely with her pretty face, and who could be afraid of that? The aisles between the chairs were tidy. There was no noise—only the empty exposition of a "student opinion," winding and winding, like elongated spittle.

Karpov did not again ask Marla Salem to address the parent body. She did not again invite him to a public talk. Her talks were infrequent, in any case. He kept himself informed—he watched over whatever came from her lips or her pen. The heat, the mazy network of enigma, the conflagration of Marla Salem's mind! She was a sorcerer. A sorcerer cannot beget a sorcerer; the law of reproduction had failed for the philosopher's daughter. By the fourth grade he took it for granted that Dr. Macy's prediction would hold. Hannah was an undistinguished child, and worse: it was as if she suffered from an unremitting bewilderment. She sat like a deaf-mute. When the others ran she stood stiffly

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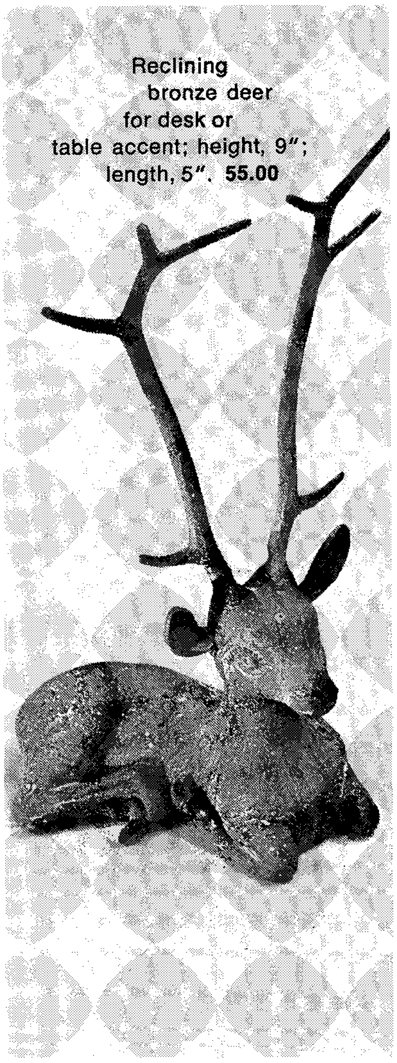

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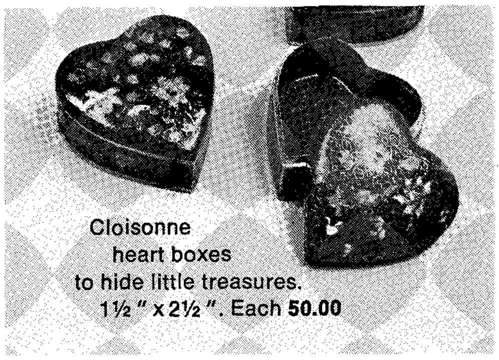

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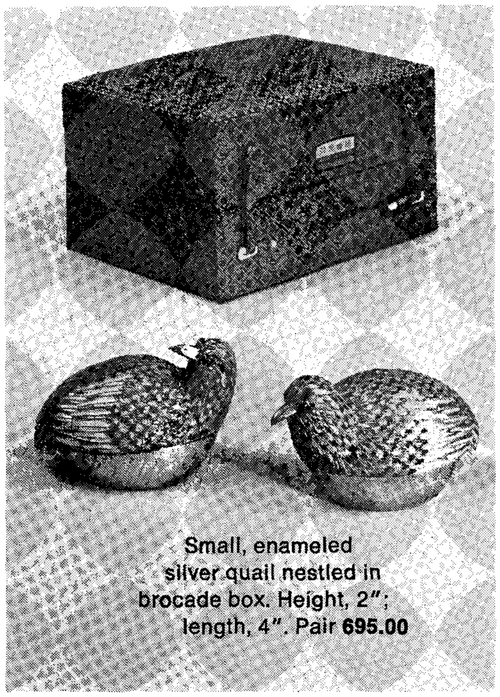

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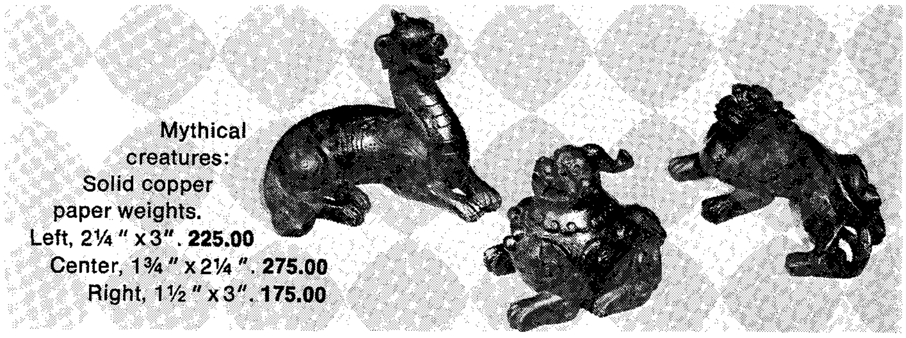

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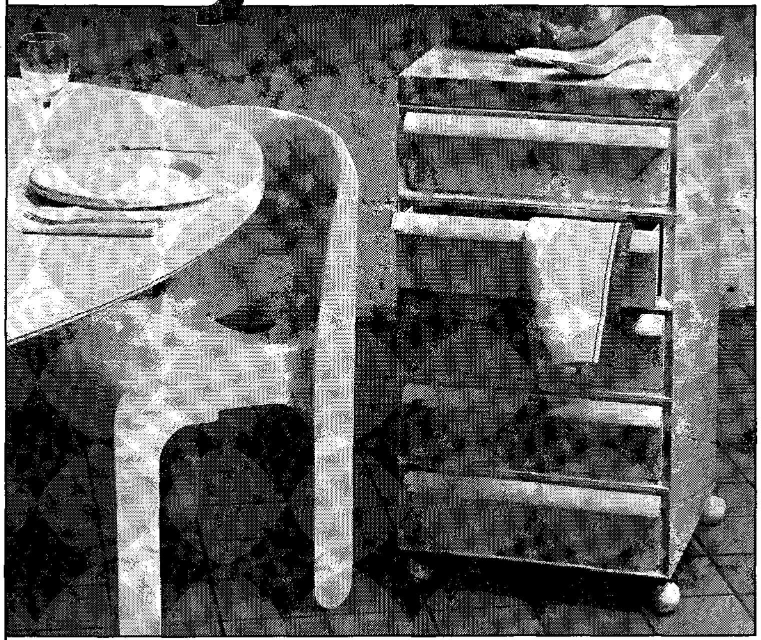

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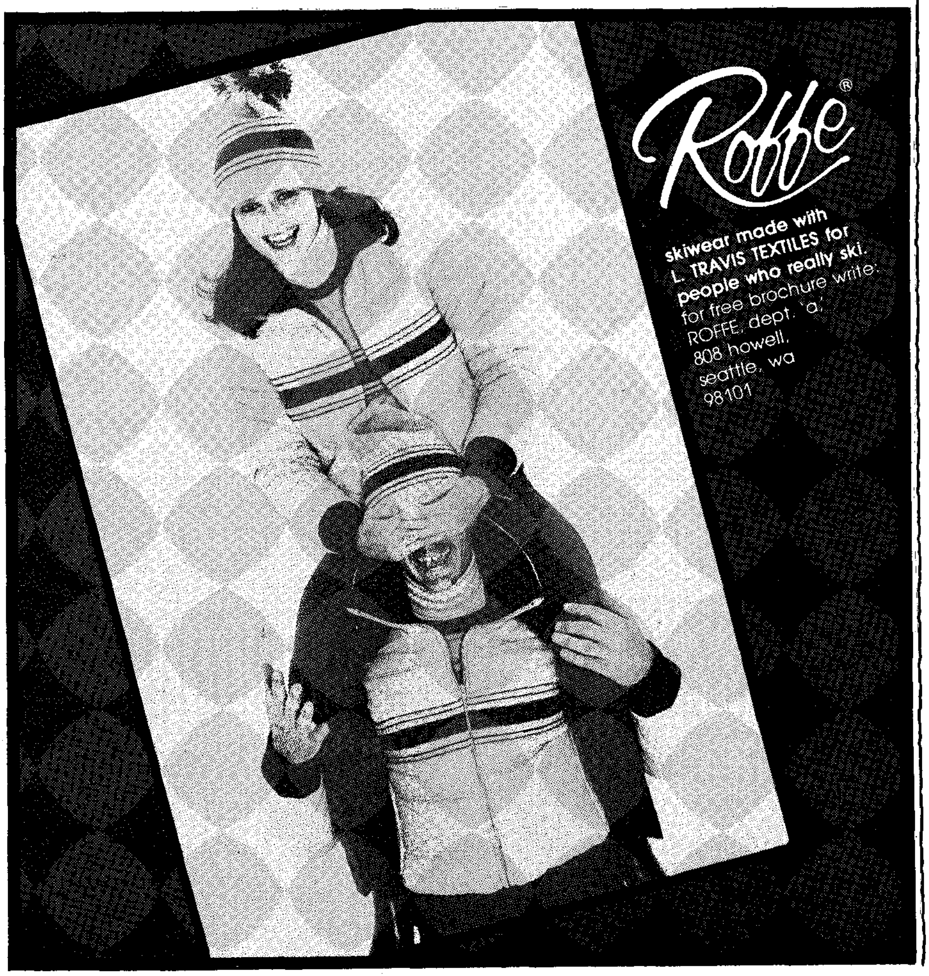

at the periphery. The teachers thought her dull. And meanwhile there were all the lively ones—how many answers they had, what wit, what a blaze of child-acuity the lively bright ones flaunted! It was Karpov's trick to break without warning into a classroom and pounce on the clever children with mathematical riddles; or else he would seize a stick of chalk and splash on the blackboard in his Edwardian script a fragment of Tennyson—

> Come down, O maid, from yonder
> mountain height:
> What pleasure lives in height (the
> shepherd sang),
> In height and cold, the splendour of
> the hills?

—though he heard how they tittered and mocked the lines when the door shut behind him. And then a melancholy would pierce him, because he longed for a noble scholarship—the pleasure-pain of poetry and the comely orderliness of number and the logical passion of Gemara, all laced together in an illustrious tapestry; but he had only these children, the cleverest not clever enough, the mothers shallow brass, the fathers no more than plumbers, the teachers vessels of philistinism, rude, crude, uncultivated, unbookish, raw—oh, the ignorance, the vulgarity! Himself the governor of all this, royal charlatan!

And she, Marla Salem, a presence in that place though never present: a phantom of sorts. The myriad meetings of the mothers' groups: fund-raisers, they fashioned paper flowers, organized bazaars, lotteries, all the kitsch of their coffee and cake, hairdos, exercise classes, tennis camps, and oh God the rest of it, Gothic novels, "gourmet" recipes, cards, trivia, the one or two who aspired to write "juveniles"—he took it for granted that she never went near any of it. Doubtless the mothers—seeing in her only what the eye afforded—despised her for her aloofness. A Brahman among untouchables, red-stained in her brow's precise center. In her apartness Karpov caught the scarlet flare of his own bright dream: serenity, absorption, civilization, intellect, imagination. Soaring. It was as if someone had set on him, for the first time, a sacred stain. For a few months following that long-ago talk (the laughter of Akiva, he privately named it), he dangled on the rim of infatuation after all; then pulled back. Safe. Again he had stopped too soon, but was glad of it: he had his wits still. She engrossed him,

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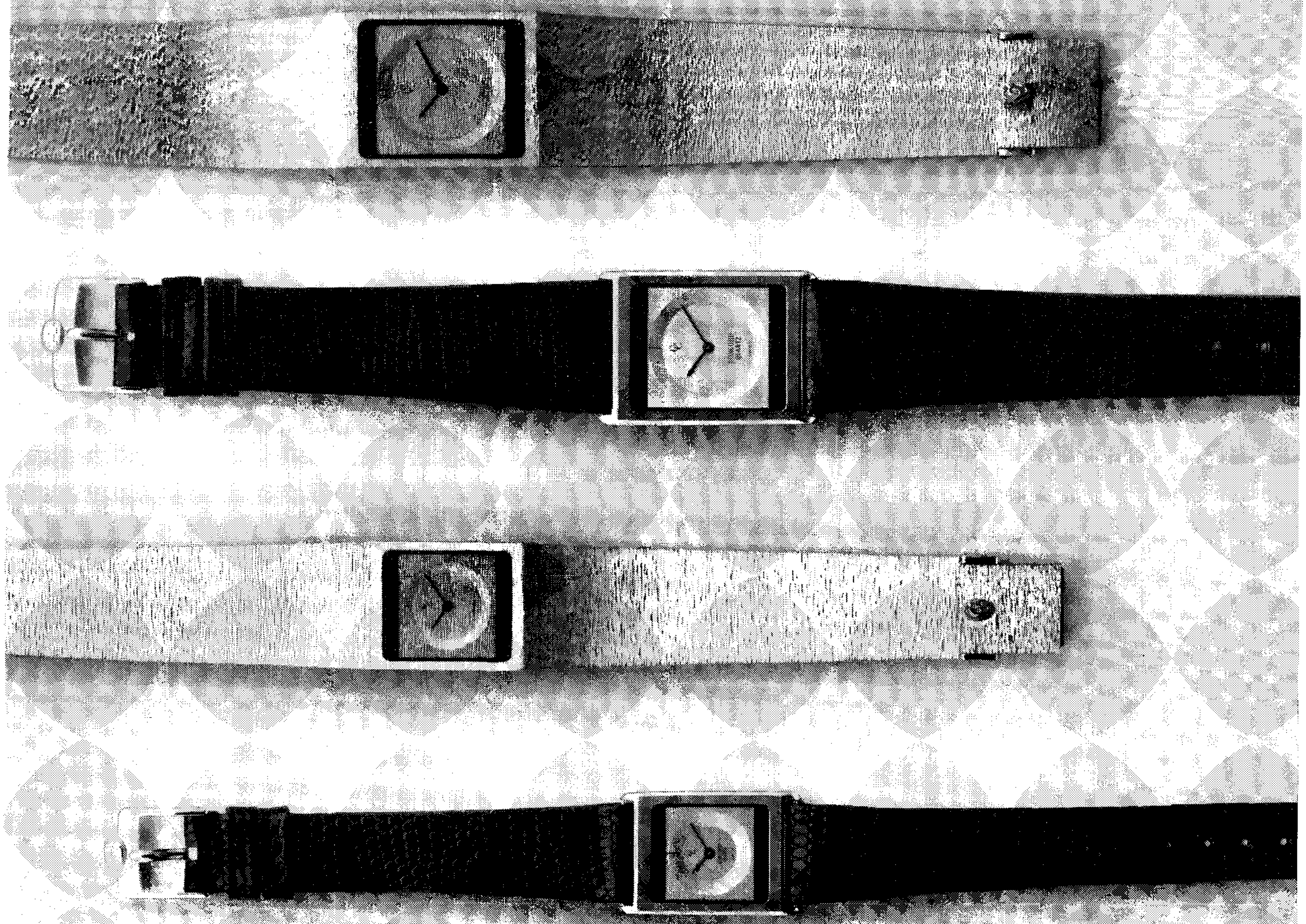

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she engaged him, she drew him. No longer diffident, he sought the telephone often, and it was curious that she was almost always there, accessible to his wish, and willing enough to bend toward him for ten minutes at a time. He reflected that, on her side, it was the obligation of the bargain she had struck; it must be for the sake of the child. But he could do nothing for her child. He could not. He saw the fourth grade flash by, then the fifth, the sixth, the years frantically counted in grades, and all these flashings, these passings, were his tragedy, because it was not given to him to chase time through to its disclosures. If Hannah left the sixth grade, the sixth grade was still there, altered not at all; the sixth grade and all the other grades were all he had; the sixth grade never vanished, though one day Hannah would; however many children vanished, time would not move; there was again a sixth grade, and would be into eternity, and he, who could not abolish the timelessness of all this, felt the thoroughness, the repletion, of the curse of perpetuity. Hydra-headed replenishment, Keats' urn, but overflowing. No form grows old in such a hell.

IN the seventh grade something minutely changed. Hannah appeared now to be a member of a pack. Karpov had only blurred inklings of the society of the girl-pack. He observed that it had a leader, and that the others went where led. The pack darted from classroom to corridor, whooping. The leader was one of the clever girls, chief among Figler's current favorites, the daughter of a fearless mother good at argument. The child was the mother's seedling precisely, and already had the habit of power; she directed who would run with her and who would stay behind. She was witty and able and cocky and quick, everything that Figler most admired, and since she was also slender-waisted and tall—not as a child is tall but as a woman is—Figler looked at her with a lover's eye. Melanie was his little classroom wife, the first to join him in mocking the weak pupils. And when, fingering Chumash, Figler came to the Hebrew word for concubine, "*pilegesh*," the class felt it already knew what this meant: there she sat, in a middle row, Figler's *pilegesh*, the dark and dazzling one, with the highest marks and all her fawning attendants. Mieblan said to Figler, in Karpov's hearing, "Odd that Han-

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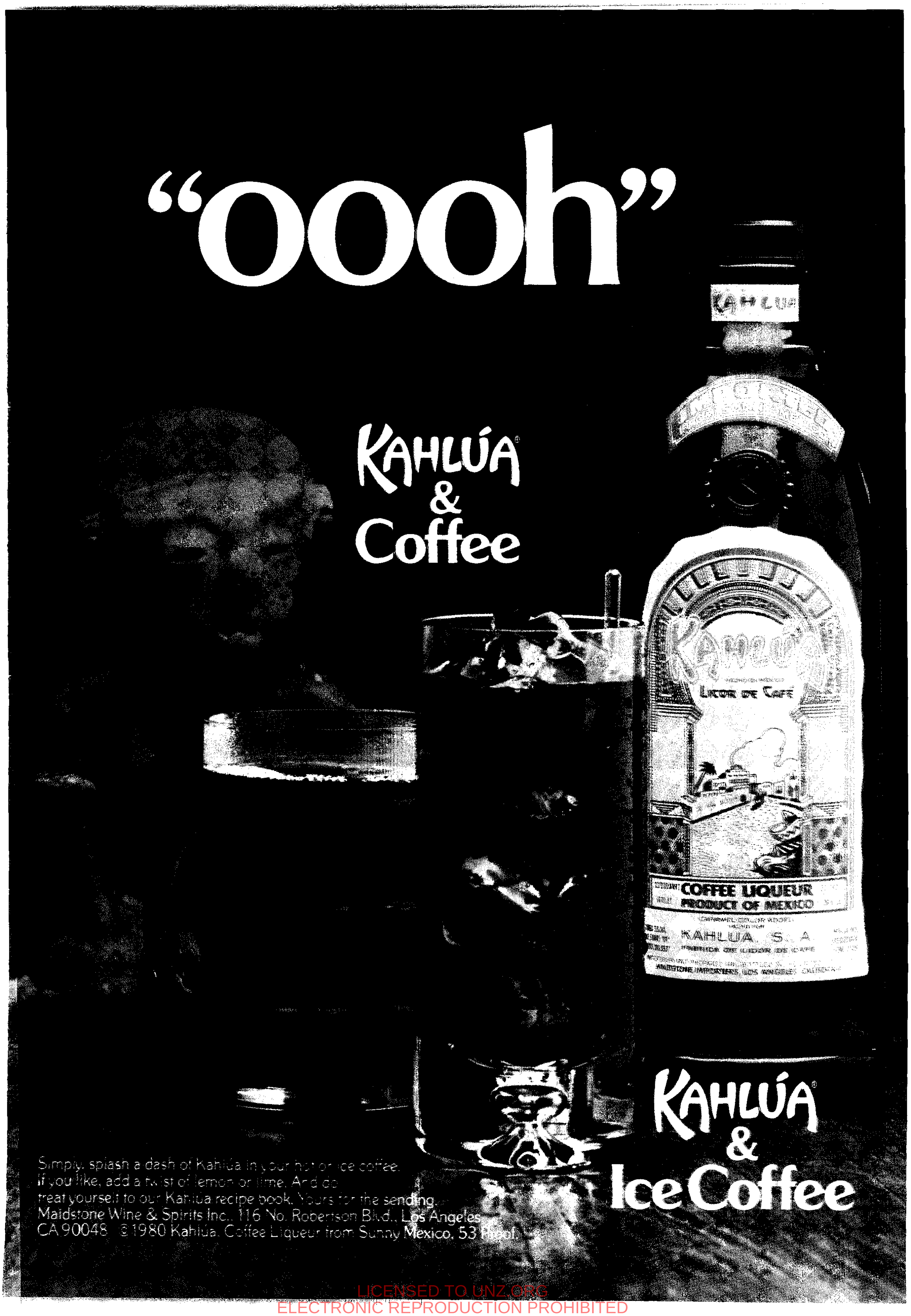
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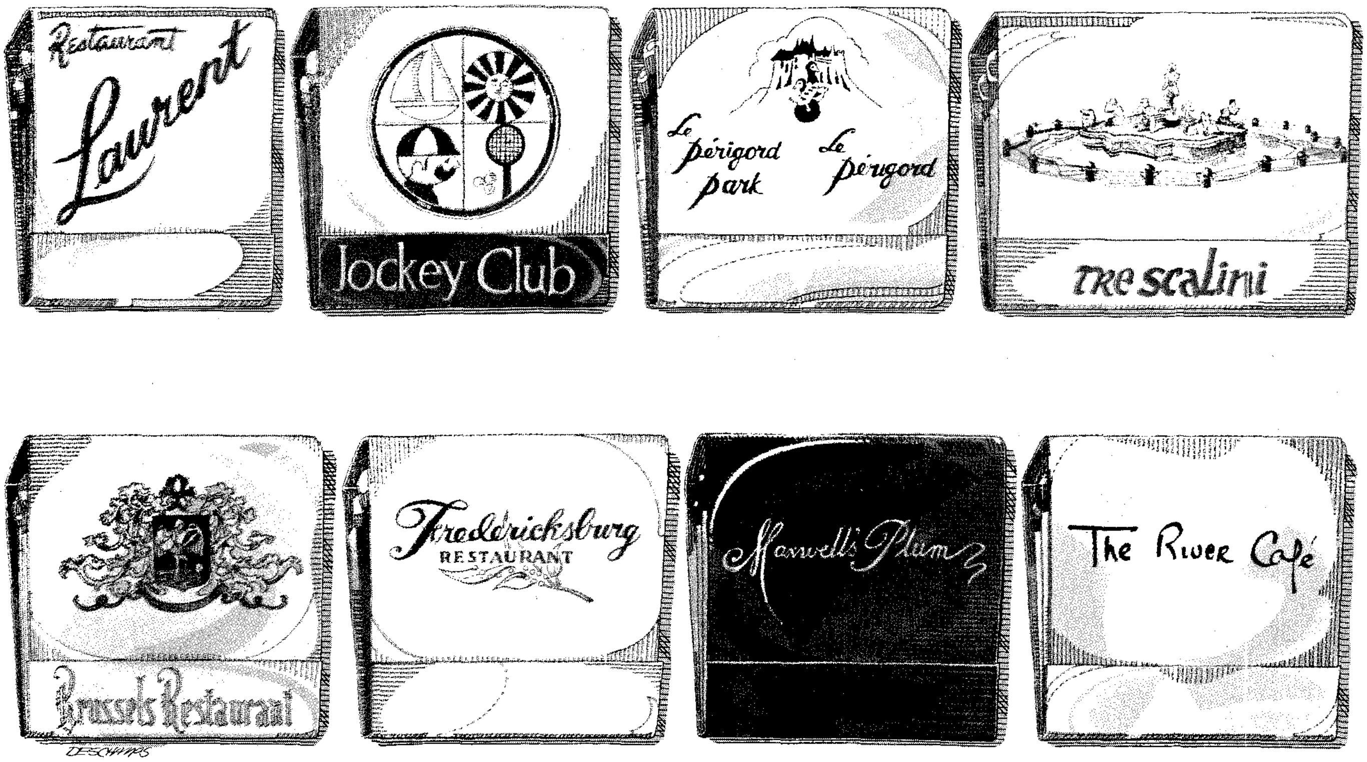
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nah's in with Melanie—usually the smart ones don't travel with the dimwits;" but Figler said, "They don't accept her, she runs after them." They were absorbed by the politics of the children's lives: who was high and powerful, who inferior and humiliated, whose stock was rising, whose going down. They were drawn to the power of the leader as if they themselves belonged to the society of the pack; they were consumed by it. It meant nothing to them, Karpov saw, that Hannah's mother was Marla Salem.

Figler and Mieblan ministered only to the upper school—they taught seventh and eighth grades—and Hannah was now in their hands: in the hands of Figler, who wanted only right answers exactly memorized; in the hands of Mieblan, who wanted no answers at all, only tactics and guesswork. Mieblan's "subject" was Social Studies—i.e., history, but what was that, what did she imagine history to be? She told Karpov she was "training their minds," she with her spread-out crocodile grin and her neat shoes and her democratic airings and her secret tyranny! One of the mothers—not surprisingly, it was Mrs. Peg Merkava, Melanie's combative mother—came roaring to the headmaster that Mrs. Mieblan had given a test and reported everyone's mark, and that Melanie, leading her pack, had opened Mrs. Mieblan's desk drawer one afternoon and found the pile of tests, not one of them even looked at.

On the day before report cards, Karpov composed a memo:

DEAR MRS. MIEBLAN:

It has come to my attention that your midterm examination, on the Roman Empire, was observed by several pupils to be lying in your desk ungraded. Though you had not yet evaluated these papers, yet it is evident you were somehow able to intuit what each was worth, since this office is already in receipt of your midterm grades. I assume you invented these rather than take the time to read each child's examination. Of course, it is always a teacher's prerogative to decide what will and what won't "count," what will and what won't enter into her judgment of a child's performance and progress. But an ungraded and unreturned test is, morally and pedagogically, worse than no test at all. It teaches what no good or bad mark on a test can teach—i.e., that sometimes the adult world does not mean what it says, that sometimes an adult promise can be broken, that effort will not always bring reward, that reputation is immutable and cannot be ameliorated by reform, that restitution is impossible, etc., etc. Such an incident encourages in children an attitude of fatalism (contrary to our religious

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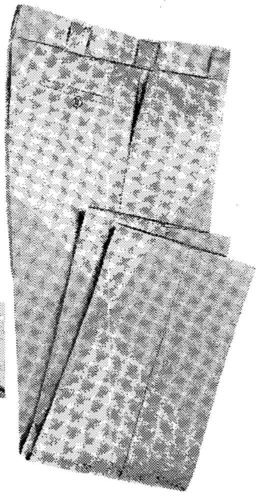

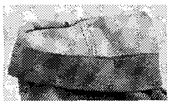

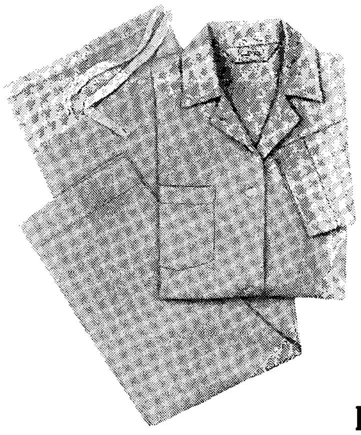

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teachings) as well as resignation and hopelessness.

In my view, the issue is not that you arbitrarily filled in the marks (your guesses may very well have come quite close) but that the children believed that the test was given in good faith and that, whether or not the teacher *meant* it to "count," the children, discovering that it did not, experienced a breach of trust. Pupils need to have confidence in the meticulous attention of teachers—again, attention not to marks but to the instillation of trust. Otherwise, the world will be perceived chiefly as an arena for betrayal. It is difficult enough to practice the moral life under any conditions, and the larger world is, clearly, sometimes an arena for betrayal. But shouldn't we in the teaching profession, we who are called to the Socratic vocation, shouldn't *we*, at least, be relied on not to be an arena for early betrayal?

If I hear of this happening again, I would hope that you would find it convenient to look for employment elsewhere next year.

Faithfully,
R. Karpov
Headmaster

He was proud of this letter. How well written it was! It took him a whole night. It made him feel restored, enlarged; it was as if he had ennobled himself by fitting together, shard by shard, an almost forgotten palace. Once he had known himself to be just such an honorable soul, a man of faith and sincerity, with just such a gift for the phraseology of idealism. "Pupils need to have confidence in the meticulous attention of teachers—again, attention not to marks but to the instillation of trust." While he was writing this sentence, and just as the long dash made its stripe, his vital organs seemed to swell inside their envelope of red flesh, and it was as if he stood in the after-school muteness and greenness, leaning his breast toward the road.

He composed a second memo: but this one was only imaginary. It danced in his head enticingly:

DEAR MRS. PEG MERKAVA:

Your daughter, though tall and pretty, is a sneak and a potential destroyer of the lives of young and old. Her act of snooping inside Mrs. Mieblan's desk almost forces *me to jeopardize the employment of an* otherwise satisfactory teacher, who is no more incompetent than any of the others, and in matters of reliability rather more desirable than the average female teacher. Moreover, I have been watching your daughter. She acquires her so-called "popularity" through exclusion. She blesses those whom she blesses. The rest she discards. I believe this is what they term a "clique." Your daughter has turned the Salem child into a tail. In addition, it may be that your daughter's high grades are

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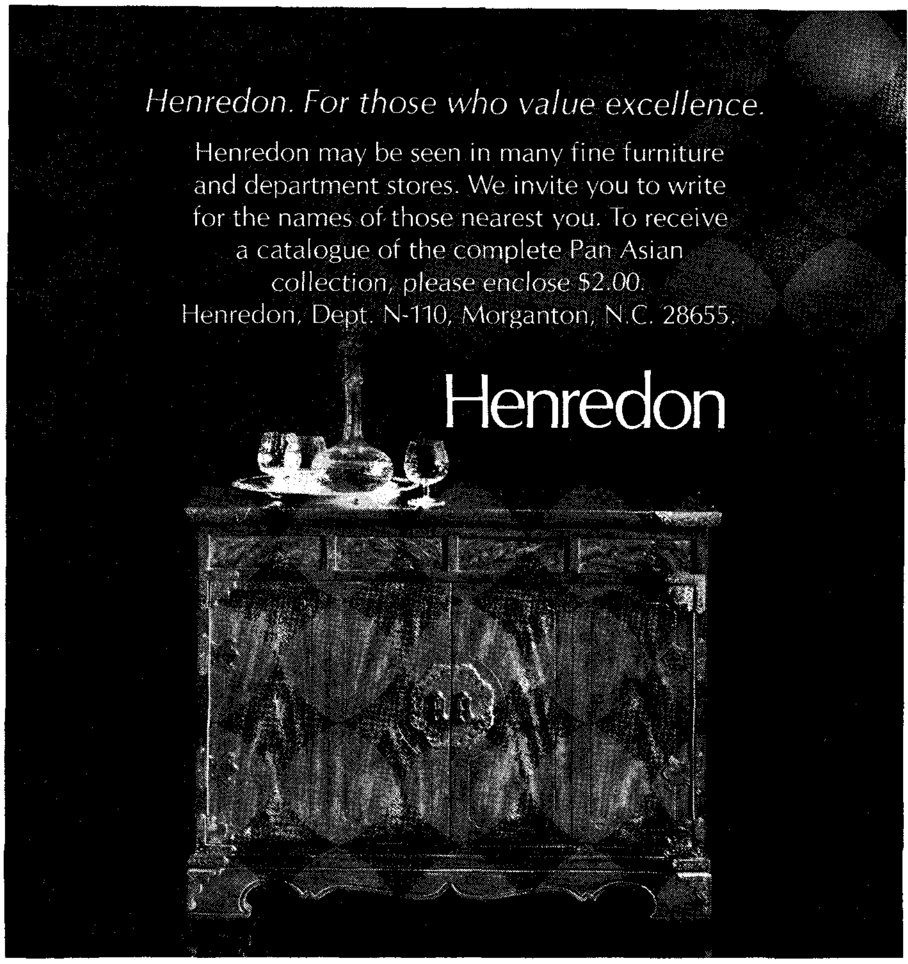
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based on pushiness and the inability of ignorant teachers to discriminate between the priest and the fox.

In the end he did not send the real memo, either. He was afraid Mieblan, offended, *would* look for employment elsewhere, and then what would he do? Where would he find another Social Studies teacher who, at a frugal salary, would have so fine an attendance record combined with the stern capacity to keep order?

On Hannah Salem's report card Mieblan wrote: "Hannah is a quiet child who should try harder." Figler wrote coldly: "Hannah looks out of the window too much. Therefore you must expect her to remain in the lowest quarter of the class."

The report card was returned with Marla Salem's mannish signature. The "Parents' Comments" space was blank. By now Karpov no longer anticipated anything else. It was as if she had vowed to pretend she had no child. She was not maternal. The other mothers, meanwhile, on the day after report cards, drove through the school gates in a fury, brandishing sheafs of old tests, counting up points, demanding changes, shouting reminders of illnesses and days absent, excusing and denouncing: Mrs. Perlman in tears, Figler's thrust-out chin a stone axe, exposing in all that hardness an unexpected tic, Mieblan snapping her teeth with a steely ring, the headmaster himself besieged in his dark office. On one wall a photograph of Einstein hung. The sage looked deeply lethargic, gazing down at his shoelaces, one of which had come untied and lay loose on the floor like a worm. Only Miss Tutinsky, the fourth-grade teacher, raised her soldierly neck—she had once stood guard on the Syrian border—and shrieked back at the phalanx of mothers.

Marla Salem did not make an appearance on this day or on any other. She kept away. Was she indifferent to her own child? Did she not understand that Hannah was in disgrace, that Hannah was hopeless, that Hannah was a cause for shame? Karpov fancied himself in unnerved possession of an infinitely sad secret: the daughter was not equal to the mother. He wondered whether the mother knew this; and yet how could she not know it? And knowing it, how could she not grieve? He telephoned her; he intended to talk about Hannah's report card. But she would not give in. She would not say Hannah's name. If he spoke of the stars, she was ready for him; if he

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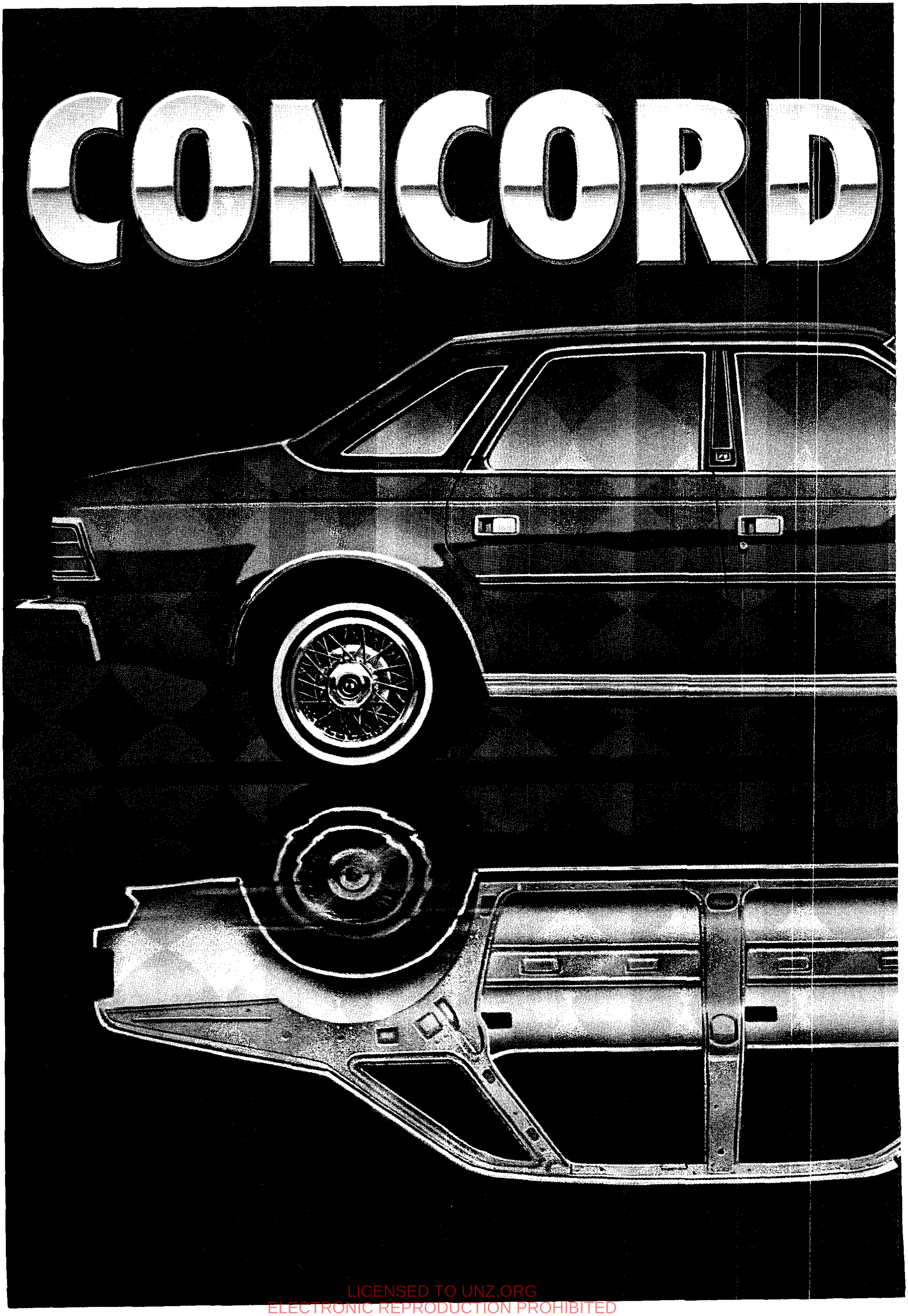
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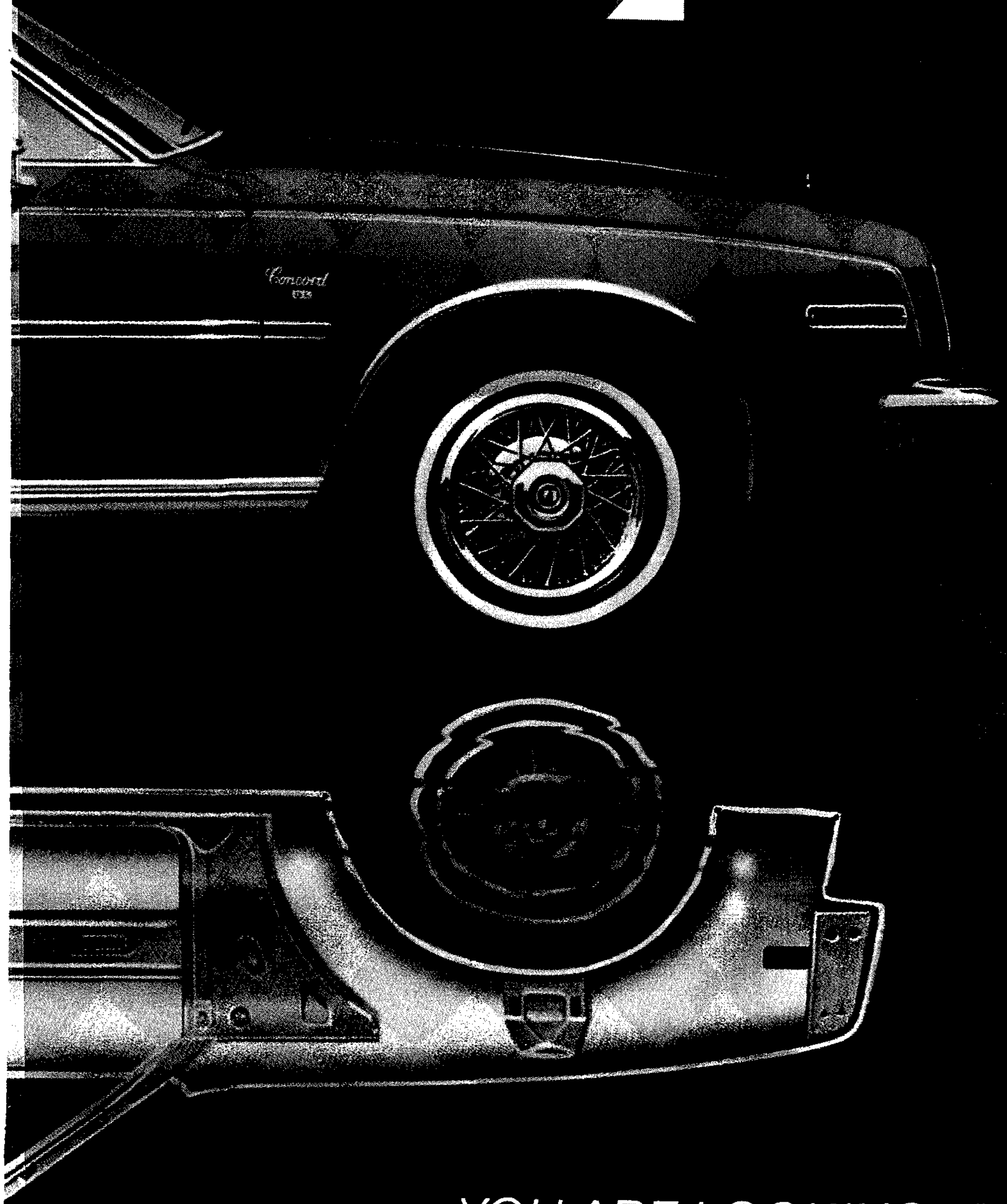

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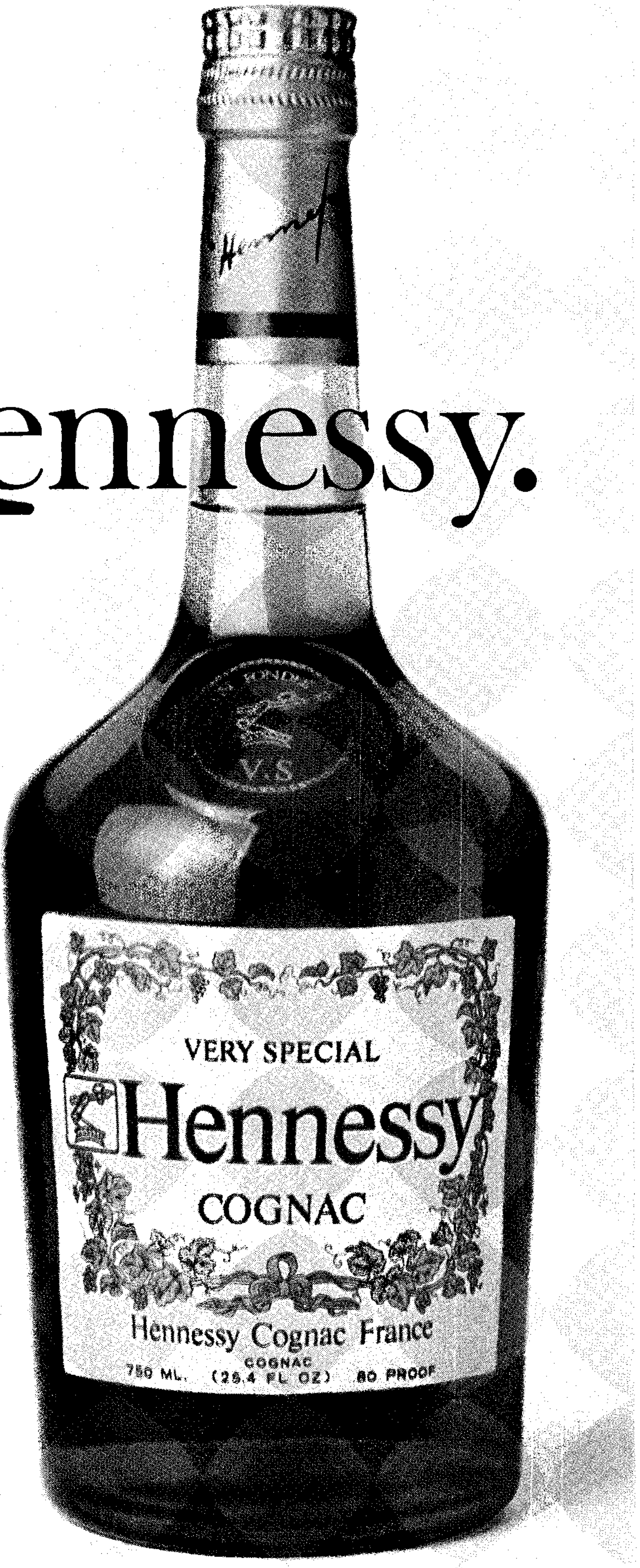
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spoke of the universe, or of his sisters, or of winter nights in London, or of his father, his mother, of his old teachers, of pedagogy; if he brought up some aspect of Gemara, some bright narrow unexplored cranny—how heedful she was then, how amenable to hearing him out! Only he must not speak of Hannah. When he began about Hannah—how Figler, for instance, deplored her muteness, how Mieblan never thought of her at all—she would lead him into another kind of telling. He told her what he had never expected to tell: how his old teacher, Rabbi Vaylberg, once called his son Chaim to him—this was still in London; Karpov was a very young man, Chaim only fifteen—and said: "Always negate. Negate, negate," he told the boy, in Karpov's presence, and Karpov was horrified, because he believed Vaylberg was purposing to distort his own son by drawing him from the society of the normal.

"And what did he mean by that?" Marla Salem asked.

"He meant"—how he liked, with her, the chance to be free with his Latin!—"*Odi profanum vulgus*."

"Did he really?" She considered this. "Only to keep away from what the crowd likes? Didn't he mean anything more serious than that?"

"It was a way of telling the boy to take for granted that most people are trivial."

"Most people are trivial?"

"Yes," he said, under the pressure of her repetition, "yes;" but again he felt her parody.

She asked, "What became of him?"

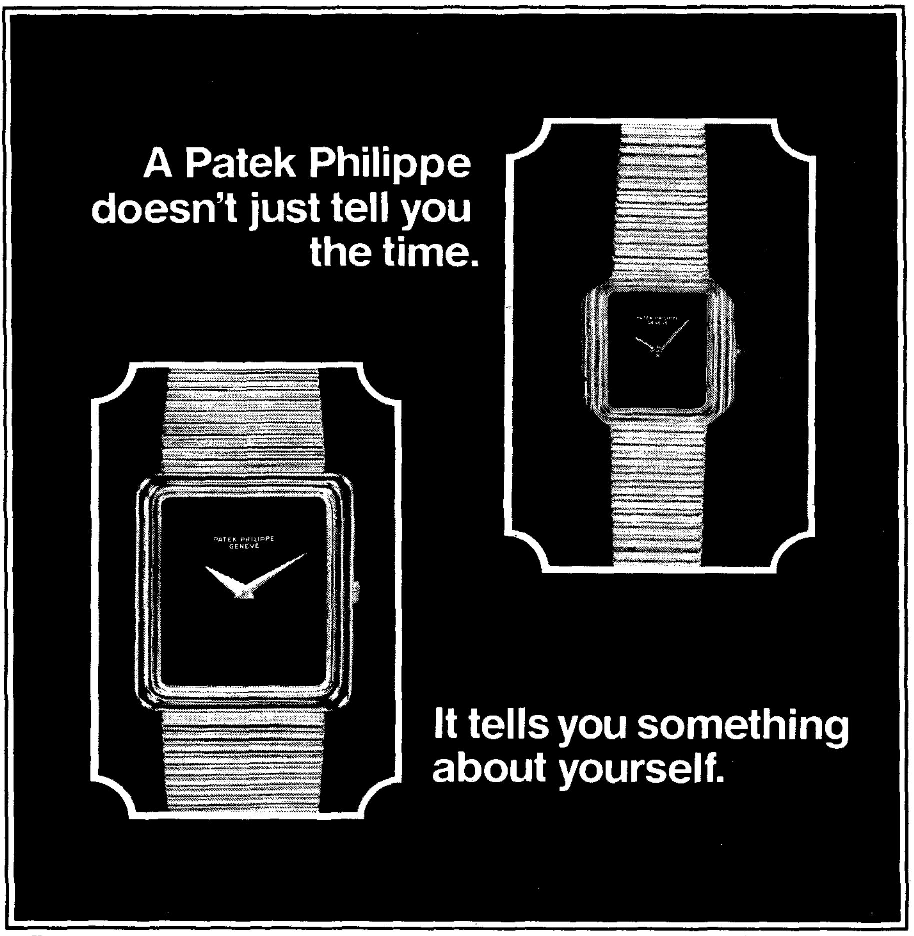
"It was all right in the end. He grew up to be a professor in Sussex. Maybe you've heard of him, Chaim Vaylberg, biochemistry—"

"No one hears of professors. No, no, why would I care about the son? What became of the father?"

"He went on as he always had. And died old."

"Then he negated nothing, isn't that so? He never put himself in contradiction with himself."

It was clear he would get no more from her just then. She had yielded him his usual ten minutes, and moved to return to—what? She seemed to be always at home, unlike the mothers who ran here and there. A waterfall of books, the hunch of her female shoulders. He tried to imagine Marla Salem standing, as other women did, at a kitchen counter gathering up the supper things for Hannah. Or watching at the window for the school bus. Or



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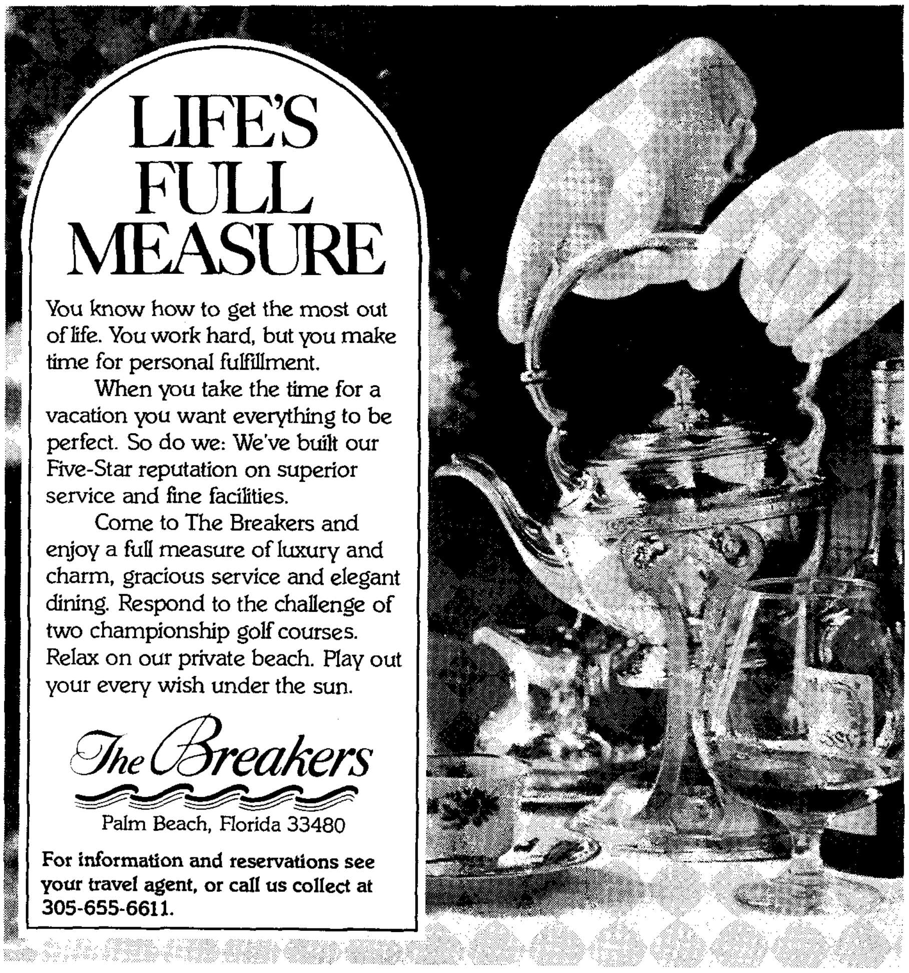

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leaning down over her child's head to look at the homework. All these plebeian, these humble, postures failed. It was as if she had escaped her body and the fruit of her body. It was as if she lived without anecdote; as if nothing had ever happened to her. Only mind. She was free of event because she was in thrall to idea. Yet the child was *there*, had been born, in the regular way, out of the fork of a woman. She was in contradiction with herself: she had given birth to her opposite. An opposite is an opponent; perhaps she hated the child, was sickened by her blankness, abased by her insipidness—or did she never think of the child at all? Yet the child was fed, dressed, attended to. Did the philosopher ever talk to her daughter? He wished he could eavesdrop at bedtime.

Instead, he called Hannah to his office. His motives were the same as before: sly. But now he was not searching for the mother in the daughter; it was the daughter herself he was after. He had learned nothing from the playground. If he again invaded the classroom it would be useless; Hannah would not lift her head. Even now, hands hiding, little straight rods of legs taking turns at scraping back, she kept her head down, so that the line of the hair-part peered up at him like a white mouth shut tight against his inquisition.

"I've asked you here, Hannah, to become acquainted."

Silence.

"After all, your mother and I are such good friends. We have had so many interesting conversations about so many interesting subjects. I don't have to tell you about your mother—"

Silence like an interruption. She raised her chin and her eyes rolled up like green stones. He tried to read them but could not. She was impregnable. He could not blame the teachers for impatience with such a pair of stony eyes.

"You must be so proud of your mother, and there are so many remarkable things she must teach you. There are, you know, so many remarkable things she's taught *me*. Your mother is a whole school, what do you think of that?"

Again the dropped head, the white mute line slashed through it.

He was determined to provoke. "I notice you're friends with Melanie Merkava. We're all so proud of Melanie. At graduation next year she may very well be valedictorian. Mr. Figler thinks so, at any rate. It wouldn't

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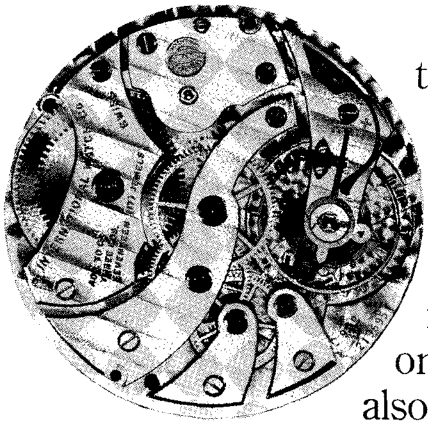

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surprise me in the least, though she's running neck and neck with Shira Busch. Those are both very bright students, and their mothers are very hard workers in the PTA. We'd be lost without Mrs. Merkava—she gets all the other mothers to work, and the last raffle brought in eight hundred dollars. That was all Melanie's mother's doing, the costume tea was her idea." He ended, "You like Melanie, don't you?"

The smallest shrug.

Oh, the absence of language, how could it be? If, unlike the others, she had no chatter, how could it be that she had no language? He got up from his chair and went to the other side of the desk and took her stiff wrist and led her to the photograph of Einstein with his untied shoe.

"Do you know who that's a picture of, Hannah?"

She kept him waiting with her silent head.

"A man," he said, "who was never in contradiction with himself. Do you know what that means? I'm not sure I do, either. Ask your mother—it's something *she* said. But I can tell you that this very intelligent man never stopped too soon. He went as far as his brains would take him, and they took him very far. Do you know what a genius is, Hannah?"

She rolled up her two green stones, and he threw his words against them. "It's what neither you nor I can ever be. You are not a genius, and neither am I. Do you and your mother have many talks?"

"Sometimes"—very low.

"And what are they about?"

The shrug. "Things."

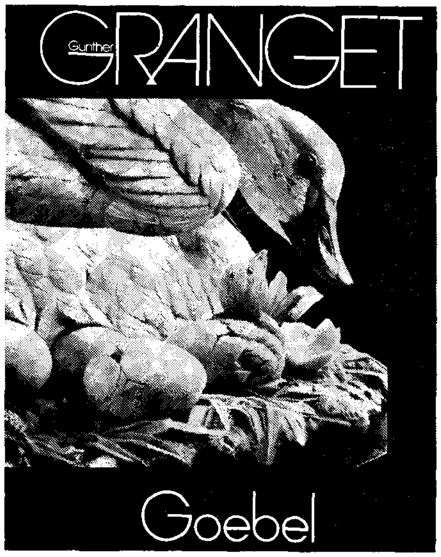
He sent her back to the classroom then. A futility. He had hoped to refute Perlman and Dr. Macy and Figler and Mieblan, to penetrate the drowning ship's hold and discover the kidnapped babe.

In the afternoon, a wide tumult: Melanie Merkava leading her pack; *Hannah flying anxiously after.*

HE relinquished the philosopher's daughter. He let his curiosity halt; he abandoned it. He had taken too much trouble—Hannah was not the first dim child in his school. She would not be the last. His school was not mock Eton; it was only, despite Dual Curriculum, mediocre American. America the vulgar. Its children had no language. Each spring, at graduation, he said *ad astra*, he said *ad astra* to the mothers. He used his Oxford Latin to tell lies with, because time shudders and uncovers perpetuity. Mornings, running to the beach, he felt his schoolmaster's grief. He was sick of nature's pledge: daughters becoming mothers, the amaranthine first grade, the eighth grade unfailingly pubescent—Hannah, though her legs were still unrounded rods, was beginning breasts. She passed into the eighth grade without his noticing. He let her slip. She was submerged; he was no longer aware. He thought of Marla Salem but not of Hannah Salem. He cut the child from the mother; it was no more than the mother herself had done. On the beach, seeing each new wave identically supplant the previous wave, it came to him one freezing dawn that he was dying of unchangingness; he was dying of lack of death—his reason was deprived, he was like a barbarian who cannot fathom the link between copulation and procreation. He could not dream the end, no one grew old for him.

The washed sand was a snowfall. Quickly the heels of his sneakers were sucked down and buried. The waves were white, like snowy beards shearing themselves. The white dawn hesitated behind all that sharper whiteness. In the cold, sunk in that snow-sand pocked by those primeval shells (the life in them cleaned out, scooped, eaten, decomposed, the shell walls polished, pearly, snow-white), he decided to marry.

It was the hiring season. The new young teachers streamed into his office, and he sorted them out: this one too arrogant, that one in danger of becoming pregnant too soon. He asked few questions and did not impede their chatter. They opened out their palms and sermonized on the education of children while he handled their papers. In every dossier he saw stupidity; in their faces stupidity was peculiarly combined with vivacity. What they were in reality was a species of low theatre folk, vaudevillians, and in addition to this strain of the histrionic they harbored an inclination to dominate and to crush. The young women often spoke of love; they loved children, they wanted to "work with" children, and in this, he saw, lay the peril: they did not love learning or work. They did not love verbs. They did not love the confluence of like or unlike numbers. They did not love maps. (Vaylberg: *With the love of learning comes the love of whoever learns. In the absence of the love of*



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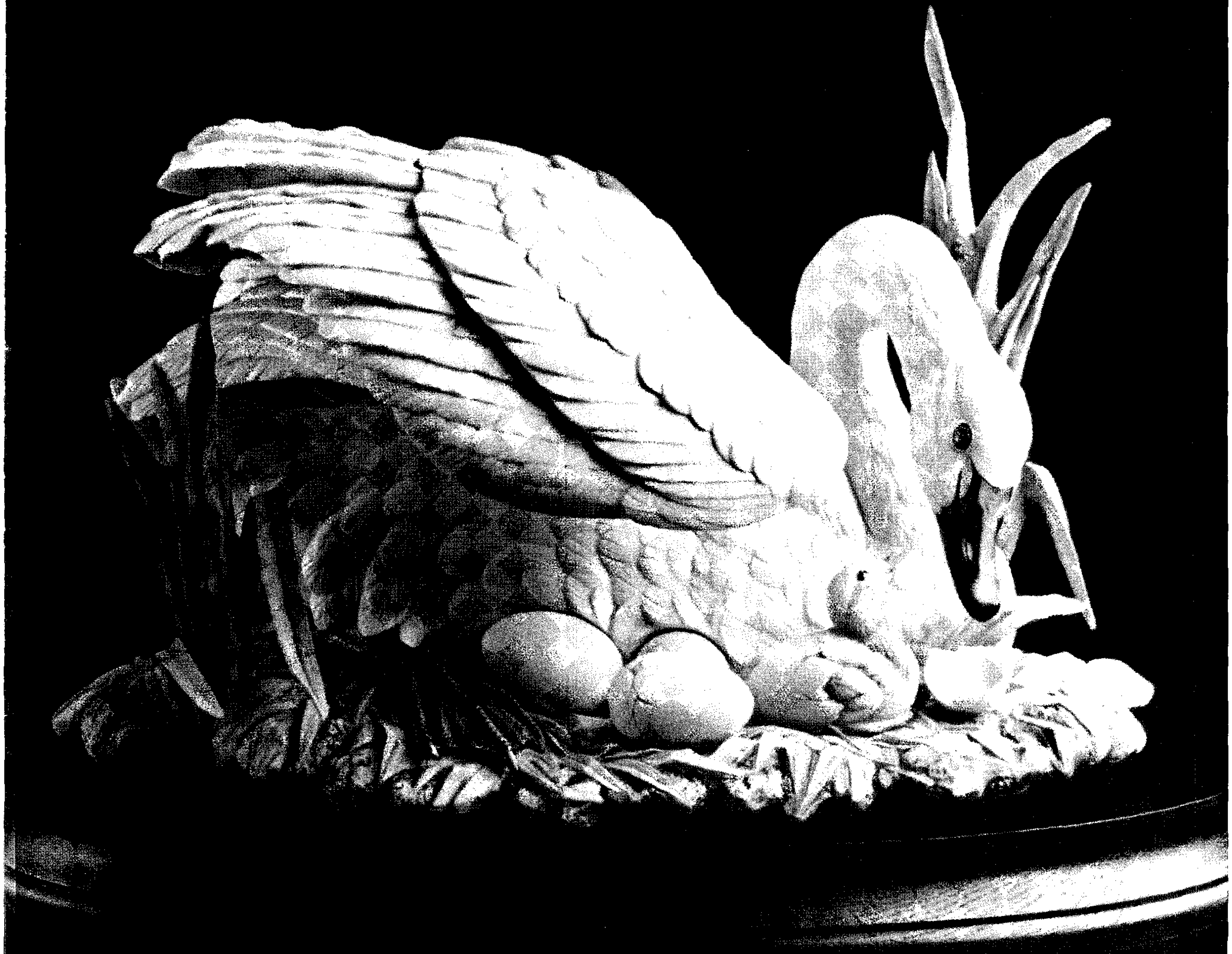

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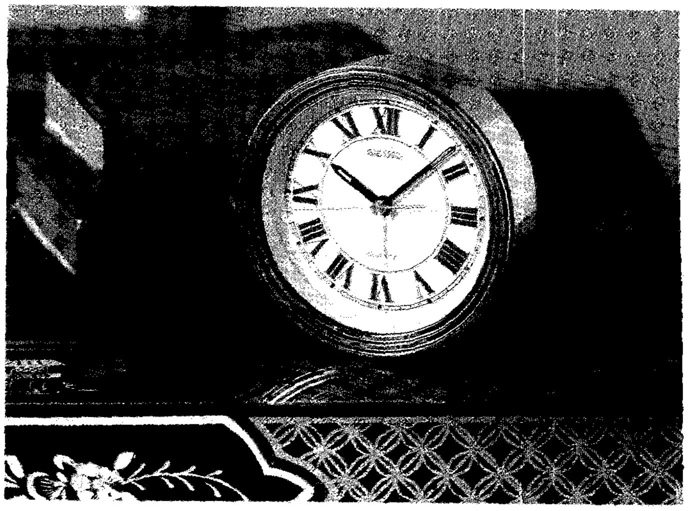

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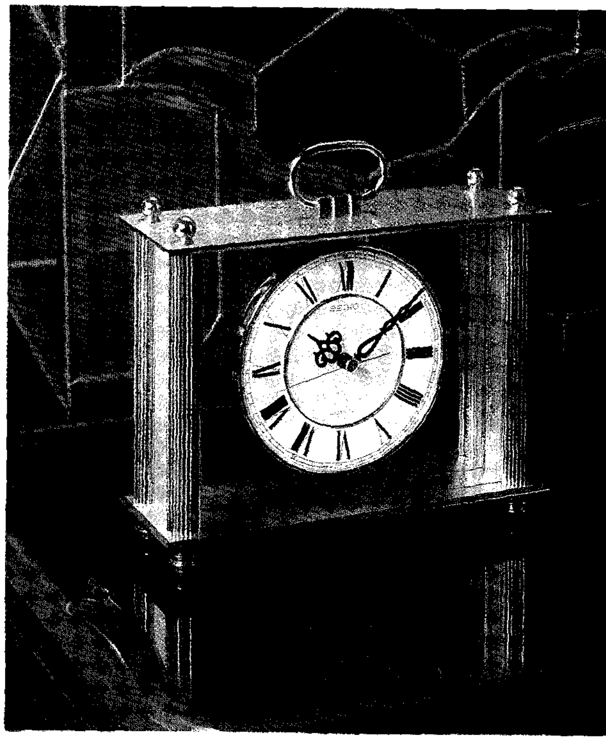

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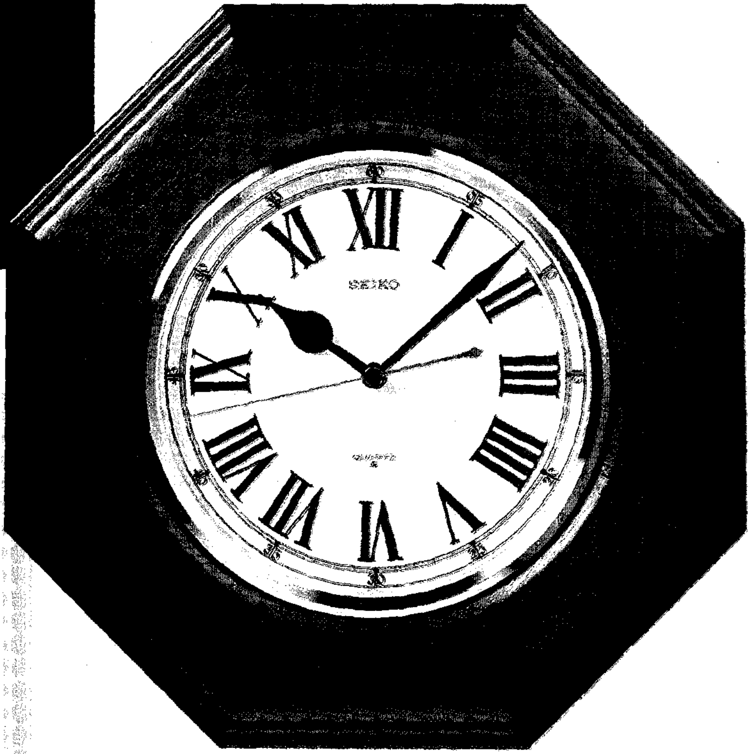
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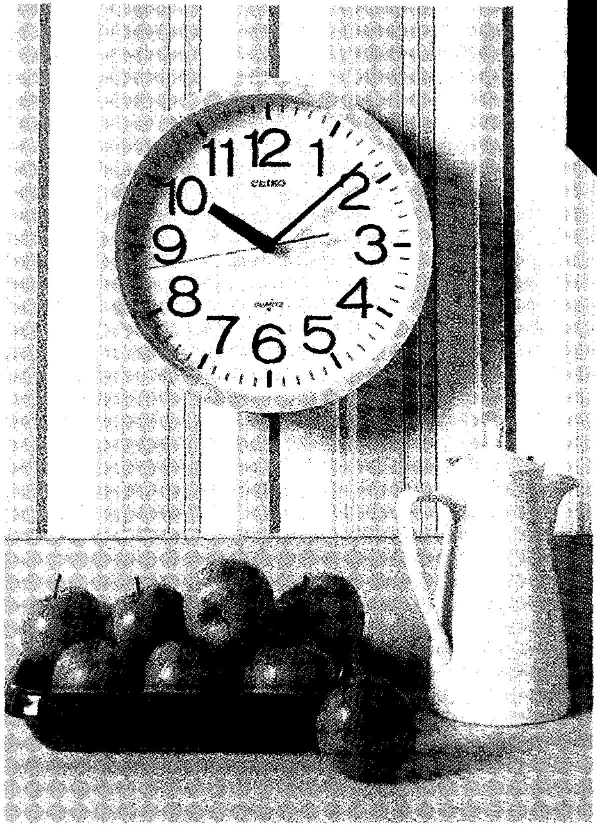
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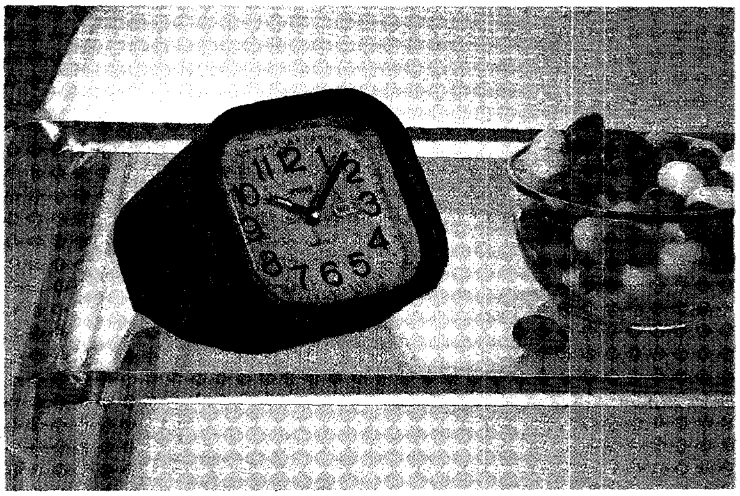

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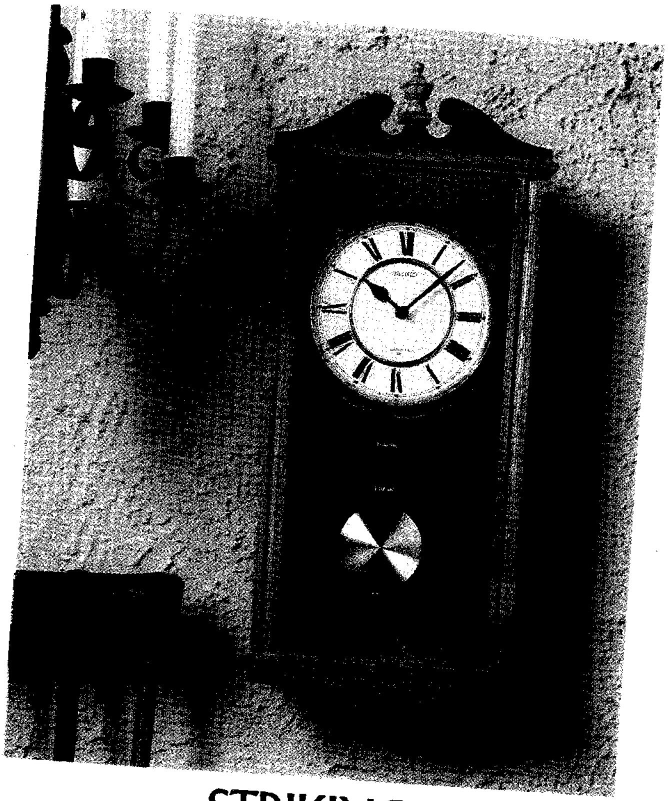

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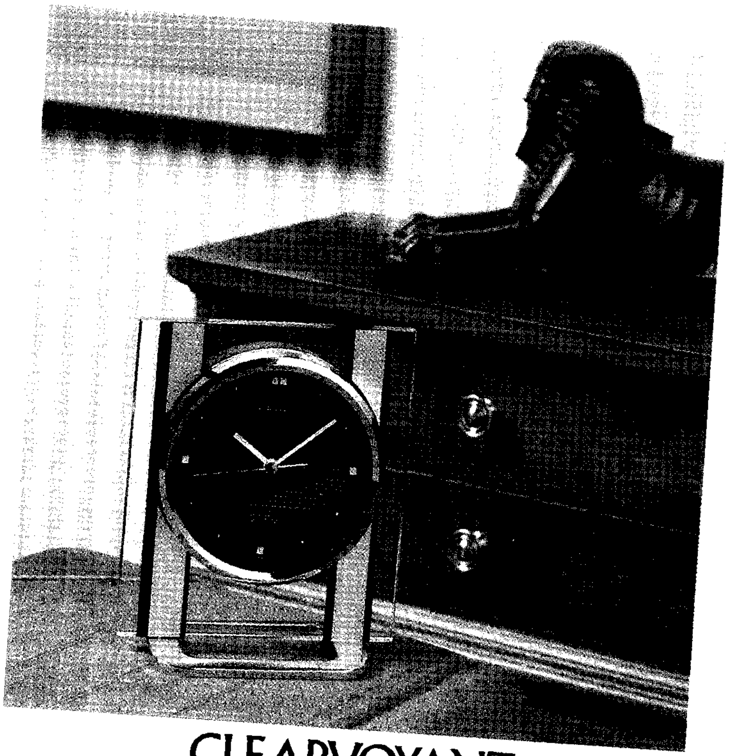

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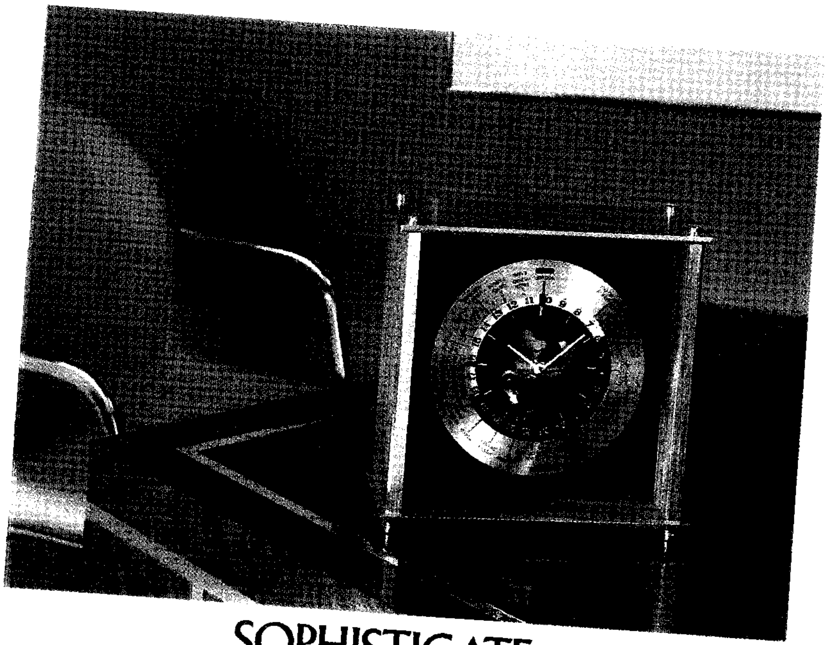

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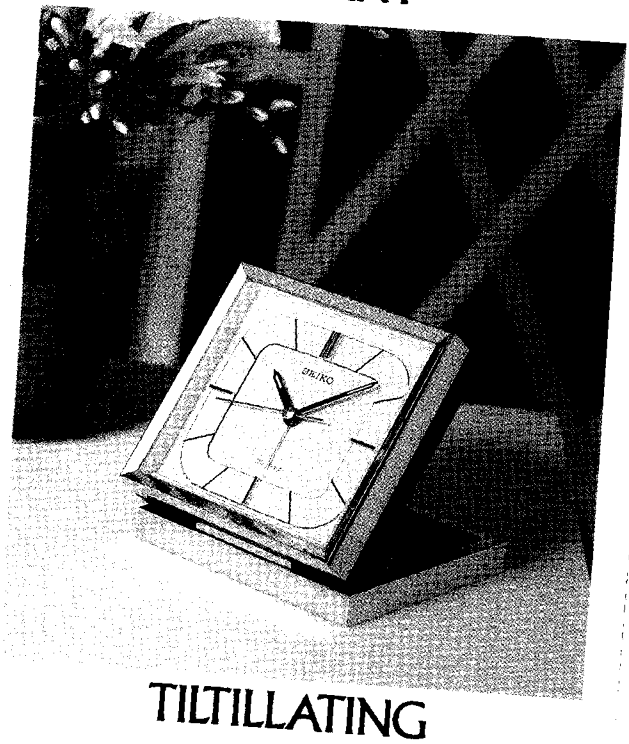

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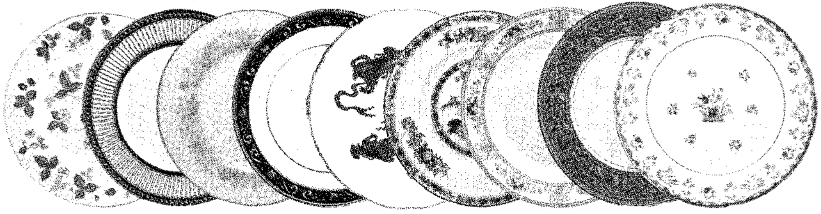

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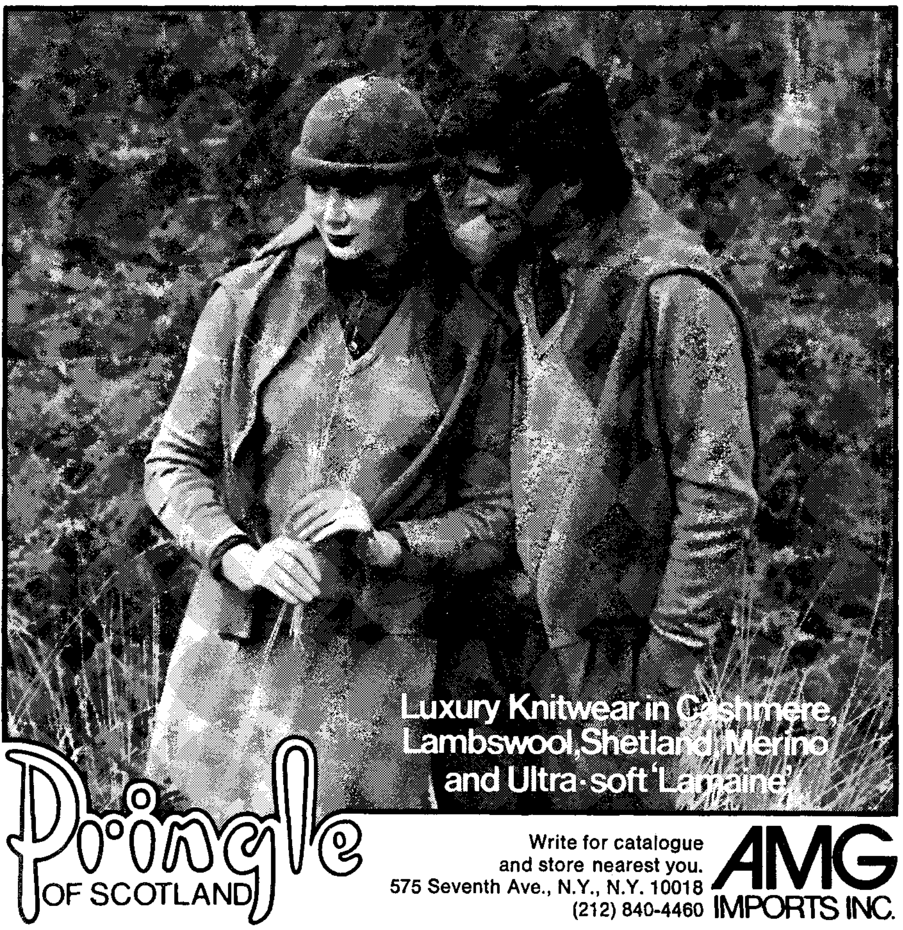
learning, there can be only self-love.) He hired the most vivacious; they made the best impression on the parents, even though they were also the most marriageable. Still, there was the case of Miss Dalia Tutinsky, excellent at discipline. From her classroom, as from Mieblan's, no noise issued. Instead he heard the plainsong of Miss Tutinsky's long, long vocabulary lists. Miss Tutinsky dealt with the fourth grade as if they were hostile infiltrators. She feared sabotage. She had a pretty chin, an admirable oval nose, and brave black eyes; she was altogether pert and curly-haired. Karpov believed she would surely be engaged before the school year was out. Unexpectedly she fell into a reliable spinsterhood. She developed a scowl and he did not lose her. He suspected her of heartlessness, but the mothers failed to complain. One practice he was certain of: she read aloud the names of those who had the lowest marks, and this somehow cowed the mothers of the weak pupils. She had regularly read aloud Hannah Salem's marks. But Mrs. Peg Merkava went out of her way to praise Miss Tutinsky; Melanie was the only child Miss Tutinsky—in ten years of teaching!—had ever kissed.

Karpov hired four new teachers, all young women. There was a young man he was tempted by, a sweet-voiced yeshiva student, but then he thought better of it: this boy with his soft camel eyes would soon become the head of a family, have mouths to feed, his voice would sour, he would demand too much money. Meanwhile there was an office crisis: the bookkeeper quarrelled with one of the secretaries and quit. Routinely Karpov took on a new bookkeeper, and this was almost a pleasure. It was straightforward and clean. He liked the idea of a bookkeeper—the plainness, the purity of the ledgers with their fine crimson dividing lines, the orderliness. There was no torment in any of it. He gave the job to a thirty-two-year-old woman with a tan-colored bun and golden bangs, a divorcée who lived alone with her child: a boy six years old.

ON the telephone he continued to ply Marla Salem with anecdotes. He assailed her, he was persistent. The instrument relieved him. The blindness of these conversations had the effect of a confessor's screen: he felt himself both hidden and exposed. Of her appearance he recalled mainly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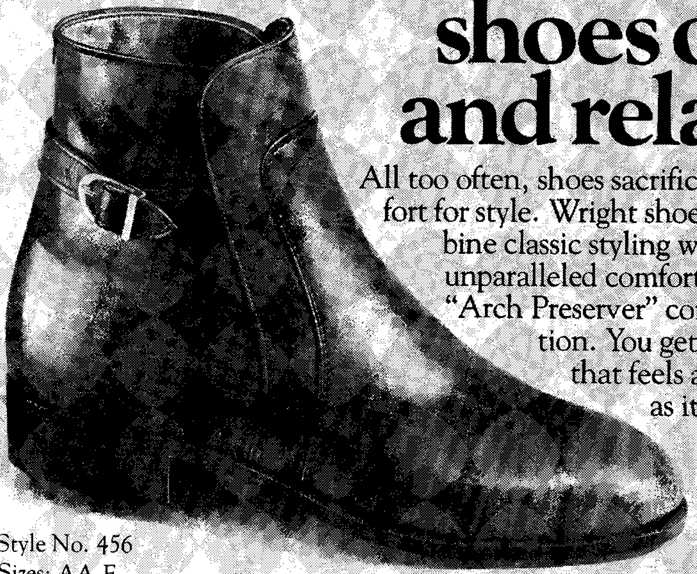

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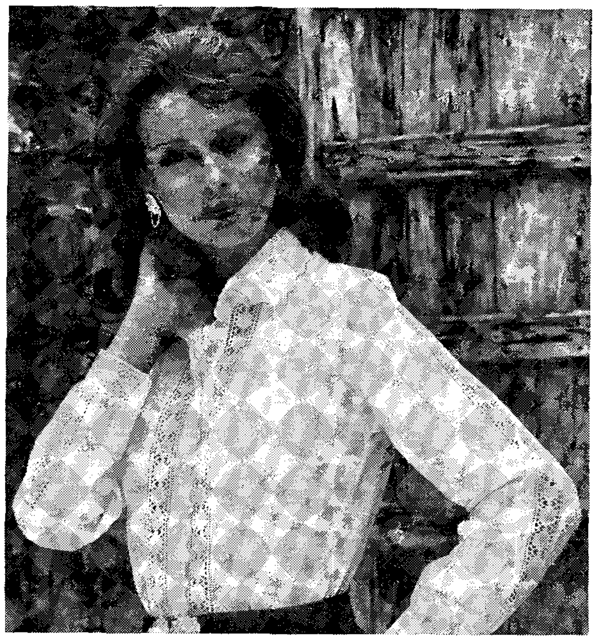
the white splash of hair, the infrequent bailiff's smile, more suspicious than not. She pried open his anecdotes for their consequences. Every image, she said, has its logic: every story, every tale, every metaphor, every mood, is inhabited by a language of just deserts. We judge a myth by its practical influences, and are obliged to ask it practical questions: What do you intend? Who should respect you? What will you cause? What do you disclose about envy, cruelty, lust, hope, growth, power, choice, faith, pity? Whose mouth should receive you? (Vaylberg: *Why is it that the stork, a loving parent, is shunned as impure?*) On his side, he still did not know the simplest datum of her life—was she someone's wife? Then whose? Fish after the grain of language, she instructed him, look for the idiom in the wilderness of a narrative; distrust poetry. He already did. In reality the heavens are gases and express physics. He told her that when he was a young man in his London yeshiva, he had once prayed very deeply. The liturgy that afternoon penetrated the secret channels of his brain; he understood his mouth's work for the first time, even though he had chanted those same words every day from boyhood, and they were as familiar to him as his own bedclothes. These domesticated and intimate syllables had all at once taken on an enchantment, an illumination. He was stunned by what he heard in them. He left the prayer hall exulting, strange even to himself. As soon as he crossed the threshold someone spoke to him, a fellow-student. Karpov rebuffed him. He was sharp; he was coiled and cold in his own strangeness. The rabbi—it was Vaylberg—came out and called him back. "Reuben," Vaylberg said, "come here and daven. You have not davened." Karpov protested, "Rabbi, I just finished davening. You saw me. You heard me." Vaylberg said: "If you pray and then you go out and embarrass someone, you have not prayed."

On the far side of the wire he heard nothing. Then Marla Salem said loudly, "You've never visited us. Why not?"

So he went. It was an ordinary Tuesday evening, and he was elated; everything pleased him. He was used to the new flat houses and false-brick fences and new dwarfish trees of the "developments" inhabited by all the others. He liked it that she lived in a modest apartment building in the center of one of the nearby towns. Marla



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Salem was quartered in three European rooms. There were fewer books than he had fancied—uneven heaps, not very high, on plain tables. The furniture was old. Nothing glinted—there was no metal—and what seemed European was not so much what was all around as what was missing. A scarred piano, but no other source of music, none of the appliances of sound. All the same, he walked into an uproar. He saw the telephone almost immediately: an important figurine, black baal, his access and tunnel to her, docile now and displaced in this last-century cranny. It mesmerized him. It was a pair of headless shoulders, surrounded by photographs, all of the same young man, mustached, broad-nostrilled. He did not dare to ask whether this was her husband. "My father. Long ago," she said. He knew she would never tell about her father, her husband, her life. What a din! He followed her through mysterious school noise to wherever she led.

It was a children's party. Paper peaked hats, balloons, yellow donkey tails, a paper tablecloth with a red-buttoned Mickey Mouse in the middle. Fat pink cake mostly eaten, dead candles sprawled. She had achieved the American thing exactly. He recognized Melanie Merkava and her pack. They shrieked wildly when he entered—it was a bedroom, the bed with a big board on it, converted to a dining table. "Mr. Karpov! Mr. Karpov!" he heard, but he was transfixed: he was looking at the philosopher's bed.

"You are our coup," she said.

"Mr. Karpov! Mr. Karpov!"

Briefly he succumbed to the pack—laughed, was jostled, let them draw out his little jokes; then made his escape. But he was bitter. He found the door and pulled on his driving gloves and stood there: "You know I'm not always Mr. Karpov. Not every moment of life."

Marla Salem said, "You are."

"Sometimes I'm Reuben Karpov."

"And Reuben Karpov is the headmaster."

He said angrily, "Not every moment."

"It's Hannah's *birthday*."

This astonished him; from someone else he would have taken it to be a mother's cry. How many birthdays, with what flattery and strategy, had they cajoled him to, year after year! In the beginning he went if he thought he could get a contribution to the school out of it. Latterly he never

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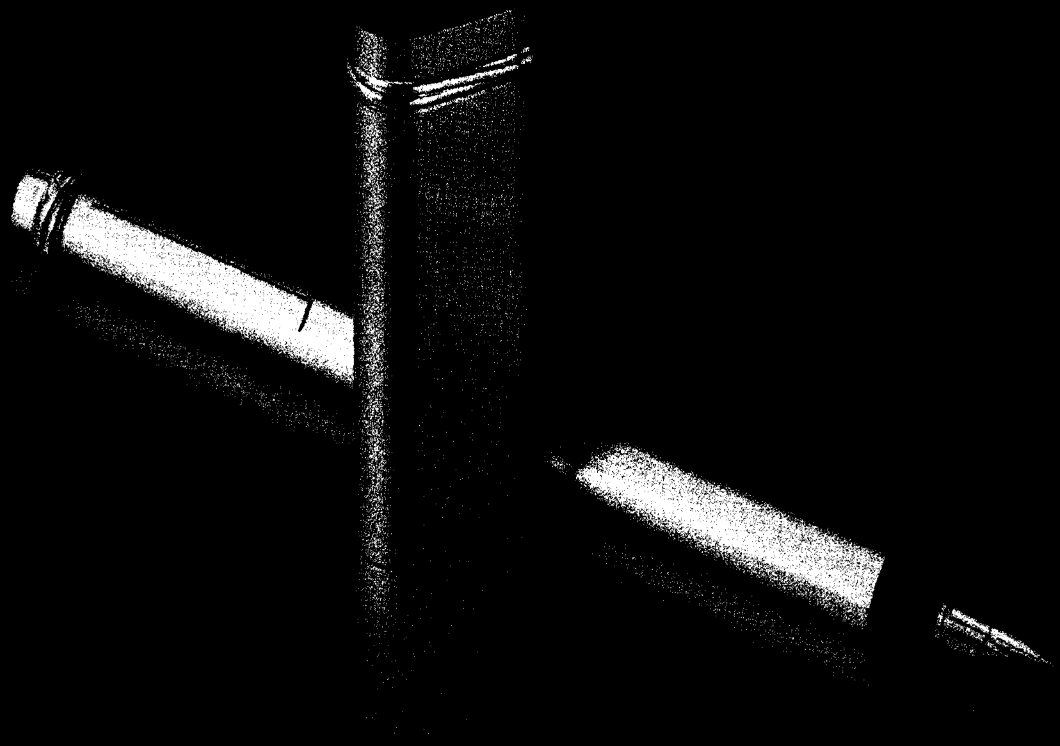

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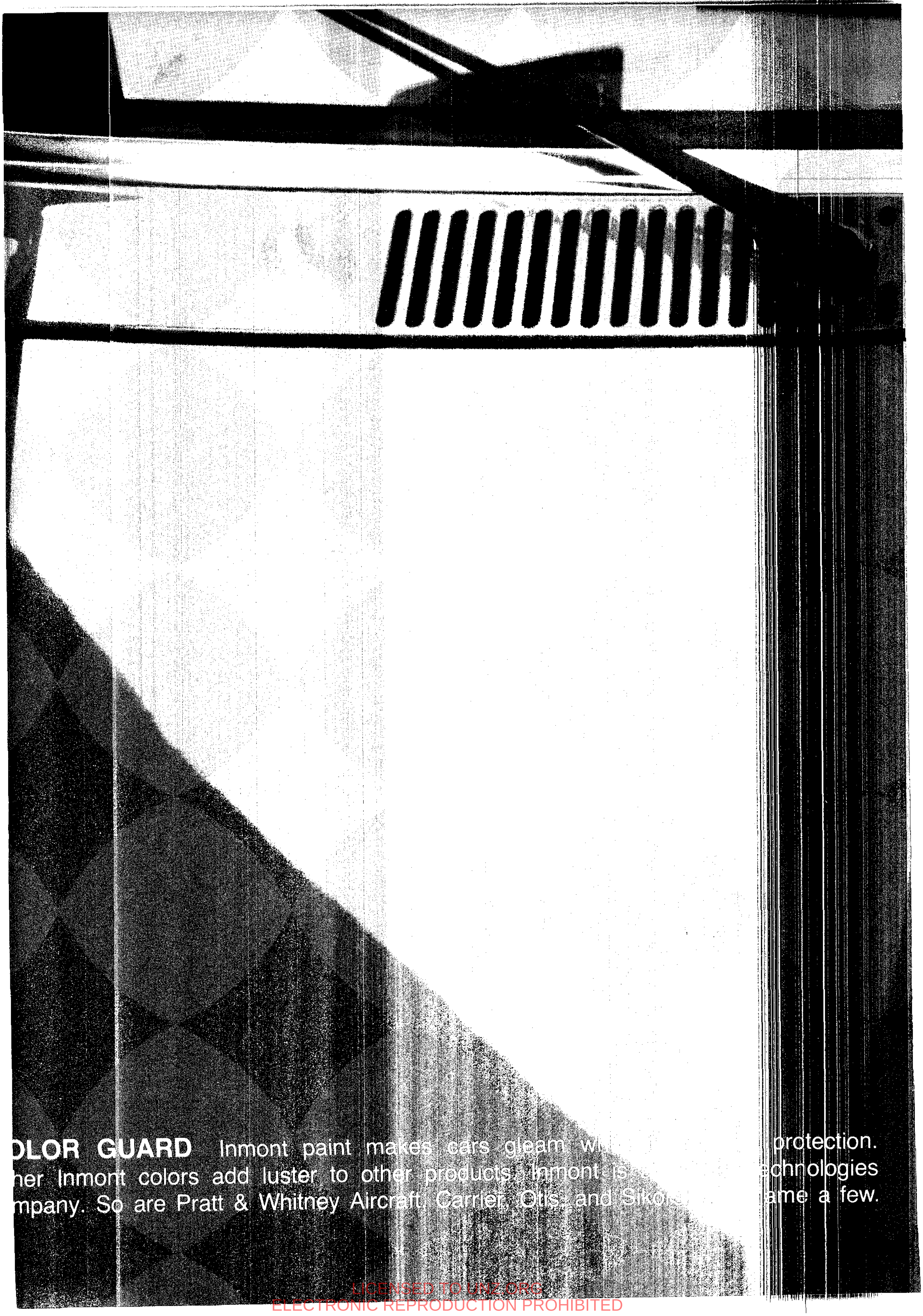

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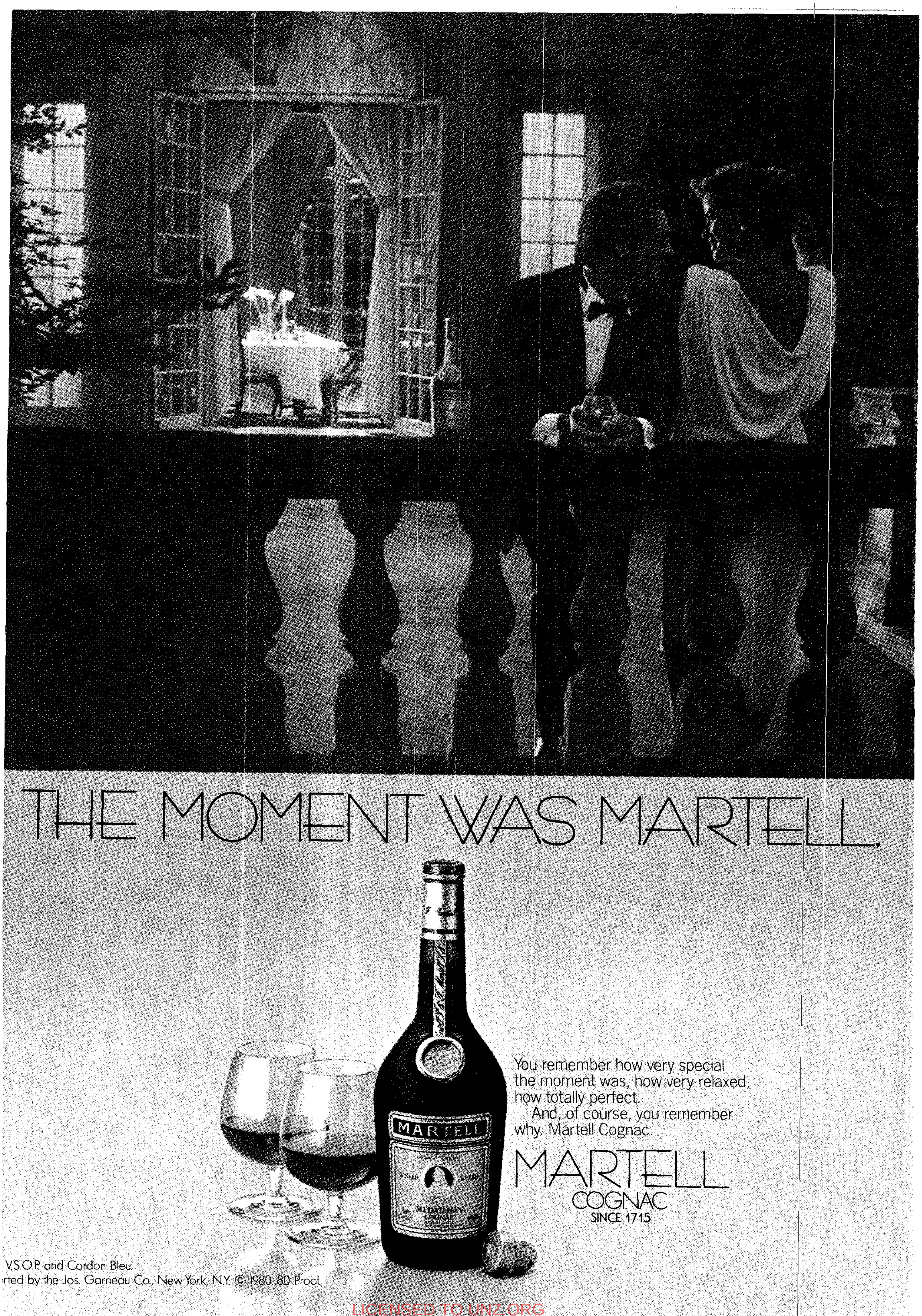
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went at all; he husbanded his lustre, they vied for him.

"I don't go to parties for the children. I make no exceptions. If I went to every party I would be doing nothing else." And he himself understood that he sounded, just then, like someone who is always Mr. Karpov. From all the signs—whoops and frenzy—it might have been Melanie Merkava's birthday, or, failing that, Shira Busch's. They were running now, in and out among the little book-tables. Melanie was the leader. Hannah was the tail. Hannah at home was no different from Hannah at school. Was she innocent, the mother? Was she innocent of being who she was? Did she imagine he could have come for Hannah's sake? In the dim little vestibule, his gloved hand already on the doorknob, he calculated how to frame it.

He said, "I'm as helpless over Hannah as you are."

"Helpless?"

The echo made him coarse. "The father. She might be like her father. Is her father—" He sliced off the rest. He did not know what word to use. Lost? Mute? Eyes of dead stone?

Mildly, innocently, she said, "You want to hear things."

"I want," he began, still coarse; but then he did not know what it was he could want from her. He had tried to read "Metaphor as Exegesis," assimilating not much of it; he had heard her speak of the fox, the bees, the cannibal-galaxies. What more could he want from her?

To be free of this child. Never to have borne this child.

She was giving him a convoluted European story. It was her first telling; it depressed him. Even while she was yielding him a name, a fate, Karpov withdrew the bloodhounds. He withdrew them. He could not take in what name and what fate—her husband was alive, or distant, or again married; in London or Antwerp or Lisbon or Leningrad; or back of the kitchen door; a thinker, a broommaker, a wizard, a messenger—whether of diplomatic pouches or of some celestial novelty he could not tell, her father was a torrent, her mother a storm, her husband a silence or quicksilver lake. Or she had no husband at all. He thought of Lot's daughters, lying down with their father in the destruction of the world in order to save the future. The face at the telephone was surely the father of her daughter. Or not. The more she de-

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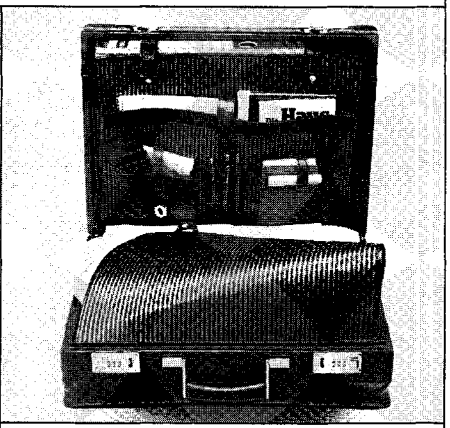

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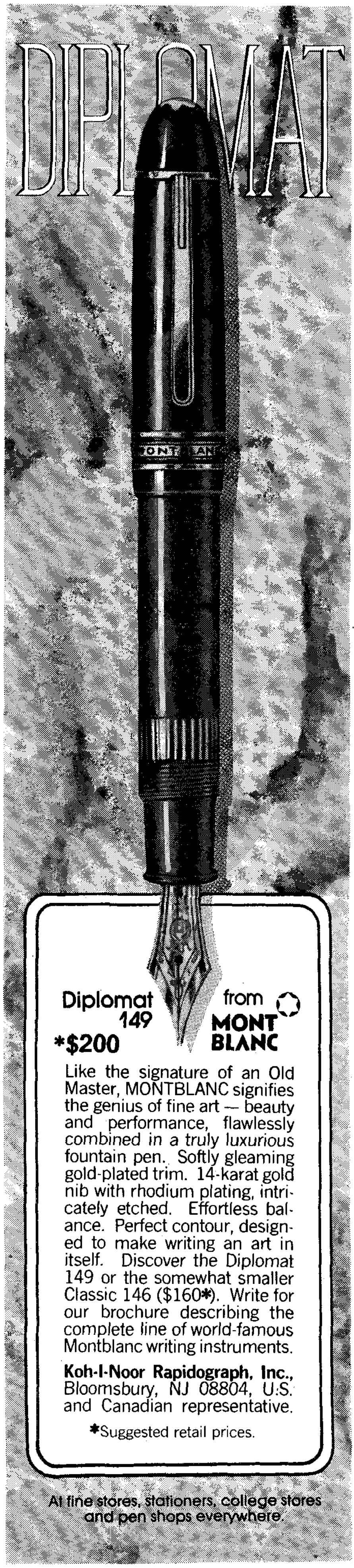

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livered, the more she withheld. She meant him to seize everything and nothing. She knew herself to be a flake of history, someone destroyed, finished; old, the way the world after its destruction is old; whatever had once mattered did not matter now. She was all future; she cut the thread of genesis. Only Hannah mattered. Only Hannah. So he saw his deep mistake: it was not that she was not maternal. She was nothing else. It was her passion. *Amor intellectualis*—with the others it was reflex, instinct, involuntary pulse and impulse, the chorus of flesh in relentless repetition. But Marla Salem's daughter was not for supplanting Marla Salem; she was the philosopher's mystical salvation. He could not bear thinking this. In the end she would have no use for his Dual Curriculum, his two civilizations, his radiant antiquity. She would snuff out whatever happens, she would remove Hannah from any remnant of history. She would wipe her brain clean: the child would be fatherless and motherless. An orphan of the future. While the little girls ran whooping, Karpov felt himself inwardly collapse. He was without urgency or interest now, it made no difference, he had no need for her to go on stripping and peeling herself. Shaming: he was embarrassed for her. He wished she would stop.

He broke in: "Consider yourself."

"Myself?"

"She's nothing."

"Nothing?" she said in surprise. "Who is nothing?"

The tail of the pack; the philosopher's daughter. "Hannah," he said, "isn't you."

"She's everything. She's my life."

"But you haven't any illusions," he said hollowly; now he knew better. "You can *see*."

"I can see that she's my life."

"Tigress and cublet, what rubbish! Mrs. Salem," he pressed, "consider what you are, consider the differences—"

"There are no differences."

He said again, "Your child is not you."

"You don't know about Hannah. You don't know anything about Hannah. There aren't any differences between—between—" and he marvelled to hear her nearly stutter, all her fingers spread out, slight short fingers with translucent low webs fanning out from the back of the hand. She did not finish. "You think I'm not like any of the mothers. You never say

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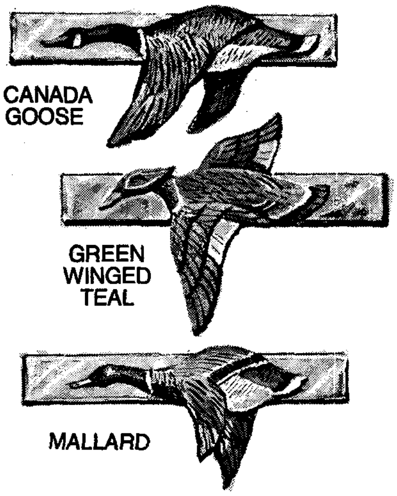

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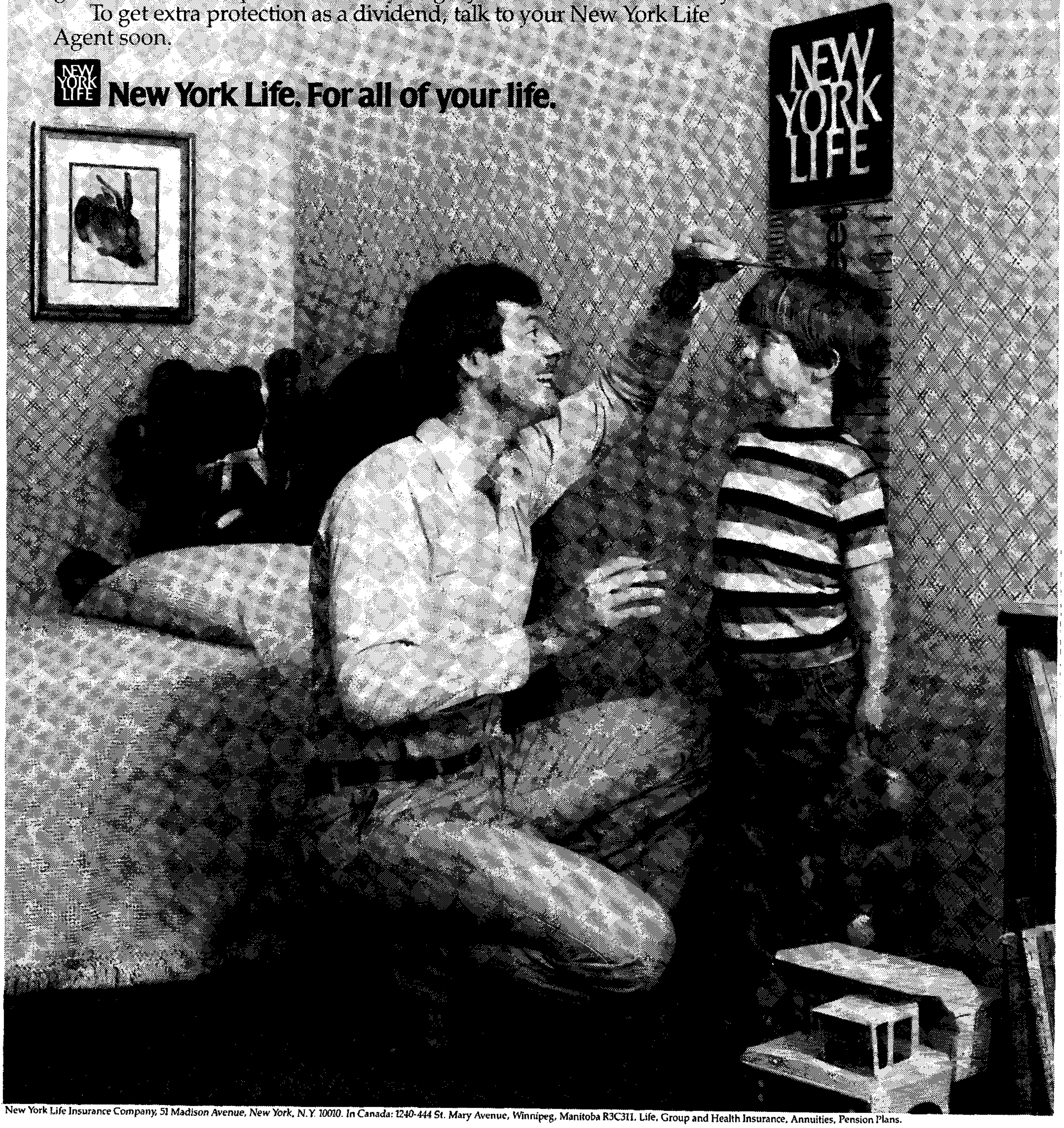

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it but I know what you think. I'm exactly like them, why shouldn't I be?"

He tried to maneuver around this. "You've made no claim, never. None on the school, none on me—never on me—none on the teachers. You've never taken any notice. Sometimes," he said, "a school is helpless. The teachers are helpless. I," he said, "am helpless."

"You don't know her."

"By now we ought to. We've had her for almost the whole of eight years." He moved from the door and leaned close to her. This way his "we" seemed less official. Her eyes were small and undistinguished. There was a white wart beneath one of them, caught in a bluish well. But he saw her terrifying intelligence.

"It's you who don't know her," he told her.

HE drove back to school—to his cramped hostler's rooms overlooking the playground. It seemed to him the little white wart under her eye was still glimmering. She was illusioned. She was not normal. Did she really suppose she was like all the rest of them—the mothers? Or did she posit Hannah as a higher idea that could be willed into being? The next morning he summoned the sweet-voiced yeshiva student and gave him a job. "A shift in plans," he told Figler. "You're too burdened, you need a respite. Take the fourth grade from Tutinsky." Figler was agitated: "The fourth grade? The fourth grade? What about Tutinsky?" "I'm getting rid of her." "A month into the term?" "I don't want cruelty here, I won't have it." "The fourth grade," Figler spat out; up came his stone-axe chin. "It's not a demotion, Zev, don't misunderstand. Someone has to get hold of the fourth grade. It's a shambles." "It's Mieblan who's the shambles," Figler said, "she doesn't teach them anything. Tutinsky is all right. She keeps order." "She deals in public shame." "So do I," Figler said; "it makes them work. There's no reason on earth I'll take the fourth grade, I won't do it." "You will," the headmaster said, and handed over the eighth grade to the sweet-voiced yeshiva student.

Instantly there appeared before the headmaster's desk Mrs. Peg Merkava, Mrs. Edith Busch, Mrs. Rita Kirschenblum, Mrs. Dorothy Fenster, Mrs. Barbara Smith, Mrs. Hortense Levin.

"We are a committee," Mrs. Peg

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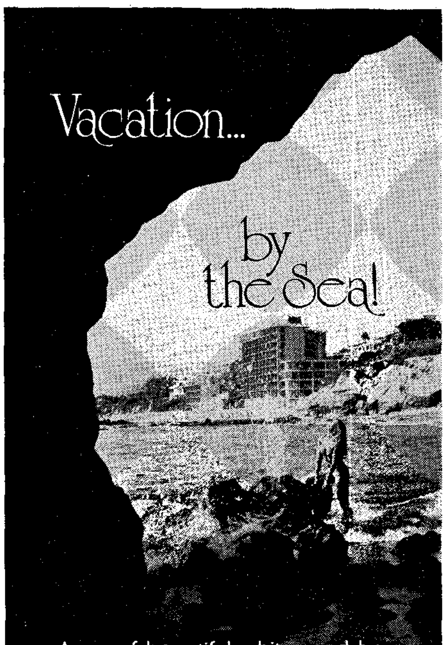

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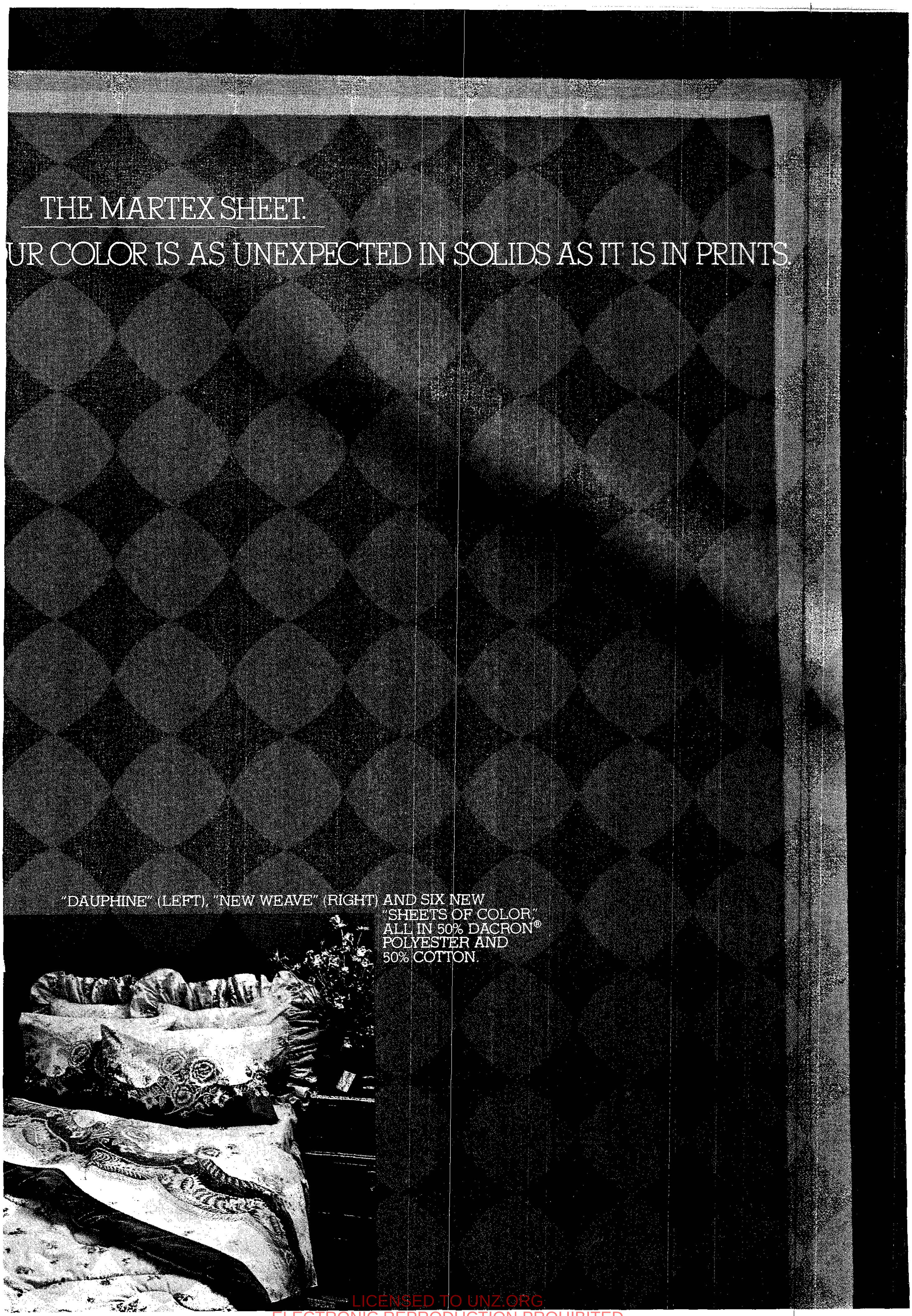
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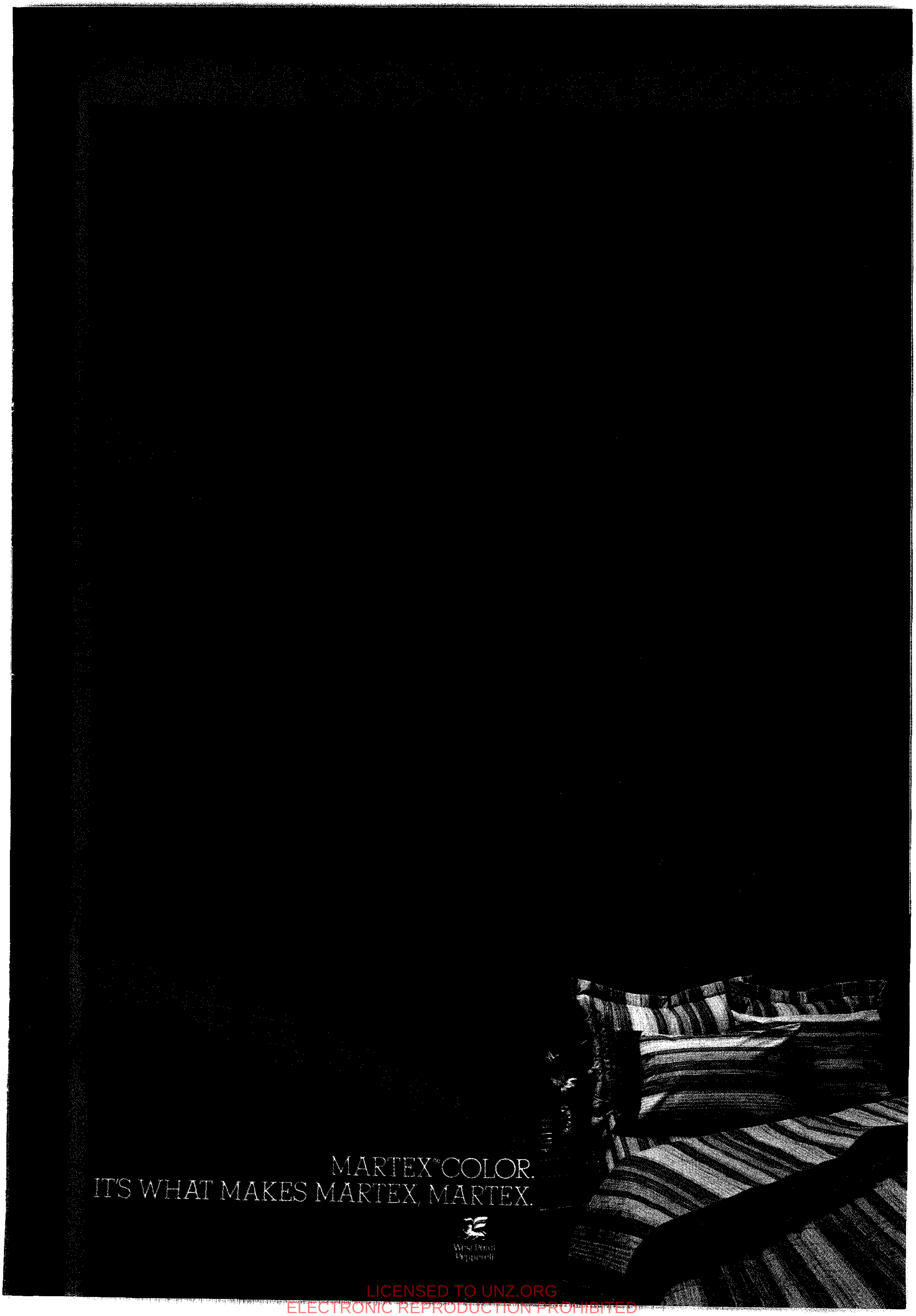
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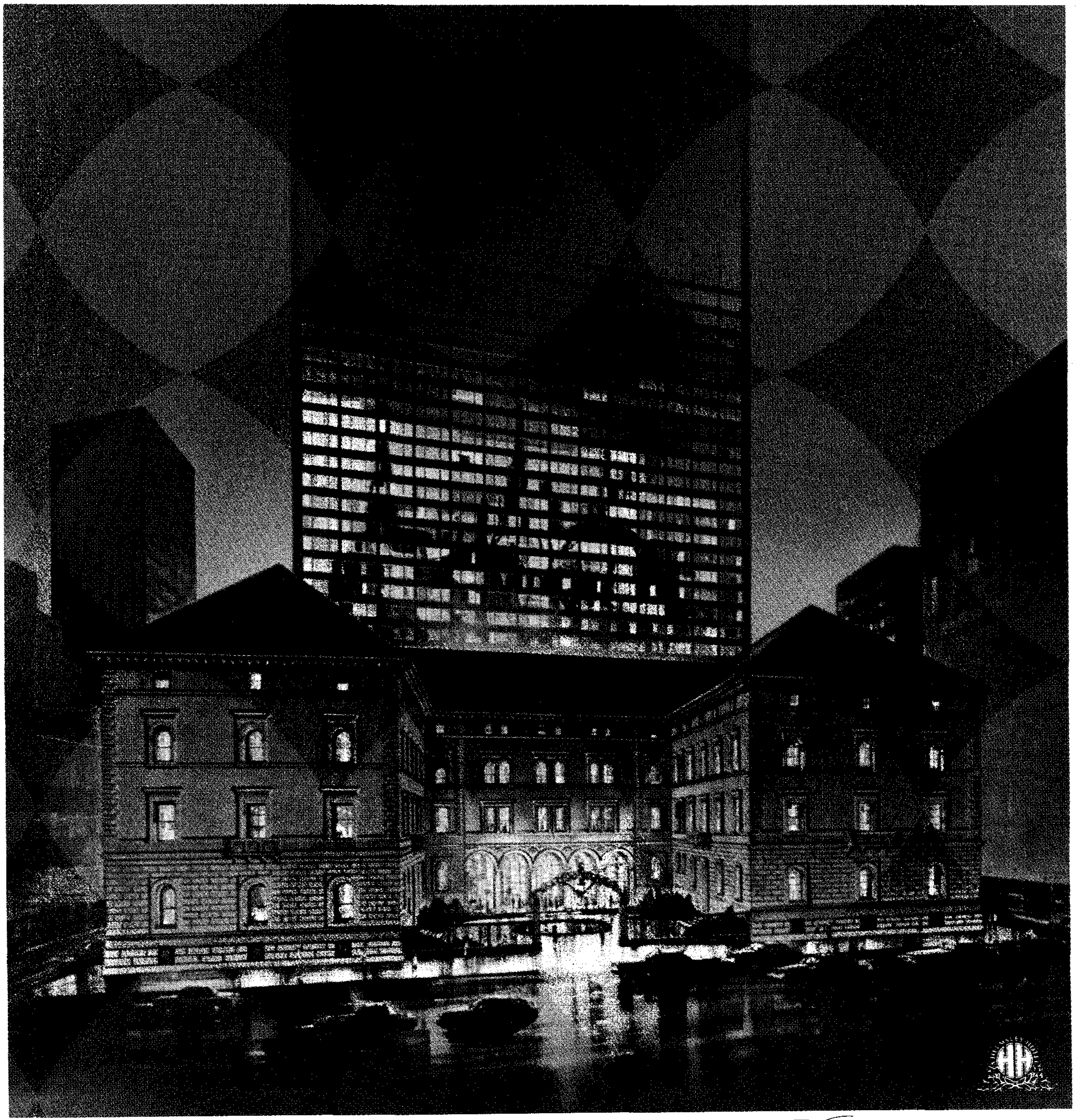

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Merkava said, "on behalf of giving the eighth grade back to Mr. Figler. That was a rotten thing to do."

"Rabbi Bruman is very able," Karpov said.

"He's not even a rabbi yet. We don't know anything about him. He's a baby."

"He's only a few months away from ordination," Karpov said patiently. "He'll do."

"He will *not* do," said Mrs. Peg Merkava. "Melanie *likes* Mr. Figler. They all like him."

The delegation collectively nodded: so many well-tended hairdos, up and down.

"You can't just turn things inside out right smack in the middle of the term," Mrs. Peg Merkava said.

"No, you can't," said Mrs. Rita Kirschenblum. "It doesn't make sense."

"The term is only a few weeks gone. And it made good sense last year," Karpov came back, "to dismiss Mrs. Kappalabba three weeks before the end of the term. All that came about because I was asked to be sensitive to the protests of some of the very same ladies present in this group."

"Kappalabba was an idiot," Mrs. Peg Merkava said. "She insulted Melanie. She wouldn't let her ask questions. She called Melanie a monopolizer. She said Melanie was running the show. I don't want my kid talked to that way."

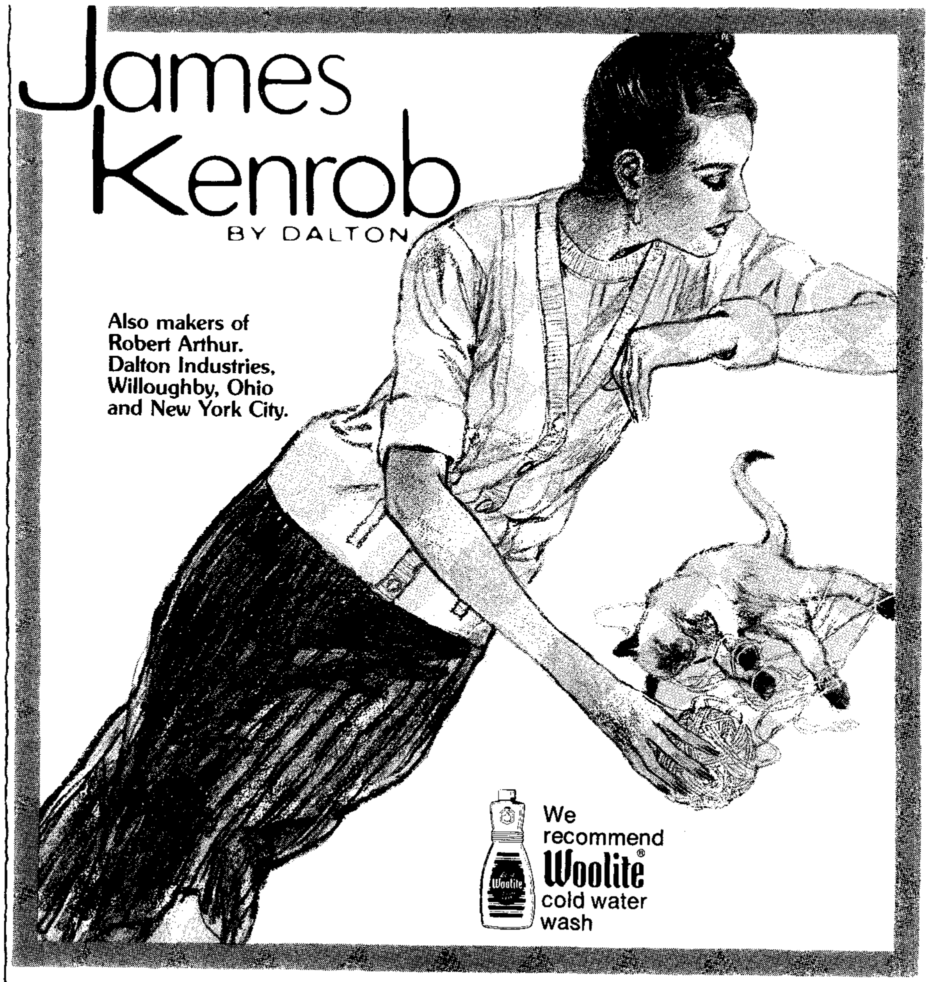
"Kappalabba was an idiot," Mrs. Hortense Levin said. "A fascist."

"Oh, that idiot Kappalabba," said Mrs. Barbara Smith. "That fascist. And you can't just throw out poor Dalia Tutinsky, after so many years."

"Forget Tutinsky. Tutinsky's blood under the bridge, who cares about what goes on in fourth grade? Our kids are graduating, *that's* the point. Besides," Mrs. Peg Merkava said, "on what basis do you think this Bruman's so able? You've never seen him teach. He's never *taught*."

"Ladies," the headmaster said in his most Oxonian mode, "you understand that Mr. Figler himself desired an easing of pressure. Rabbi Bruman is a young man, and we should give him a chance. Let him show his mettle. Let him aspire. *Ad astra*, ladies, *ad astra!*"

The mothers scratched at the bit of office carpet with their heels, the delegation turned surly, but Karpov kept up his high bright mood until they wore themselves out with contention. And only then, in his dramatist's triumph, did Karpov allow himself to see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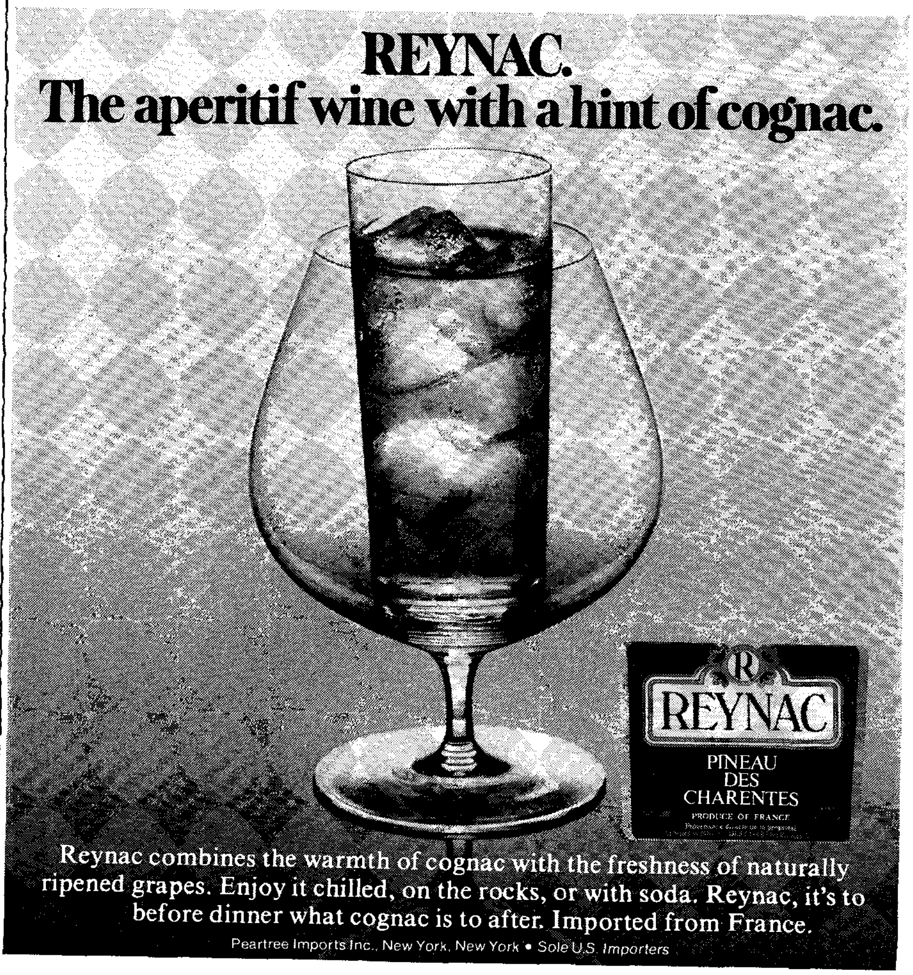
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into their secret rooms: it was as if each of the mothers lived in a darkened doll's house, and anyone could come and lift the roof on its silvery hinges and look inside—and inside each house there was a bitterness, a hope never to be resolved, crippled ambition, disappointing children, querulous old parents outliving the cruelty of their prime, the best silverware, an Oriental rug or two, an antique tobacco box, a tragedy, a tragedy!

Thereafter he watched Bruman. The headmaster moved quietly along the rear of the classroom and listened to the lesson. He understood at once that the yeshiva student had no obvious personality and appeared to believe in sacred texts. He was like a plain blotter through which the old words seeped. He was also no disciplinarian, and Karpov began to suspect that as soon as the awe of unfamiliarity brought on by a new teacher ebbed—four days, five—Figler's old classroom would be a howling chaos. Meanwhile the voice was sweet, devoted to the page under the young rabbi's flat fingertips. The eighth grade bent over notebooks, and Karpov, leaning outward (heroic, he thought of the sacrifice of Tutinsky, the debasement of Figler), observed the flowering of a multitude of doodles—cats, girls, planes, supermen, disembodied eyes and teeth, decorative friezes composed of wings and florets. Bruman reprimanded no one. The doodles went on and on: circles, balloons, eggs, dogs' ears, women's lips and breasts; a kind of trance had set in. The room was in concentration. Old King David was dying. He was dying in this very room. Peering toward Hannah's desk, Karpov glimpsed a drawing of a house, with smoke. Immature. He supposed the smoke was rising out of the chimney. The third graders did that. He looked again: the whole house was on fire, and the trees all around it, even the sky behind—a conflagration.

The fourth grade, disciplined under Tutinsky, under Figler remained disciplined. But there was a difference: laughter rolled out the door. "Steven never fails us," Figler called out in his bold bland way—he was enjoying himself, he had forgotten the ignominy of moving down. "We can always trust him, he's as good as the clock on the wall. Only instead of ticktock it's tocktick. Steven *always* gets the wrong answer," and out the door the laughter rolled.

A letter came from Dalia Tutinsky. She bore no grudge against the head-

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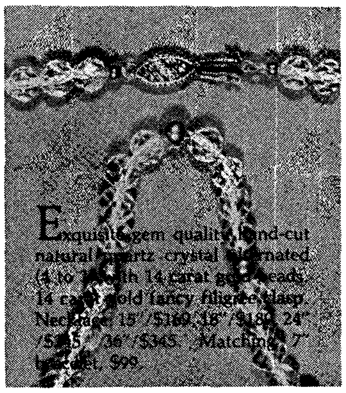

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master: *he* had always defended her against the assaults of the mothers. But this time—she understood everything exactly—he had broken down under the mothers' pressure. The mothers wanted her out; she was writing to tell him she saw through it all. It was the mothers of the weak pupils. And what, after all, was her sin? She had treated the fourth grade like little soldiers. She had organized them, straightened their rows, insisted that they keep their notebooks tidy. Clean sheets, headings like even teeth. She had made them learn their lists. For the rest of their lives they would remember their vocabulary lists, and *her* conscience, at least, was clear.

Tutinsky's letter cheered Karpov; it pleased him that she blamed herself. Still, it was stupid to have got rid of one of the most reliable of the women teachers. A reckless whim. It was stupid to have hired Bruman—Karpov continued to visit the eighth-grade classroom, and, though the ineluctable hour of brawl and clamor had not yet arrived, there was something dangerously meditative in the air: suspenseful and suspended. It was as if a pillar of the gathered-up lungs of children upheld the ceiling. The young yeshiva student, sweet-voiced, was turning Scripture into story. He was leaving out place names and grammar, everything that Figler put in. He breathed at the class with a kind of holy ardor that was unsettling; there was something abnormal, unhealthy, in such piety. He was not rigorous. He was not teaching anything concrete. He was, in fact, not teaching at all. It was all dreaming and drawing. The mothers would find him out, the commotion would begin.

Karpov beckoned the new bookkeeper into his office and explained how she was to record payments to the new teacher.

Her golden bangs glowed. "Rabbi Bruman? He has the quietest class, I've noticed that."

"Have you?" He was annoyed: it was not her place to notice anything beyond her ledgers. She did not seem meticulous; she was somehow florid and flaming. Besides, she had left the door open behind her.

"I think he hypnotizes them in there!" She laughed. "He drugs them! He feeds them grass!"

Her name was Elise. He watched her at work in the outer office. She wore glasses with crimson frames, spirals of chains around her neck, and two rings on each hand. She was not

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serious; her eyes sparked. She had put her son into the first grade.

Karpov telephoned Marla Salem: "I've done something impulsive. I did it two weeks ago. I suppose by now you've heard about it."

"No."

He was certain from the scrape in her throat, the strings of her voice rusted, that he had broken some skein of reflection. But this time he did not mind. He did not apologize.

"Didn't Hannah tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"The eighth grade has a nice young fellow now. He lets them draw in class. He lets them do anything."

She seemed to gather herself up; she focussed. "But wasn't it Mr. Figler? What happened to Mr. Figler?"

So she knew nothing.

"I got him out of the way. I put him somewhere else. Didn't Hannah report all this?"

"You got rid of Figler?"

"Got him out of the way, yes."

"For Hannah's sake?"

"For yours." He heard the long slow pull of her breath. "Don't worry, I don't think the brainiest can learn anything from the new fellow," he said; this was for a joke.

She said deliberately, "A mistake."

"Doubtless. By next week they'll be running all over him. He's too mild, they'll destroy him."

"The mistake is about Hannah."

"I thought a less acerbic teacher, someone more sympathetic—"

"You write her off."

"She isn't you. Try and see this finally. Give up anguish. I know you suffer," he said.

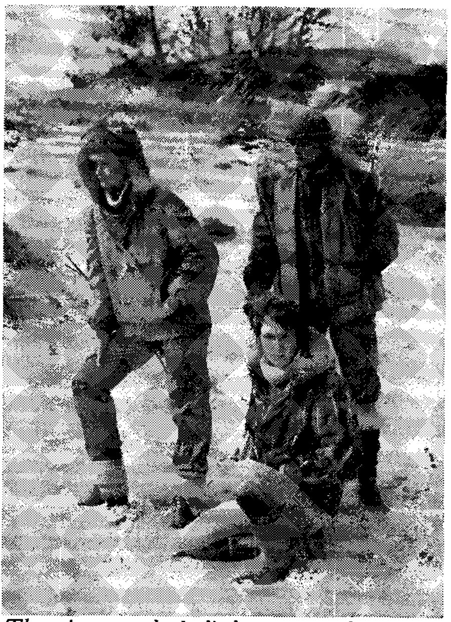
"Suffer," she repeated. For a moment he thought it was one of her parodies. But she was pointed, severe. "You don't know her. I don't suffer. There's no anguish." He sensed the gathering of a space: she was preparing to stammer. "She's going to be—to be—" He waited without suspense. It was the future she was clawing at; the future was striking her dumb. Then she brought it out: "She's going to be original."

For the first time he pitied her. He said barrenly, "Mrs. Salem."

"It doesn't matter whether you do anything for her or you don't. It doesn't matter what I do or don't. Nothing like that matters."

"School matters" was all he could say.

"What you are is a schoolmaster," she accused. "What you are is a pedagogue. Your school is a house of



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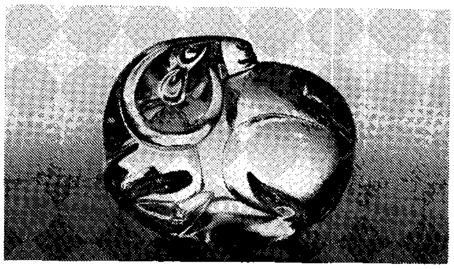

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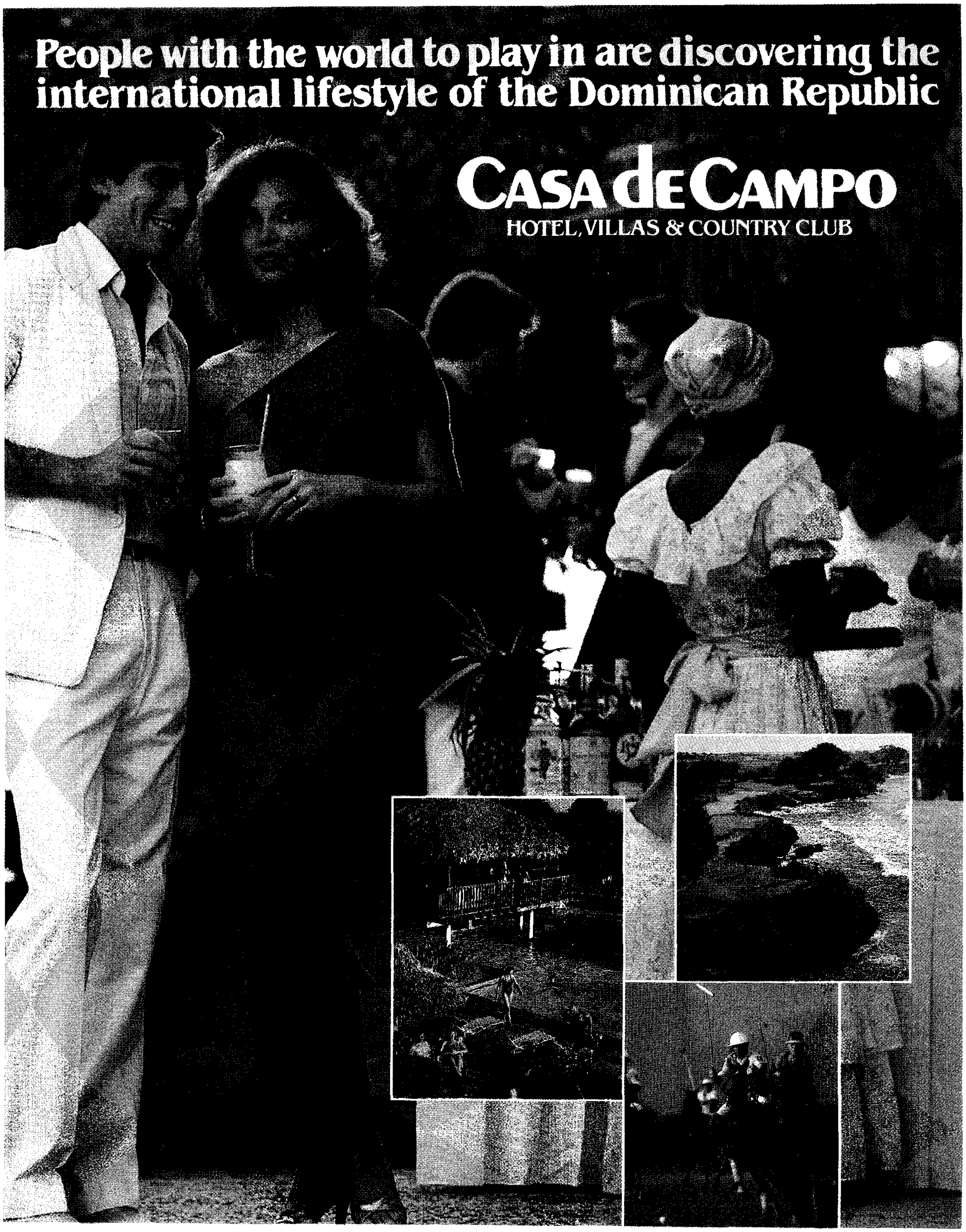
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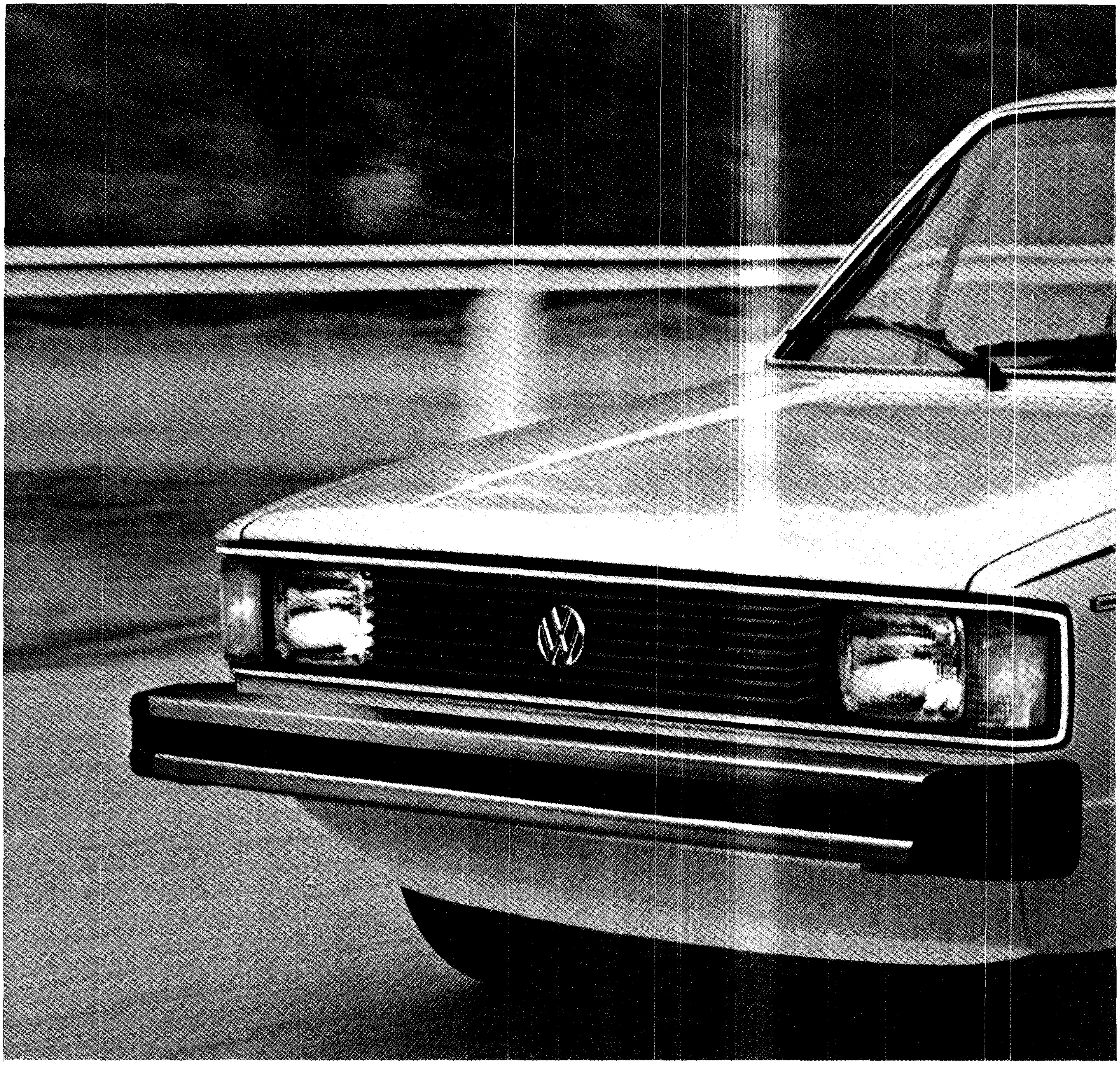

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rosier and shinier. The shine of her smooth head made him polish his shoes very hard. He looked for opportunities for her to display her cheekiness. He liked it when she was aroused and talked back. He thought how his sisters would recognize such spirit as akin to their own—no matter that they were across the sea, growing elderly in an ancient city. Elise Darvin was pert and bold and young; but she was also brave. She was brave enough to ask him to her little flat, an attic in a converted house rather a long way off from school. A large noisy Sicilian family owned the house and lived below, on the first and second floors and in the basement. She sat him down in the kitchen and cooked him a simple fish dinner, prettily served on flowered china. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the good-natured bellowing of the Sicilians underneath made the table rattle. Her little boy was not at home; he had gone to play ball with a classmate. "You know," Karpov told her, "you'll have to get Georgie out of here before long." "Why is that?" she asked, stopping with her fish on her fork. "When he gets a little older. The racket you have here. These rowdies. He won't do well if he hasn't got a quiet place to study." "The Bertolinis have six children," she said, "and the oldest daughter has two of her own, and they all live together. What a bachelor you are! More a bachelor than a principal. Kids have to be noisy. It's life. You don't know anything about children," she said; no one, not even Mrs. Peg Merkava, had ever dared to say anything like this to him, though he had seen it in their faces. "I think I'm smarter than you are, no matter how much you know about education, even if I can't say stars in Latin." "Oh," he said, "you *are* just that." "Just what?" "Something luminous. Shining," he explained. "Then I'd better go powder my nose." "Your nose always *does* shine. I like it." "My ex-husband didn't. He said my complexion was like a teen-ager's." He stood at the side of the sink as she washed the dishes, carefully receiving each one to dry in a towel covered with blue violets. The kitchen nearly swayed, vibrating, enveloped in a great barbaric pounding: one of the Bertolini boys was playing some artificial-sounding instrument with Brobdingnagian electronic amplification. In the middle of these tumultuous blasts Karpov, holding a little blue cup, was more serene than at any time since his yeshiva days;

happened had no name. He would not be promiscuous with the name it did not have. It was a seizure more terrible than any other. The little neck, all candid and erect.

"Did you mind," he asked, "when they took him for your father?"

"*He* minded."

He was relieved. "Shut the door after you," he said; he would not have minded.

He went to his safe and took out Dr. Macy's report:

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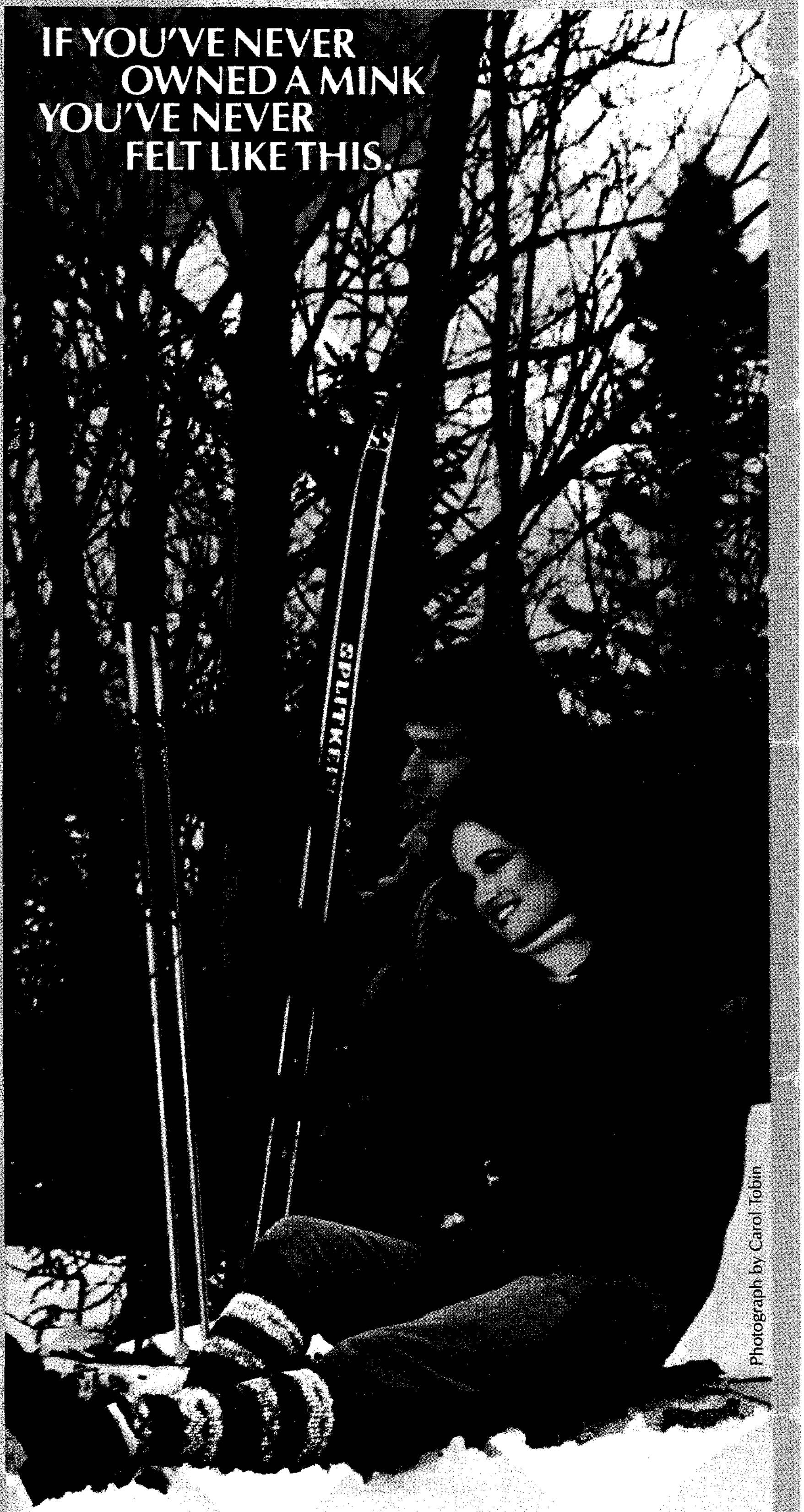
There was much more. Dr. Macy was taken with Georgie. The headmaster deduced this from Dr. Macy's having noted the frequency of Georgie's smiles. Georgie smiled often during the testing period—which meant that Dr. Macy smiled often. With poor Hannah—but that was now eight years ago!—Dr. Macy had not smiled at all. George David Darvin, an easy case, in fact not a "case" at all: normal. Like the mother, in short. The mother had reproduced. The new bookkeeper and her son were healthily optimistic. They were normal. Karpov analyzed it: his infatuation was with normality. He wanted to be normal, at last, at last. Not to negate. To be normal! Elise Darvin's ex-husband had not felt himself to be normal with a wife thirty years his junior; so he put her away from him. But she—once upon a time she had not flinched from marrying an old party, and see how she leaned toward the normal, toward the healthily optimistic!

HE courted her—openly, blatantly, right there in the outer office, in front of the secretaries, under the noses of the teachers passing in and out. It did not take her long to see what he was about. And the moment he saw that she saw, he was apprehensive. He was afraid she would think him grotesque; her ex-husband had not been grotesque, only normal, in wanting to annihilate a relation so little in harmony with the laws of propriety; propriety is a matchmaker allying the rosy young with the rosy young. Every day she seemed to him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her golden forehead there were no features that did not seem specially polished. Even the neat round bulb of her nose tip owned its tiny sheen. Her eyes were ordinary brown, but with the slow incandescence of some old burnished lamp. The golden-brown hairs of her eyebrows were individually lustrous. Her teeth were bright but crooked, and this crookedness struck his still-foreign vigilance as a curiosity. Three-quarters of his student body were wired, braced, retained; silver links and locks, glittering tracks, plates, and flutes weighted and cluttered the teeth of these American children, yet in the new bookkeeper he took in almost victoriously the apparition of a single wayward incisor more forward than the others, with a gleam equal to its prominence. The ceiling light over his desk tapped this stuck-out front tooth and gave him back indecipherable impish semaphores. He understood that she could pounce and bounce, that she was impudent, impertinent—snippy and snappy, insubordinate and cheeky. At the back of her head, when she turned from him, he saw the lambent tan bun, the little neck, all candid and erect.

"Your little boy," he began.

"Georgie."

"Georgie," he repeated. He was stunned. A tiny tremor—a tic, really—started in the left half of his upper lip. He struggled to control it but it went on like a vibrato in some alien instrument. He knew what had happened. "Quite so," he said. "Mellowing is for old men like myself. You *do* have all the answers."

The button of laughter fell again. "Not all. Just lots."

"Just lots then. And George, does *he* have all the answers?"

Her look grew strict. "Can you tell from first grade what they'll be like all through?"

A flash of Hannah. "Usually," he said.

"Then it's too bad for Georgie. It's all up with George!" And giggled. "But as a matter of fact, if you're speaking of mellow," she told him, "I don't mind older men. My ex-husband was over fifty when we got married. After a while I embarrassed him."

Himself embarrassed, Karpov could not resist: "Why was that?"

"People thought he was my father."

This devoured him. That glinting forward tooth with its childish spell. He was riven to the naked bone. He knew what had happened. What had

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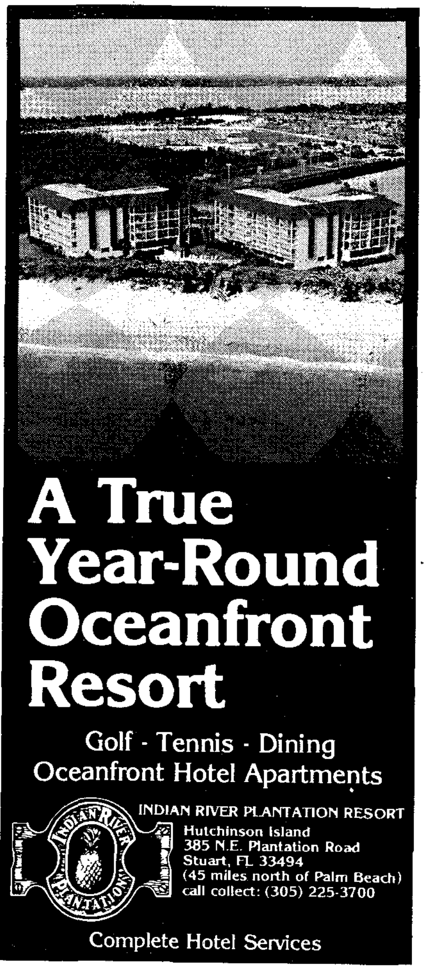

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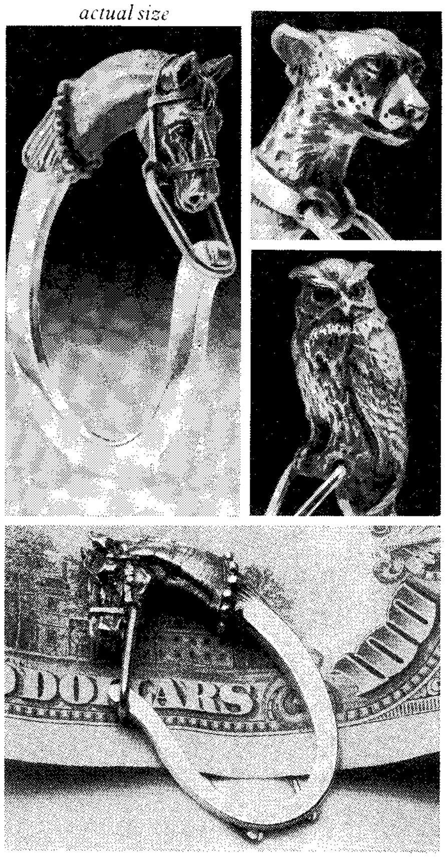

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with it. He crowded the sheets back into their packet; he could not keep his eyes from the new bookkeeper's golden bangs. He had hired Rabbi Bruman and the new bookkeeper a day apart—she told him this was significant, it made her a sort of twin to Rabbi Bruman, even though she didn't relate to anything spiritual. Cain wasn't Abel, and that was the whole of her metaphysical learning. She was cheeky with him; he was amazed. It passed through his conscience that the right thing to do would be to sack her; but that was only a whim. Whim after senseless whim. Losing Tutinsky, demoting Figler, replacing Figler, all these loosenings and braidings of his forces laid down as an offering before Marla Salem—who spurned them. All the same, he could do what he pleased: he was a man in possession of an entire society, he was a potentate.

"Elise," he called into the outer office. "Come here. Shut the door behind you."

She shut the door and stood near him.

"Always shut the door behind you. It's too noisy out there."

"With kids you expect that." The faintest hint of reprimand, like a watercolor smudge. Cheeky!

"Rabbi Bruman's entries, you've taken care of them?"

"He's all sewed up. He's shipshape."

"I would expect that. And you, are you getting on all right? Do you have any questions?"

She dropped a small round laugh like a button. "Plenty of answers. If you want I could think up questions to go with them."

It did not escape him that she had not once said Mr. Karpov.

"And your little boy? Is he getting on? You know he's lucky to be in Mrs. Roseleaf's class. She's our finest first-grade teacher."

"If she's that good she doesn't get paid all that much."

Cheek! He said, "It isn't up to you to question policy here."

"You just now *wanted* questions."

"Not that kind. If you intend to keep the peace"—it was a marvel that he didn't sack her; it was a marvel that his tone was not a club; he heard the cautious diplomacy in it—"you had just better mellow a bit."

"Mellow!" she pounced. "That's an old people's thing. For your age, not mine."

He knew what was happening—what had already happened. Beneath

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worms. Your teachers are eels. Worms and eels. Never mind," she said, "bring Figler back if you like. You don't have to do anything for Hannah."

"Only what's suitable. You've seen for yourself how the bright ones are."

"Worms," she answered him, "eels."

Ungrateful: he felt how it was possible to turn against her. Ungrateful, illusioned! She *was* like the others: nature's trick, it comes in with the milk of the teat. Each thinks her own babe is goddess or god. But she was worse than the worst. The worst of them fought. They battled texts, tasks, tests, teachers, schedules, the headmaster himself: the greed of the teat led them to hope of repair. Marla Salem was aloof from repair. She believed in a seamless future for her little crippled creature. The others stopped at the present; scratched at the present; proposed to force, to refashion, the imperfect present. They had the exuberant reformist ferocity of Cinderella's sisters—they would command the slipper to fit. They would berate it, rail at it, harry it; they would jam their feet into it. Marla Salem scorned such amelior
atives. She was ready to do without the slipper. She was infected with madness. Hannah had made her mad. The flawed daughter, shining, crowned, barefoot, inside the veil of the mother's madness.

THE next week he received from Marla Salem—in a wide brown envelope carried to school by Hannah, marked "BY HAND," and mutely delivered to the bookkeeper with the golden bangs—a new essay. He surmised that it was a kind of spite. She meant to flatter him. Her flattery was spite, willing at last to acknowledge his homage—how drawn he was to the prodigy of her mind. He was somehow now not so drawn. She intended her genius to punish him.

He pulled the printed sheets out of the envelope and surveyed the title: "On Structure in Silence." He read:

> Silence is not random but shaping. It is like the empty air around the wing, that delineates the wing . . .

Something came to him then, a clairvoyance, as if he had got hold of a thread leading to a great dew-flecked web: fragments of light in a black cranny. If he tugged on a single vein of it, the web would rupture, the drops of light fall into one bright globule. A pool of knowing. He did not go on

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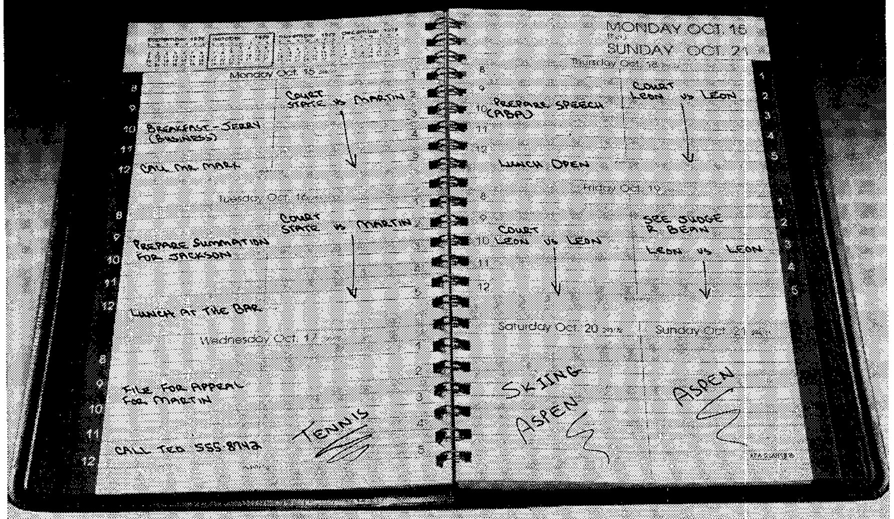
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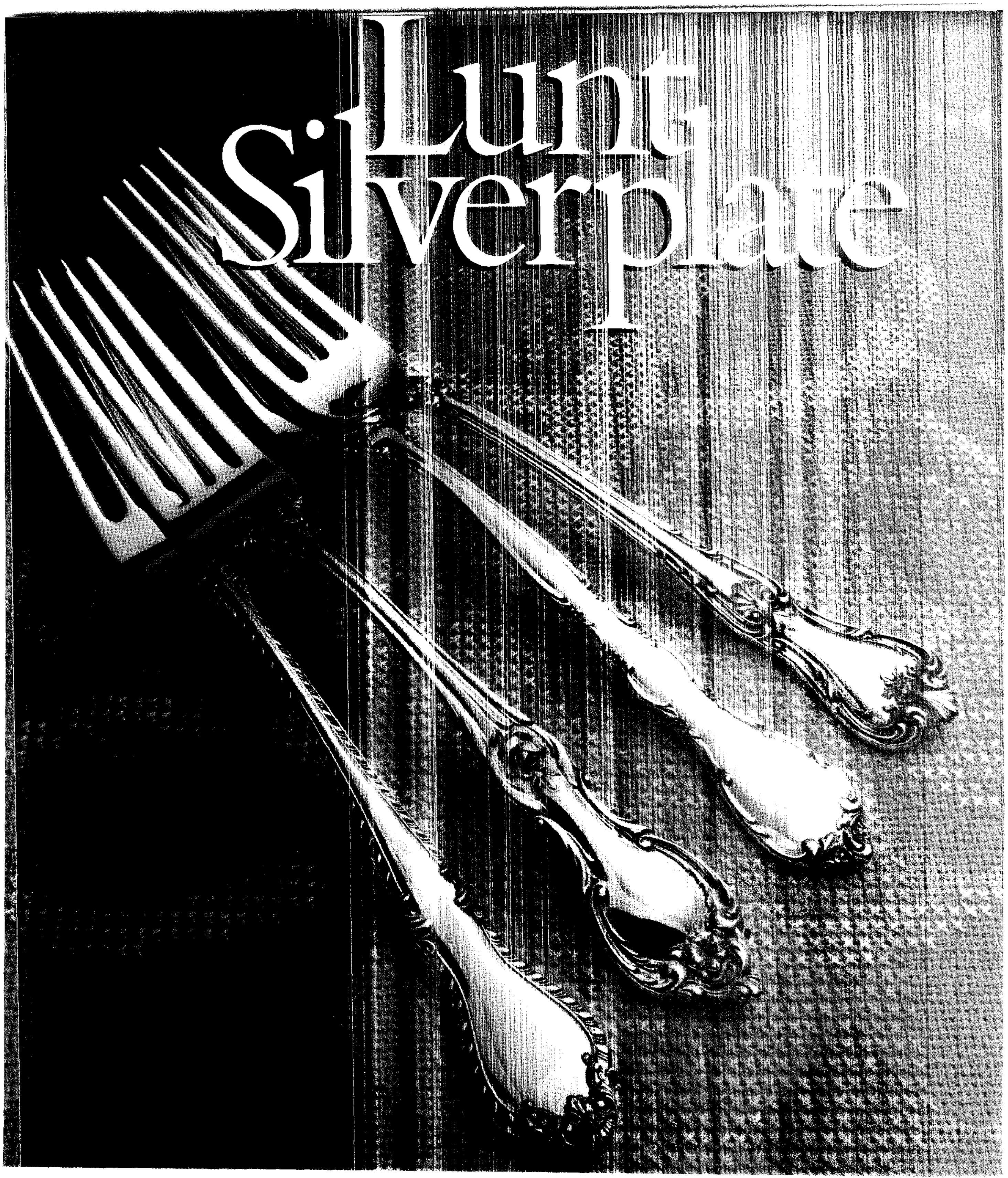

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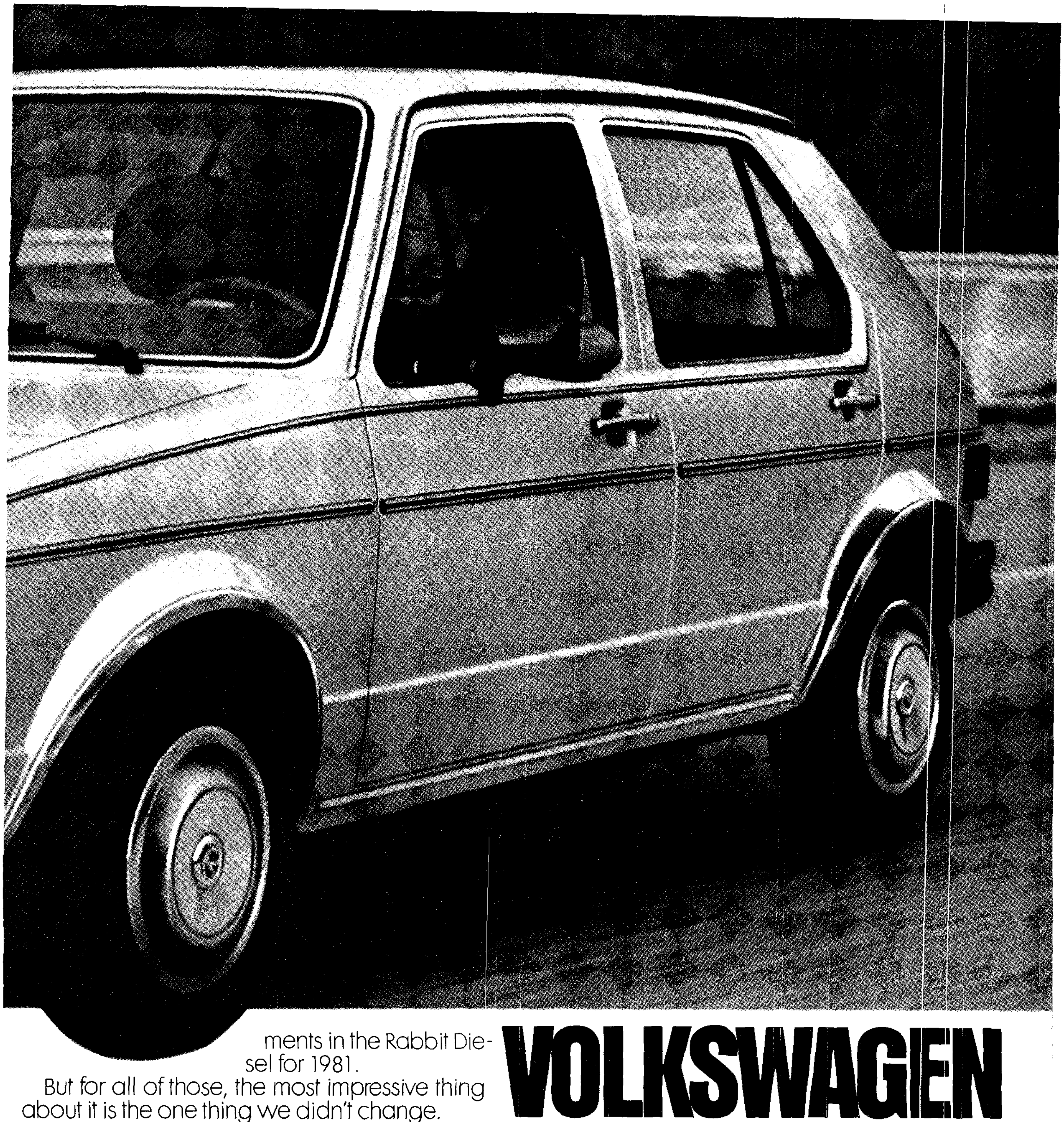

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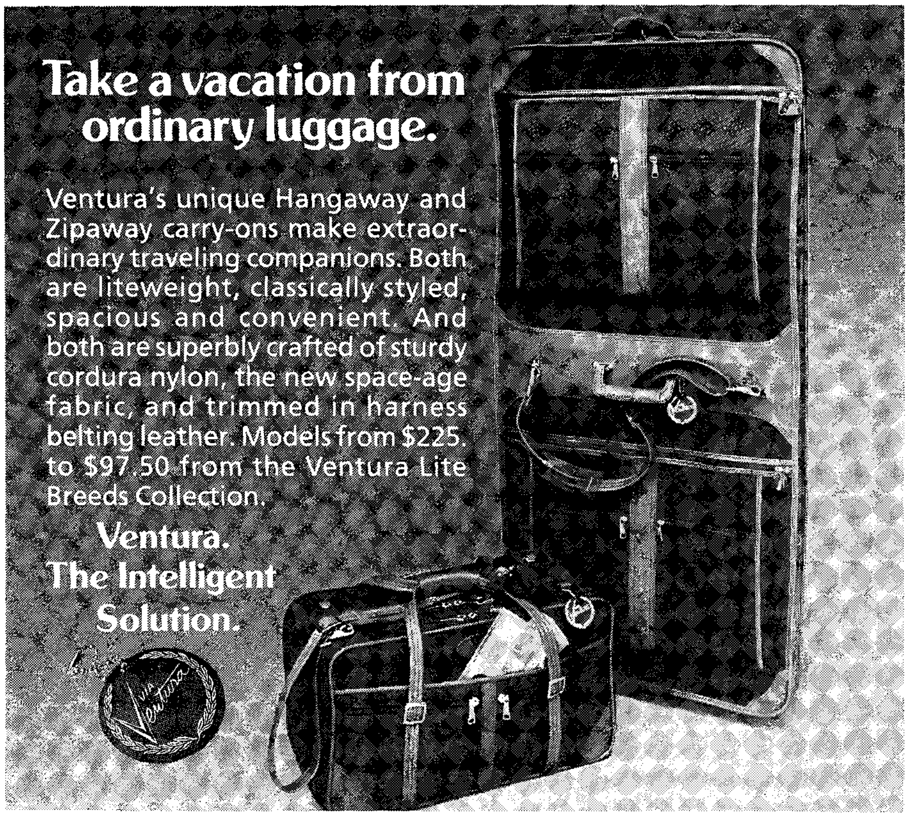
he had been happy when Rabbi Vaylberg praised him. He had never been happy at Oxford or afterward. He had never been happy with telescopes or in the years of obscure teaching. His sisters always said he had no capacity for happiness because he had no capacity for decision. He held the little blue cup while the waves of clamor beat, withdrew, and again riotously beat; he felt perfectly happy. "You want to get Georgie out of here," he said again; "he won't be able to study." "Georgie isn't much of a studier. What he likes is baseball. That's why he's over at Stuart's, for practice." She reflected; it made her eyes dim. He was not used to seeing them without their spark. She asked, "Where would we go?" "Come to me," he said.

So they worked it out between them. She called him Reuben for the first time; she had never once said Mr. Karpov. When he was leaving she sang down the stairs after him, "You're so self-important! You think you're absolutely somebody!"—because he had spoken that way about Georgie. And then, right through the Bertolinis' racket: "You won't mind that Georgie isn't a studier?" He gave no answer. She would not have heard him anyhow.

SEVERAL mornings afterward he stopped Mrs. Roseleaf at her classroom door. "How is Georgie Darvin getting on?"

Mrs. Roseleaf was an honest woman. She was on the Scriptural side of the Curriculum, like Figler; but she said nothing about work. "The children like him. He makes friends. I suppose he could have more imagination."

Normal. It is normal not to have too much imagination. At the same time he wished Mrs. Roseleaf cared more about real work, like Figler. There were too many posters in her room. He put his head in to find Georgie. It was difficult to pick him out—the small boys, in their plaid shirts and sober-colored pants, all looked alike. The girls seemed more particularized. When he recognized Elise's son he was pleased by how pretty he was: a sweet firm little neck like his mother's, and a rapid smile. It bothered him that the smile was so rapid, so recurring, so perpetual. Sometimes it is necessary not to smile. As usual Mrs. Roseleaf's hands were white with papier-mâché. She had acquired her miniature celebrity through her elbows and her feet,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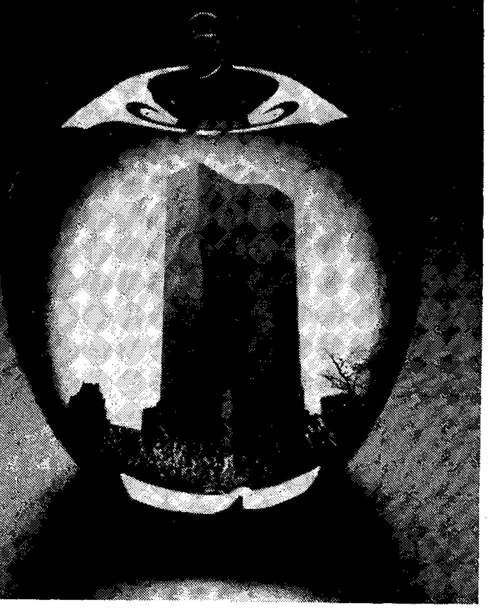

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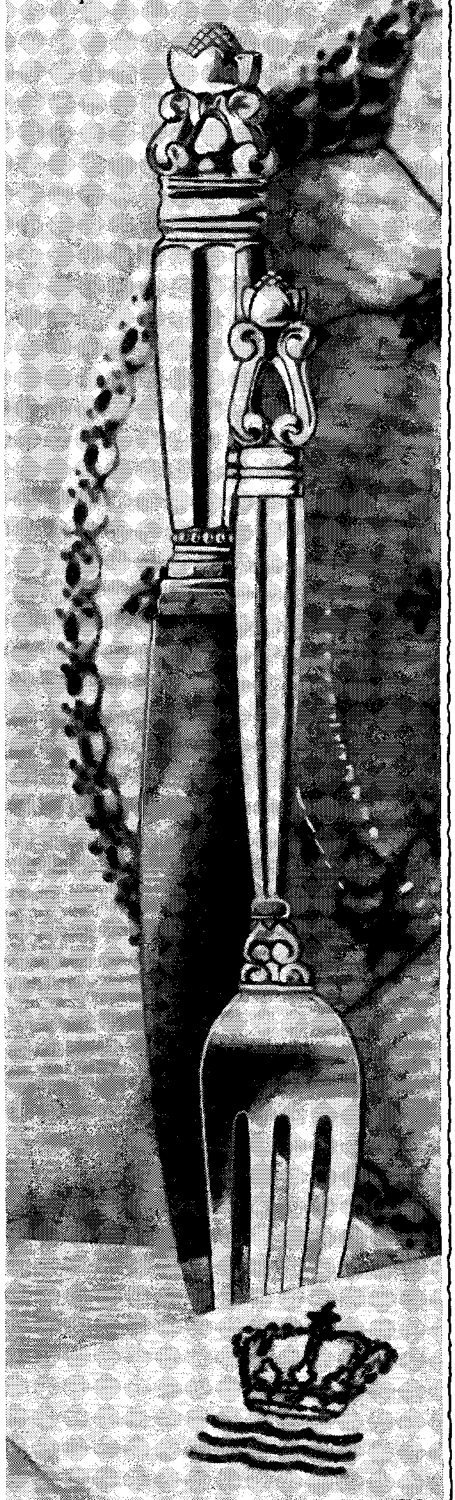

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which she turned this way and that in order to demonstrate the shapes of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. He thought of Tutinsky's solid sheets of vocabulary lists: as solid and concrete as bricks. What a loss, what a fool he was, to have driven out Tutinsky, like Hagar, for the sake of Marla Salem's child!

He telephoned Marla Salem. The familiar croak, the barb, the dark bird's caw of dark Europe—it settled into his ear strangely now; his ear was full of lightness and cheek. Elise giggled often; she was a scandal among the secretaries. He had made her promise to say nothing; she was not to call him Reuben where anyone could hear. He, too, would soon be a scandal. The scandal was only waiting for the mothers to sniff it out. It seemed to him one or two already suspected, and were signalling romantic eyes at each other in parody.

He had planned how this conversation would go. It would be purposeful—he had his news to get to. He said, "Mrs. Salem." He gave her his courtliest tone: "It was so good of you to let Hannah bring me your paper"—and then disliked himself for it. Preening, self-important!

There was no response, or else an invisible bewilderment; at length a strange little burst. "Yes! That paper! I forgot I sent you that, it was ages ago, Hannah took it—" She stopped. "Was it hard going?"

"You don't think well of my capacities," he said in the same embroidered, heavy, preening way, "if you ask me that." Oh, self-important, he thought he was absolutely somebody! "The truth is"—already he felt out of control, he felt she was pressing him to confess something against his will—"I haven't got into the meat of it."

"You mean you haven't read it."

"Not yet."

"You won't and you can't."

There was a bruise in her voice he had not heard before. She was bruised and bruising. He detected some new belligerence. The day of the birthday she had lost herself, she was all fragments. She was different now. She was hard. He had not expected this; it made an obstacle. He wanted to come to his news. "I *will* read you," he said, conciliatory. "I always read you."

"And then you praise. *Absolvo te.* When you read me, no matter what it is, you compliment me afterward. I don't want to be complimented."

She was pushing him out of the way

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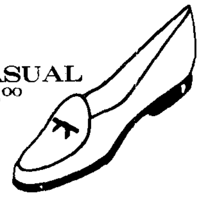

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of his intention. "I haven't called to give compliments," he protested.

"Then it's to give insults. You want to talk about Hannah."

How brutal she was! How brutal she made him appear! "No," he said, "not Hannah." But this, too, seemed wrong; he tried to undo it. "Is she happier now? Hannah? Rabbi Bruman always praises her drawings."

"Is Mr. Figler happier now? Wherever you've put him?"

"It's impossible to talk to you."

"First it's impossible to read me, now it's impossible to talk to me! What's to be done, am I so inaccessible—"

"You're being hard on me," he said.

"Yes."

"You sent that paper with Hannah just for that, just to be hard."

"Oh yes," she said.

It was as if she was calculating, weighing. All he wanted was to give his news! He asked, with so much simplicity that now no one could call him self-important, "Why are you being hard on me?"

"You don't proceed. You're glued in place. You're a man who stops too soon. You deduce the future from the present. All despots do. You're stuck."

He listened to this caravan with all his attention. "I have it in mind," he said, "to be married." He waited. He heard nothing. "You can't say I'm stuck. It's May and December, that's not being stuck." Again he waited. "After all these years," he said finally, earnestly, "I'm to become ordinary."

"You were never extraordinary."

She had cut him but he did not bleed. "Not in your way, no." He meant he was abnormal in his own way. He did not mind it that she had called him a despot. "You think I'm a fool to want a wife. At my age."

"Is it a wife you want?"

"What else would I want?"

"A child."

"Oh yes," he said, "yes. She's young enough for that. May and December, I told you. She already has a son. She was married before, I don't mind that. A first grader, a nice pretty little boy."

"Is *she* very pretty?"

"Oh yes, very pretty. A nice simple little woman. She's not afraid of anything."

"You mean she doesn't flatter you."

He laughed freely now. "She's intrepid!" He wondered all at once whether Marla Salem was jealous. He asked himself whether he had tele-

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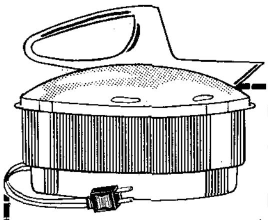

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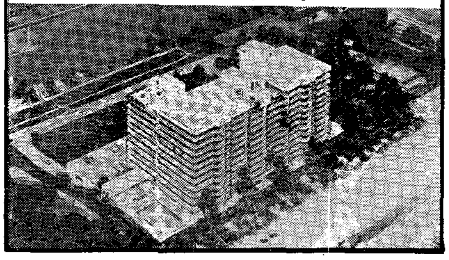

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phoned her just for that—to learn whether she would be jealous. A lone woman with a child. Her position was exactly the same as the new bookkeeper's. The receiver was moist with the sweat of his hold on it. He wished he had gone to see her instead. If he had gone to see her the tumble of her whitening hair would have reassured him: she was more than twenty years older than Elise. "She has a nice quick little brain," he went on, "the ordinary article. Not a deep thinker—she'll do very well for me. The boy's name is Georgie. George David Darvin. I suppose I could adopt him, Georgie Karpov's all right, too. In fact it has the sound of an Odessa violinist, don't you think? George Karpov?"

"The simple little woman has a simple little child," Marla Salem said.

"He isn't my child, he won't ever be my child," he let out. "But if *we* have a child—" He was embarrassed: he was used to the official "we," not this naked one; he was confused; this "we," sent through the wires straight to Marla Salem, shocked.

"If the simple little woman with the simple little child bears another simple little child. And it's yours." She was deepening her blade. "*That's* what eats you. You worry about being father to the ordinary article."

He said nothing.

"You wouldn't be able to take it, is that it? I know how attracted you are to the heights. *Ad astra*. The heights or nothing."

"I've had enough of nothing," he said. "I've had years of nothing. A whole tract. A lifetime."

"Then there's nothing left to say," she said with her terrible clarity.

Now he could begin to bleed. He stumbled after her: "You can take it."

"Take what?"

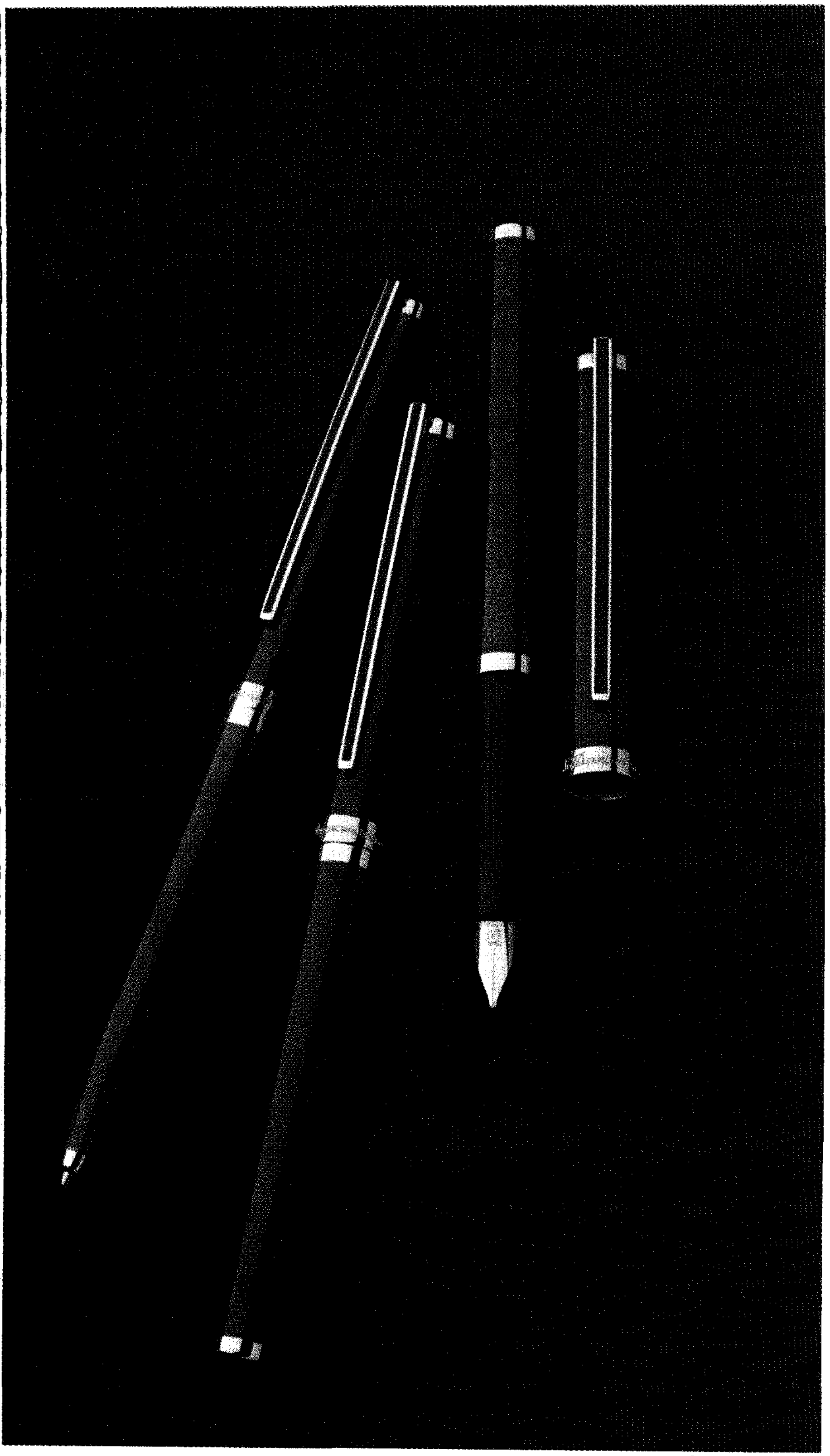
"Hannah." His throat failed him. He brought out a voiceless call. "Tell me how you take it."

"Don't come to me with that! I knew from the start it would lead to Hannah! It's Hannah you're after! You want to hear how I bear up, you think she's an affliction!"

"It's an affliction," he said, "not to be like you."

"Oh, sweet! With that kind of sentiment you ought to propose to *me*."

He heard her hesitate just long enough to let his breath flow into the gap. "Sometimes," he admitted, "I've almost thought of it. But I stopped." He could not tell whether he was prevaricating—was it true? Had he



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ever almost thought of this? "What you are made me stop. You're too elevated. You're too clever. You're too acute."

"I'm too old."

He said slowly into the instrument, "I want my own son. I want someone to say Kaddish for me when I die. I want to be normal."

"Then get married."

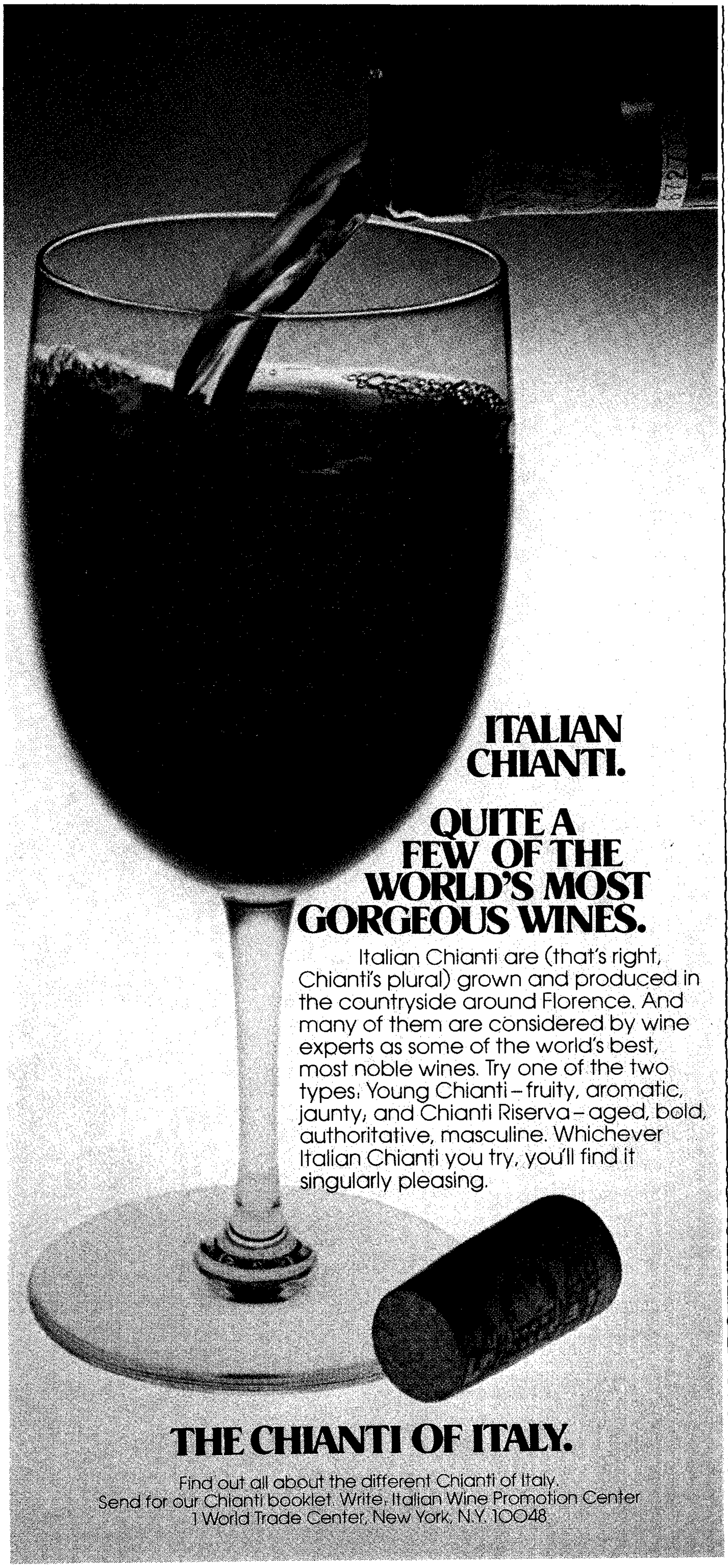
He knew it was a barb. "I want that," he said, all the same.

"It's not a wife you want. It's not a child you want. It's yourself," she contradicted. "Yourself continued. Yourself redeemed. You put yourself at the center. You've been looking into the grave. You want immortality."

Now it was quiet between them. She could not see that he was sick of immortality. He had had his fill of perpetuity. She was obtuse about immortality, she was obtuse about her child. He let a minute pass. He resumed his proper throat. He said with his full voice—not forceful or loud, still very quiet, but whole, "You've never accepted it about Hannah. You've never understood about Hannah and yourself. If you'd ever understood about Hannah and yourself you would know what it is I'm afraid of. Because I'm afraid, I'm a coward—"

"You *are* a coward," she flung out. "You want to know everything in advance—every twist, every contingency, isn't that right? You want to know how things turn out. You want to know how to manage fate. How to manage"—she spread out a length of her own laughter with so much wide distrust that he was able to perceive how it differed in every grain from Elise's busy gurgle—"anguish. Anguish, that's your word for it! Anguish over school failure is what you don't want! What you can't swallow! It won't go down your gullet! The headmaster can't be put in a position where he might have to flunk the fruit of his own loins! Tell me—am I right? Am I right? Say it!" She was panting; he heard it clearly. "*You've* never understood about Hannah! Never! What you've done is write her off, I told you! Only a coward would write her off! You and your cockatoo teachers, your lackeys, your eels and worms! Figlers and Mieblans, the ignorant, the ignorant!"

He hated it that they had the telephone between them now. He thought what it would be like to see her face in passion—her scholarly face, with its small eyes and tiny glimmering wart,



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its heavy innocent chin; he wanted to fight her.

He said, "You think I'm a fool but I'll show you how clever I am. I have my limitations but I can be clever."

"You must be clever. You read me."

"Read you! Exactly! That's the point, I read you! That last thing Hannah brought, what's it called—Structure—Silence—"

"But that's just the one you didn't read," she said neatly.

"Dead! Silent! That's how she came! A deaf-mute! Always like that! You see what I'm telling you? Your daughter carrying this—this Silence, and like a deaf-mute hands it to Elise, never opens her mouth. So I found you out. Just then. Then and there. I found you out, I'm on to the secret of your brain—"

"Elise?" she broke in. "Is she the one?"

"My fiancée. A bookkeeper. My bride." Offering her these words like a sacrifice: she would despoil them, she would scorn them.

"The headmaster's bride," she murmured with this new scoffing passion of hers. "The secret of *my* brain? Why not tell the secret of the bride's? Or is there no secret because there is no—"

"Mrs. Salem!" he yelled. "The fact is I've got you deciphered! Decoded! I know where it comes from! Imagistic linguistic logician, the whole mouthful of it!" He was making himself stolid against her. He was making himself brave. "Everything you say or invent or think or write comes out of Hannah. You're listening to the truth. It all comes out of Hannah."

She cried, "Leave out Hannah!"

"All your metaphysics. All your philosophy. All your convictions. All out of Hannah. You justify her," he said. "You invent around her. You make things fit what she is. You surround her. I'm on to you! If Hannah doesn't open her mouth, then you analyze silence, silence becomes the door to your beautiful solution, that's how it works! If Hannah can't multiply, then you dream up the metaphor of a world without numbers. My God—metaphor! image! theory! You haven't *got* any metaphors or images or theories. All you've got is Hannah. Any idea of yours—look into it, look right *at* it, and what you'll see is the obverse of Hannah. Wherever there's a hole in her—a deficiency, a depression, a dent, an absence—you produce a bump. You make up something to suit the hole, to

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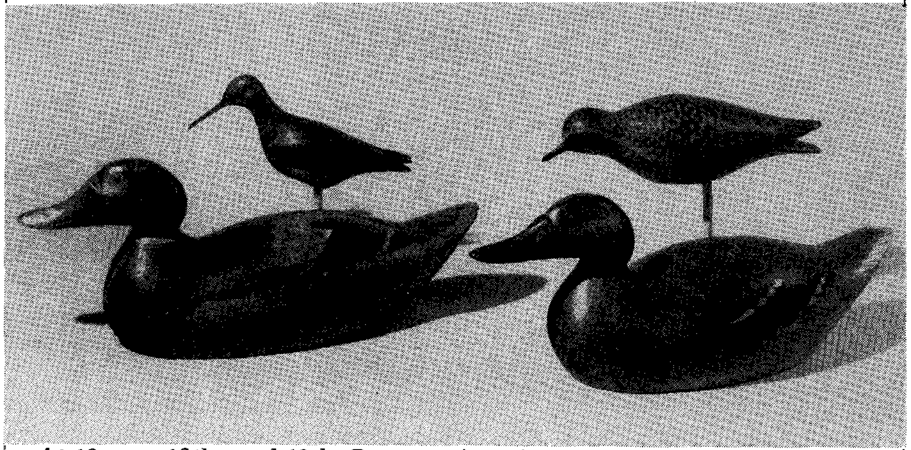

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account for it. You compensate for everything. You re-tailor the universe. You haven't got any ideas. You've only got Hannah."

How hollow his voice was in the instrument! But he kept it up. "Now," he said—what a triumph—"*now* am I stopping too soon? Now haven't I gone all the way?" It was as if, inside the tunnel of their little black baal, she was meditating and meditating. What a satisfaction, what bliss, it would be to gaze at her now, to gaze for a long time!

"Don't tell me I still haven't gone far enough!" he said. "The last consequence isn't too far—isn't this Marla Salem's own principle? Carry every image to its ultimate turn? Leave out nothing? Don't succumb to earliness! Never stop too soon! And that's the reason you've been able to bear it—the disappointment. Because you've made use of it. Without Hannah to show the way you wouldn't have a subject matter! A thesis! Without Hannah where would you get your ideas about pedagogy? About silence? About emptiness? You'd be a barren pot! You'd be no more glorious than some little teacher trying to put over a scrap of geography without a map! You *need* her! You need her to be nothing, so you can be something. She's Genesis Chapter One, Verse Two—*tohu vavohu*, unformed and void, darkness over the deep, so you can spin out your Creation from her! . . . Remember that joke of yours, how you called yourself *chaos ex machina*? It wasn't a joke. You call *me* a despot! Look how you use, you eat, you cannibalize your own child!"

HE understood then that she had hung up some time ago. The air in the receiver weighed empty in his hand. Void. And after that the headmaster's life went quickly, quickly. He was astonished at how quickly it could go now. Everything became a plan. He put away his sneakers. He had no time to run in the mornings; he had no time at all. The new bookkeeper looked over his dark rooms; she did not like them. They would have to be renovated, the little windows removed and new big ones framed out instead, for the light. He slept among carpenters' debris, broken sticks, powdery old plaster, but in reality he did not sleep much; there was so little time, there was so much to buy. A new table, a bureau, many new chairs, a new bed. Elise was worried about Georgie. He was not doing well in the first

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grade. He was too easygoing, he wanted to have fun. She wondered if they should put him in a different school, a simpler one, not so pressured and competitive, without a Dual Curriculum—but how could they, how would it look for the headmaster's soon-to-be stepson to have to go away? Karpov offered to adopt Georgie. She was uncertain. She felt he did not like to give his name to a little boy who wasn't smart enough even for the baby stuff in the first grade. They tumbled the question between them, but they were very busy, there was no time to think properly, there was so much to be done. They decided to announce their engagement in May, around graduation time; but the news was already out, the mothers were already laughing and making eyes, the doctors were already mocking with coarse fingers and shaming jokes, already the wedding presents were beginning to come in.

In April Karpov told Elise that he had consulted with Dr. Macy. Georgie was almost seven. He was too old to change identities—it would affect his whole future outlook. It would harm his libido. He should keep his own name, George David Darvin, and not become George Karpov, an Odessa violinist. "An Odessa violinist?" Elise said; she did not understand. "Dr. Macy thinks he should be left alone, he shouldn't be adopted." "Oh," Elise said. The sheen ebbed from her eyes. "Why did you say Odessa violinist? Do you think he might have an aptitude for music?" She watched Georgie all the time now; she watched his aptitudes. She stood over him while he did his homework and she would not let him go out to throw his ball. She shouted at the Bertolinis, and told them not to shout; Georgie had to study. The boy with the amplified electric guitar said something ugly, and after that she would not speak to any of the Bertolinis. She instructed Georgie to keep away from all of them, no matter how much he liked to play with the oldest daughter's second baby. She wished the headmaster would make the carpenters hurry up, so she and Georgie could get away from the Bertolinis; you couldn't hear yourself think in such a house. Georgie was upset; Mrs. Roseleaf scolded him because he kept forgetting yesterday's lesson; he was eating too much cake, and getting fat.

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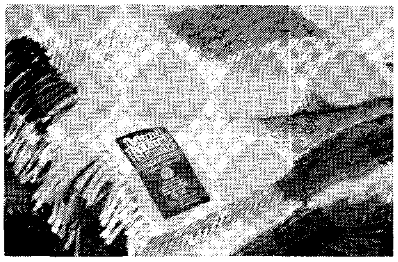
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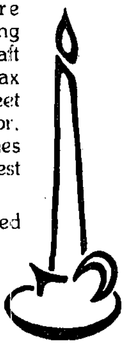

—the lawns newly mowed, brightly verdant, the crickets yelping high. In a certain deep stone-littered dell where the mower could not go without endangering its axle, the uncut dandelions in their hundreds burned yellow as butter. The little incline behind the snowy lions made a natural dais; Karpov sat up there on a folding chair, flanked by Figler and Mieblan, while young Rabbi Bruman tapped the microphone on the lectern; he blew into it with such a noise that the guests, spread over the fields, turned. Then Mieblan went down the hill to organize the march: first the Color Guard, recruited from the seventh grade, then the eighth-grade girls two by two, followed by the eighth-grade boys, also two by two. The choir—the whole fifth grade—was testing its uneasy throat under the darkling eaves of the bread millionnaire's ancient mansion. Karpov heard them tuning up: *The Minstrel-Bo-oy to the war is gone*, and then *Chevaliers de la Table Ronde, goûtons voir si le vin est bon, goûtons voir, oui oui oui!* The dusk was coming down now, and the fathers had begun to flash their cameras like fireflies. The guests settled on rows and rows of folding chairs—behind them the field, already growing dusk-gray, over which the graduates would trail; and, beyond, the blackening beach, the water slashed red by the sun's last track. Somewhere among the mothers Elise sat under her golden bangs, shining; she rejoiced in the scandal of being the headmaster's first and only bride, the bride of his old age. They had totted up all the others: the Misses Sehnsucht, Greenberg, Radovsky, Citron, Adler—all those others whom no one of a decent vintage could recollect by now, faces and names and occupations and gifts lost along with the zealous matchmakers of early generations; and the phantom sweetheart destroyed in the blitz, on whose account Karpov had, romantically, never married. Mimi Adler, they recalled, had played the piano, and was particularly remembered for being a social worker with intellectual tendencies; Sylvia Radovsky used to do watercolors, and very nicely; Elaine Citron was known in her prime for having a perfect complexion, and still he had passed her by. These were all fine ample women now, the mothers of lawyers and professors, and Elaine Citron, in fact, was the grandmother of fraternal twins, one girl and one boy: Lori and Larry. And still he had passed them all by: until *this* one, with

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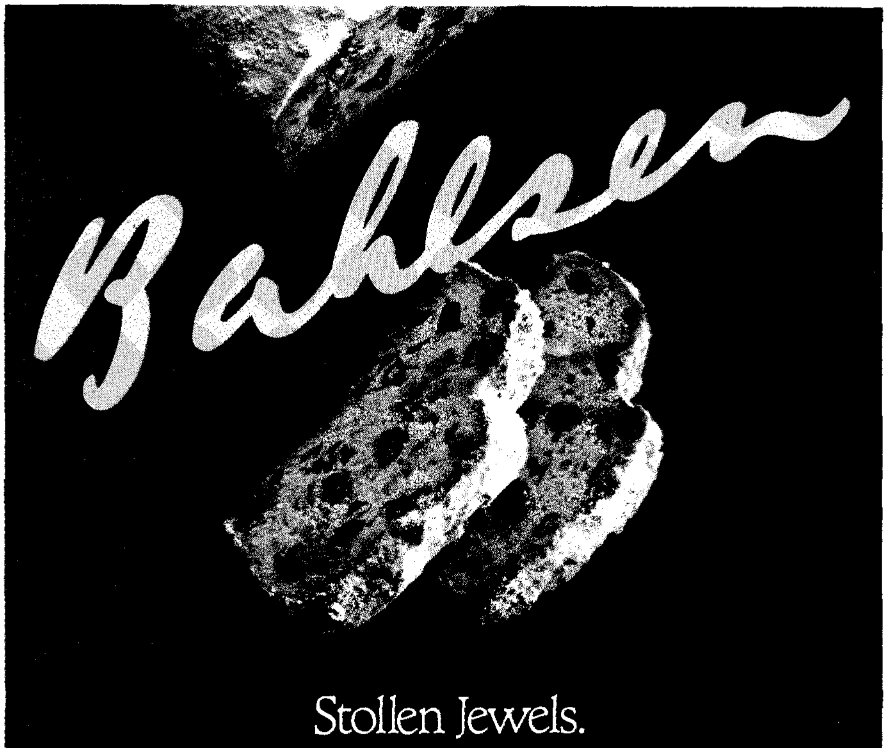

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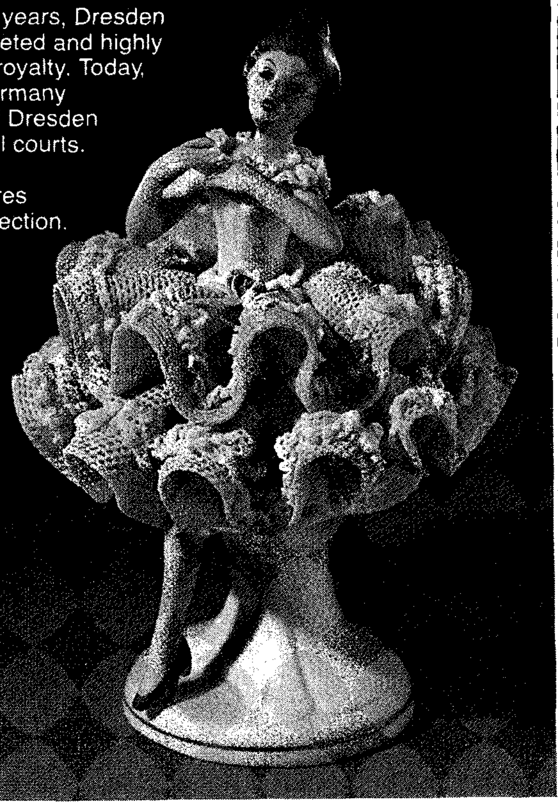

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Echos of an elegant past

a saucy tooth and no prettier than any of the others, a divorcée! Her little boy was running wild; Mrs. Perlman had to reach out and squash him down into a seat, because the March from "Aida" had started—the first star was out—and the eighth-grade girls were sailing slowly down the middle aisle, two by two, over the shuddering grass in their starry gowns, clasping their nosegays, down toward the lions' alabaster heads, and then up the hill toward the headmaster. He saw Dr. Charles Merkava kneeling handsomely, like a young knight, with his beeper on his belt, pointing a complicated-looking camera, which now and then violently flashed. He saw Mrs. Peg Merkava, Mrs. Hortense Levin, Mrs. Barbara Smith, Mrs. Edith Busch, Mrs. Dorothy Fenster, Mrs. Rita Kirschenblum, side by side in the same row; and he saw their sons and daughters, Gregory Smith the tallest boy, Marcus Kirschenblum the smallest; he saw Melanie Merkava and her pack, all of them spiralling like seraphim up the hillock toward him, a gossamer squad of innocents and teary beauties. Hannah Salem went by, her pale hair captured at the temples by a white band—he put out his hand to something invisible, as if his finger might poke straight through. "Is your mother here?" She nodded, with startled eyes, then set one foot tensely in front of the other, so as not to fall out of step with "Aida." He could hardly tell her apart, in her flossy little gown, from the other white-banded forms moving solemnly near. Then it was time to deliver his address into the microphone, standing at the lectern; after that he announced the awards for academic excellence. Again and again Melanie Merkava mounted the hill to applause; so did Ronnie Fenster and Shira Busch, but not so often as Melanie; Melanie was the Class Valedictorian. She came to the microphone and read her speech. "We, the newest graduating class of our beloved school, look forward with confidence to our happy future," she began, "with gratitude to our honored teachers and parents, and to our esteemed headmaster, whose gracious words '*ad astra*' will remain with us for many years" —she had once told Mrs. Mieblan her ambition was to be a pilot and ride in the air. It was Karpov's thirty-fourth graduation ceremony; they were all alike; he was fatigued. During the course of his address—in his own ears how paltry, how indifferent —he did not remember about Elise;

he was thinking of Marla Salem.

The exercises ended in the dark. There was a scuffling, a trampling, a tumult of voices, cars splattering gravel, handshakes, shrieks, spilled ice cream, streamers. Elise stood beside him, a consort; he was charmed by how she teased him in front of all the mothers. And really now they did not seem at all like adversaries—they gathered around Elise as if she was some curious little bird from a far continent. Then the little bird began its banter, and everyone laughed, with such good will, and looked at him in a way they had never looked at him before. They asked him new kinds of questions—whether the wedding would be large or small, which rabbi would preside, how the reconstruction of the carriage house was coming along, and how many bedrooms it had: suddenly he was being treated like a young man everyone was interested in—like a bridegroom, and he knew it was because of Elise, who bent her head so naturally, so sweetly and winningly, and had such a proud radiance, which she shook out like wings opening. Georgie scurried by, and Elise swooped him up and kept him by her, and everyone smiled at him as if he was the most important little person they had ever seen. Then the new graduates ran up, carrying their autograph books, and the headmaster had to sign each one, and Elise had to sign, too, just as if she was one of the teachers; she wrote the same thing in every book—"Good Luck for Your Future 'Hi-School' Years"—and he was not annoyed by this or even by her handwriting, which was almost like printing, very firm and simple and straight up and down, only with a round porthole instead of a dot over the "i." He felt at home with her handwriting—even with the porthole. She was what he expected her to be, a kindhearted and sensible person whom everybody liked. He drove her to the Bertolinis' house—they no longer called it *hers*—and he knew that, because of Georgie's bedtime (he had to be sung to every night, sometimes for more than an hour), Elise would send him away; if he stayed he would scold her for making Georgie infantile.

WHEN he turned back into the school grounds—it was deep night now, the woods were black, and through the seaweed-fragrant air he could hear the remote clack-clack of the truckmen folding the chairs and loading them—he noticed someone

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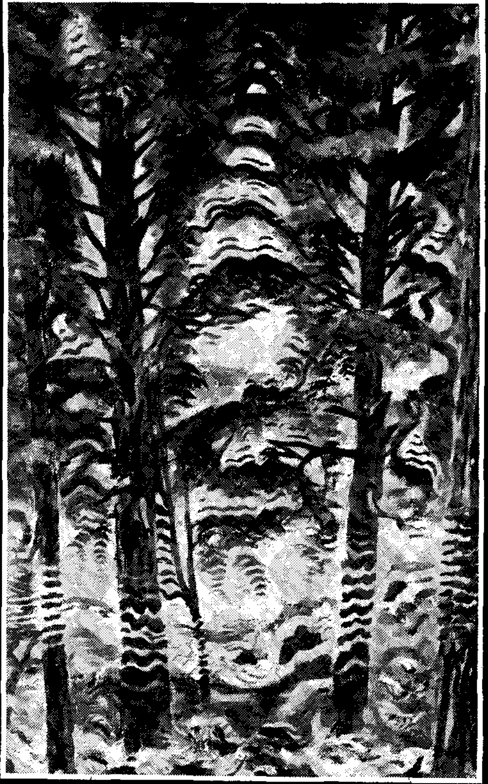

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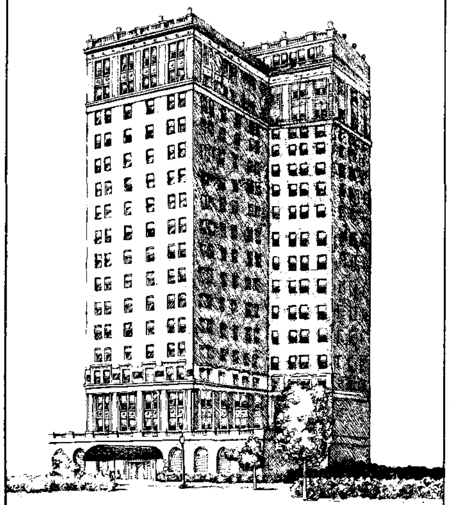

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hurrying alone down the private road that led to the highway. With accusatory brightness his headlights picked out a large woman walking almost as quickly in her own direction as his engine was moving him in his. In the brilliant beam her uncovered hair stood up stark white: it was Marla Salem. She had grown wider; her chin seemed broader, her shins stouter. It was eight months since she had put the receiver down without his knowing. He never telephoned her again. Her books lay in a box. The essay Hannah brought him was still in a drawer of his desk, but he had never looked at it since. He never thought of her—only just tonight, in the middle of his address; he did not like supposing that Marla Salem might sit there damning him, when all he meant to say was what any principal would say. Gratulation and aspiration, repetition and convention, no different from all the years before—only that he had left out *ad astra*. Mrs. Peg Merkava expected him to put it in—that was why she had made Melanie put it in; but he had left it out. During the ceremony he forgot he was an engaged man. There was no honor or award of any kind for Marla Salem's daughter, no mention of any kind, she was invisible; the mother could not be surprised. He judged it better to pass her by on the road; then he was sorry. "Hey!" he called. "What's the matter? Don't you have a ride?" She did not own a car.

"Everyone's gone."

"Isn't Hannah with you?"

"She's over at the Merkavas'—a graduation party. Melanie's mother took the girls in a station wagon. She was going to drop me off at the bus stop, but she forgot—I don't know, maybe there wasn't any room. And all the other parents left before, because the girls were dawdling. It's all right, I'll find a taxi out on the street—"

"How does Hannah get home?"

"They're all staying for the night. A slumber party."

He drove on, concentrating, until he came to the gravelled bus stop. Then he wheeled slowly round and caught up with her; she was already approaching the gates.

"I'll take you home."

"All right."

He could not decide whether or not he would take the risk of conversation. For five minutes he drove and said nothing. She kept her head turned to the open window. He felt he had the manners now of a bridegroom, every-

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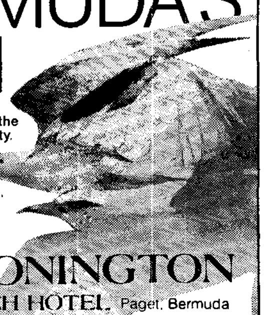

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thing he chose to do was becoming, so he said, "Hannah looked sweet."

"Oh yes. They all did."

"Did you get to meet Elise?"

"No. But some of the others were looking at her. I talked to Mrs. Kirschenblum—she said such interesting things."

He had never known Mrs. Kirschenblum to say an interesting thing. "About Elise?"

"About Elise, yes."

Her house was not far; they were quiet again.

He ventured, "Has Hannah decided where she's going to high school?"

"I'm afraid I've decided for her."

"Mrs. Mieblan thinks she ought to go to the Academy. They keep up something like our Dual Curriculum and they're not so rough on them there."

"I've enrolled her somewhere else."

He stopped at her door. "In the neighborhood?"

"We're leaving the country," she told him, and got out of the car.

He took this in for a long time. "Where are you going?"

"I've been invited to take a post in London." She was standing on the sidewalk, speaking through the window.

He thought of his sisters. "A post? There can't be a Department of Imagistic Linguistic Logic—"

"They call it Language Humanities," she said. "But it comes to the same."

"I suppose you'll get your real recognition over there."

"I've had quite enough over here. I haven't been an American for a dozen years for nothing."

"I've been one for nothing for three dozen. But over there they'll be more in tune. They'll suit you better. Or you'll suit them. London's almost Europe." He put his hand on the wheel, to turn it from the curb; instead he switched the motor off and filled his lungs. He said: "You hung up on me."

She pushed her head through the window and peered at him with her small eyes; he saw the little white wart.

"And now you've begun," she said.

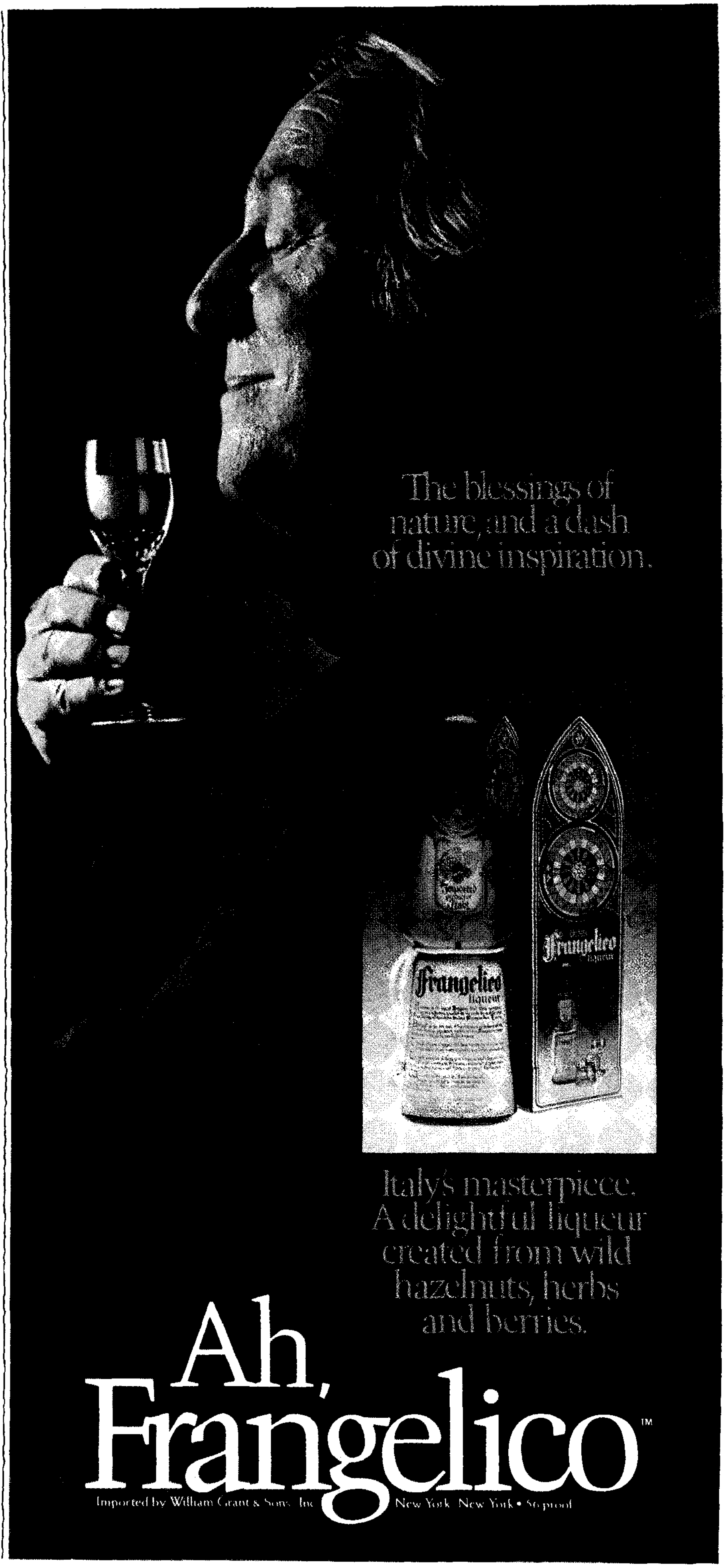
"Begun?"

"Having the child."

"That's in God's hands, isn't it?" he asked. "Whether we have one." He said this outright; now he had no fear of the "we."

"You haven't begun? Mrs. Kirschenblum said she's sure you've begun."

He shut his mouth. He opened his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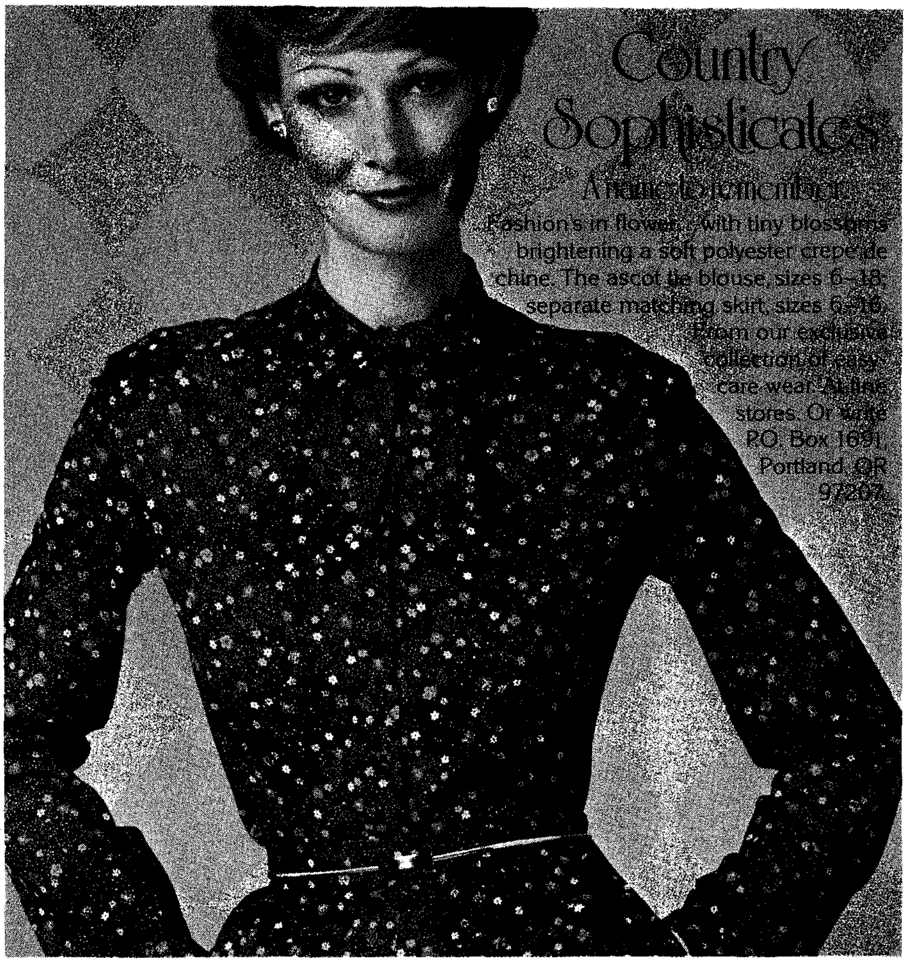
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mouth. "Good Lord, nine weeks!"

"She says the mothers can tell."

How he despised these lactating beasts! "It's one of those mishaps. We've kept it to ourselves, God knows. Nothing shows, you saw that—"

"The look on your face shows."

"Old wives' tales, I don't *have* a look."

"Not the kind they think."

"What kind?"

"Terror."

He recognized her little revenge. He said: "Why did you hang up on me?" His lungs were all at once dry and in pain. "I told you, I can't go through what you've been through."

"I haven't been through anything." She said peaceably, "I'm only waiting."

"I couldn't live with a child like that. Not if it was one of my own."

"What *could* you live with?"

"Intelligence, intelligence!" he cried.

She withdrew her head from the car window. "I wish you what you wish yourself," she said; she was already a few yards off. "I'm sure that's the fairest thing."

He sat in his dismantled rooms for more than an hour, looking at the broken walls; then he telephoned Elise. She had been asleep and woke into sourness. He explained that a trouble hung over them, a genuine scandal, not the playful one of the difference in their years. Everyone knew she was with child. "We're getting married in eight days, Reuben, where's the scandal? That's silly." She liked this excitement. She liked it! It came to him that it was she who had told the mothers. "Go to bed, Reuben. I'm exhausted, I just barely got Georgie to sleep. I thought you got home ages ago."

"I had to drive one of the parents. She was stranded on the road."

"Which one was that?"

"Mrs. Salem."

"I don't know that one, I never saw that one. You've done your good deed for the night, Reuben, so go to bed."

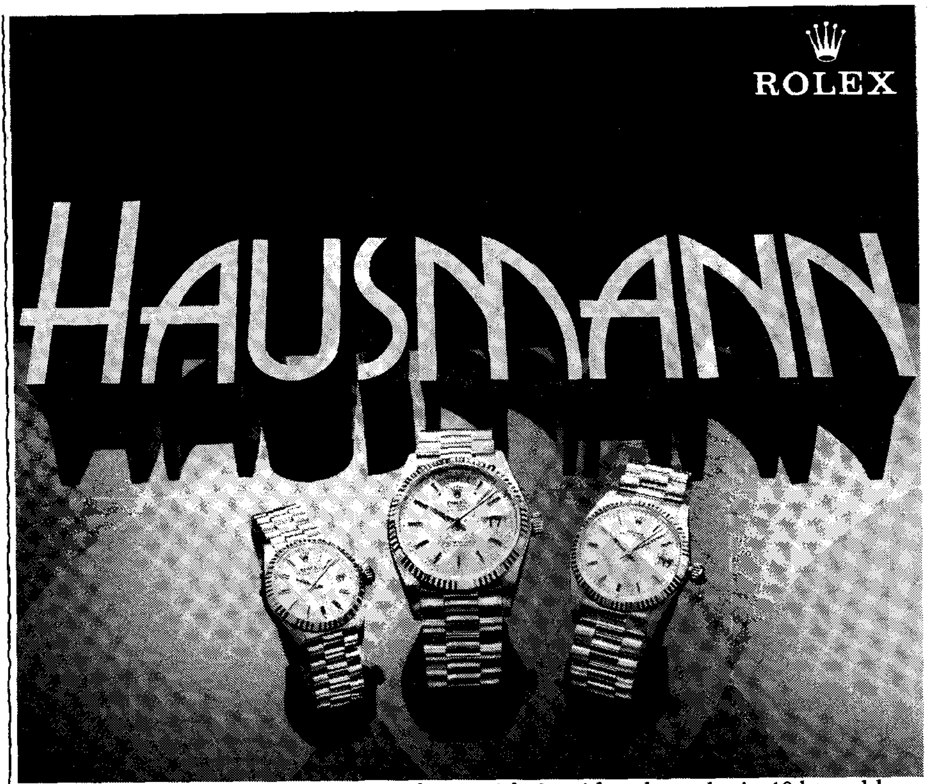
The wedding was private and very small. All the secretaries were invited, to please Elise, and Karpov asked Figler, because Figler had been longest in the school. Just before the little ceremony Karpov told Figler that next year he could have the eighth grade back. Rabbi Bruman would take the fourth. Figler said he held no grudge and nothing was lost, because in just the space of a single term, and in spite of youth and seeming mildness, Rabbi Bruman had established, with old-timers like himself a respectable reputation for firmness: he must be a first-rate stickler, since he had kept Figler's old room every bit as quiet as Figler ever did; he knew how to control them. "I just hope he isn't too harsh. It's *too* quiet in there. He should develop more of a sense of humor and get them to laugh," Figler said.

"Zev," Elise called, "here we are about to have a baby and get married, and all you can talk about is your own popularity!"

IN July they flew to London, to show Karpov's elderly sisters his bride and her little boy. They stayed in an inexpensive hotel up the street from the block of flats where one of the sisters lived, and every day visited her for tea; the other sisters joined them, tumbling out of red buses, embracing fat bundles stuffed with "baked goods." All the sisters smiled at what a funny honeymoon it was—a bright young mummy and a daddy in his sixties and a small chap and a new baby, *kayn aynhore*, on the way. The sisters were delighted with Elise and instantly fond of Georgie. They crammed him with biscuits and said there was nothing so promising for future good looks as a nice handsome plump little chap. They were reasonably energetic and extremely enthusiastic, and they dragged Georgie everywhere to see the sights—they took him to watch the Horse Guards in full dress; they took him, for the beheadings, to Madame Tussaud's, to the Tower of London for the torture instruments, to Westminster Abbey for the tombs, and to Parliament for the fun of it. They even took him on a train to Oxford, to stare at Karpov's old college, and when they asked him what he liked best of all his adventures, he said it was the biscuits.

One afternoon the sister who lived up the street caught a summer cold, so one of the other sisters went with Georgie to the Zoo, and still another pulled Elise out to try the shops. Karpov stayed and had a cup of tea with the sick sister; then she looked for her hot-water bottle and slid down under the quilt with it. Left on his own, he climbed on a bus, got off at a corner near the National Gallery, and wandered among ancient dark paintings in baroque gilt frames. It seemed to him he was no longer a native of this place. At heart he was no different

ROLEX



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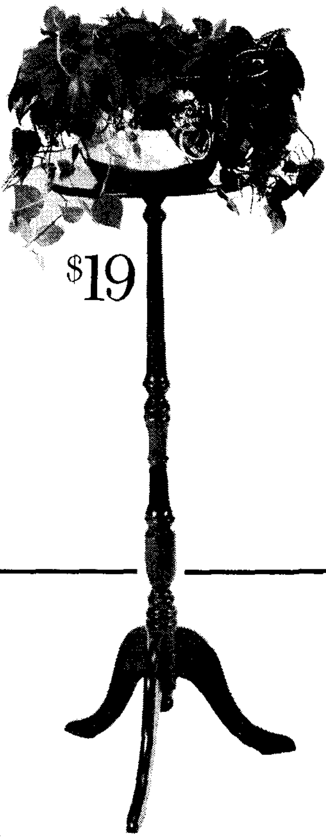

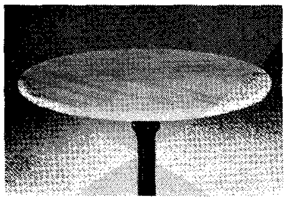

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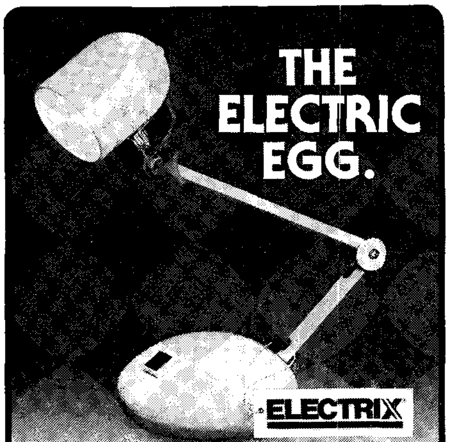
from all these dozens of tourists; he sat on a bench and watched them come and go. It interested him that though he never expected to meet Marla Salem again, or hear her voice, she was in this distant city (distant, it struck him, from *school*), and he could even look her up, if he liked, in the telephone book. A troop of adolescent girls marched by and he imagined that one of them, the last in line, whose pale hair, white-banded, hung down her straight spine and almost hid a tenderly pliant waist, was Hannah. In the dusk of this public cavern she appeared to him angelic, nearly as she had at graduation, during the procession, only now the procession was going round the hall and gazing at old pictures with vivid eyes. If the eyes were vivid, it could not be Hannah. Then he stretched his neck out again and saw that it was. Once more she passed him by, eddying round the walls. He called, "Hannah. Hannah Salem." She turned, with her green stones, and took him in as if he had a flaw; she did not approach. He thought she must be too shy to break away from the others, so he got up and followed them into the next great dim chamber. "Hannah," he called. She did not look behind. The troop vanished into still another hall. Karpov gave up and did not go after them. He lounged his way outdoors into the fine weather and found the right bus and went back to his sister's flat and brewed another cup of tea. Now he was not certain whether he had seen Hannah Salem after all. Schoolgirls of fourteen—she would soon be fourteen—often have pale hair, white bands, long wrists, scanty waists. If Hannah had stopped for him, what could he have said? How is your mother, Hannah? How are you getting on in London? Hannah, he might have said, what a grief you are in the world, to have fallen short of the heights! It's nothing to be a pretty thing like that at your age, but to be what you are, dry and plain, without a will, without a fire, flat, flat, flat, what good is it, defeat after defeat, nothing behind, nothing ahead, never to accomplish, never to distinguish yourself, to be the ordinary article while your mother's brain burns and burns!

He was in deep fear of Georgie.

On the plane going home Elise went to the lavatory; she said she was bleeding in the strangest way. He shook with secret hope. A miscarriage would mark the end of his fear. "Look," she said, "if this one's lost,



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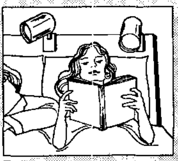

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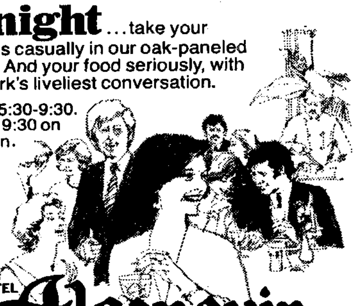

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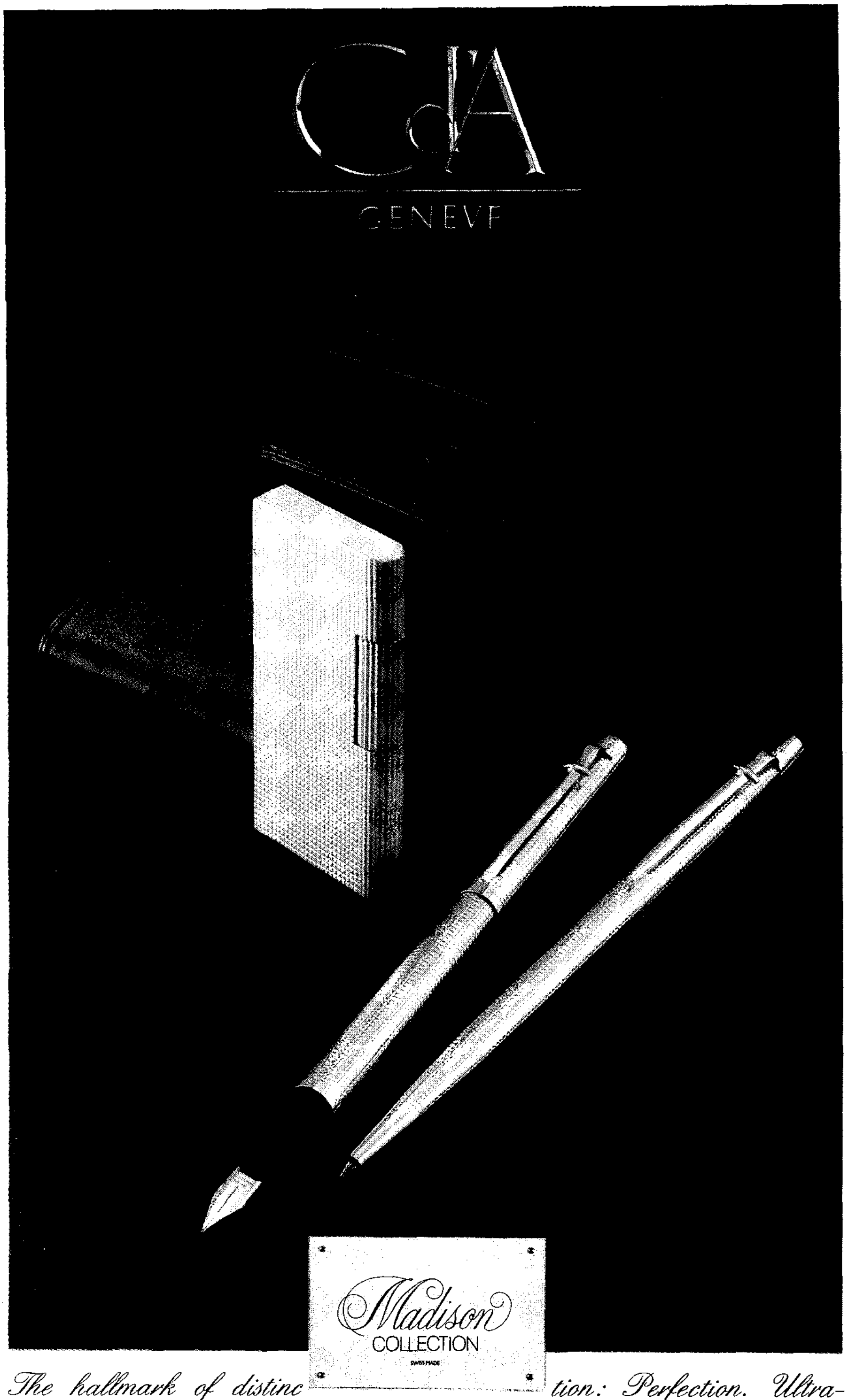
we'll get another. We'll try it again." "No," he said, "if this one's lost, we'll just let it go. I'm too old to be anyone's father." "No you're not, Reuben! You're Georgie's." "All right then. In that case Georgie's enough. One Georgie's enough, it doesn't have to be by blood." He watched her redden. "I think you *do* care about blood. If blood's the thing," she said, "and suppose we've lost *this* one, then you don't want to stop too soon, do you?" These words, so familiar, so terrible, amazed him; they belonged to the philosopher, yet here they were, streaming out of his frivolous little wife. She had a new sweater of Shetland wool, a new bracelet hung with charms, a new tinkling necklace, each a present from one of his sisters. "You've done *very* well, Reuben," the sisters said when they kissed him goodbye. They had bought Georgie a storybook to read on the plane; he did not tell them that storybooks bored Georgie.

It was not a miscarriage, after all—only an unusual episode, and harmless, thank God—and in the middle of December the baby was born, altogether healthy. It was the son Karpov hoped for. They named him Ephraim, after Karpov's dead father; the circumcision took place on the last day of Chanukkah. Georgie was three months into the second grade, but now, as if out of the air, Karpov knew that there were other measures for life. All at once he stopped counting by the school year; he saw everything whole, everything was simultaneous! The infant, with its miraculous head, incited him to mystical emotions. Nevertheless he became normal. He explained this to Elise; but she laughed. "Normal people don't *think* about feeling normal," she said reasonably. Then she asked him whether the teachers were telling him anything about Georgie: "Is he all right? Is he catching on?" Georgie never liked to begin his homework; it bothered Elise; sometimes she shouted at him. Whenever Elise scolded Georgie, Karpov found work to do in his office; he had no appetite to enter those bright rooms over the playground, with so much furniture in them—it was a regular apartment now. Georgie had his own television set; he ate cookies in front of it, and played it very loud when he was supposed to be doing his homework. The baby cried in high huge swells whenever Elise shouted at Georgie. Georgie no longer liked baseball; he was too fat. Now and then Karpov passed through the gravelled bus lot and looked up at his



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own windows—it sounded almost like the Bertolinis' house.

BUT he was normal. It made the time go differently. He wheeled the baby up to the road, and showed him the rabbits and the blades of grass in the wind. Elise promised Georgie he could push Ephraim on the swings when he was old enough. But Georgie took to running away after school; he did not run far, only to the beach, jumping heavily from rock to rock. Some of the rocks were slippery, coated with a slimy moss. Elise worried about the danger, and made Karpov go down to fetch him back for homework. "Georgie, come up," Karpov called, and looked out at the waves, wave after wave, and always the same wave. This meditation no longer scared him. All his old torments were dim. "Georgie, come up!" he yelled. All the while he was thinking of Ephraim. He never noticed how the eighth grade vanished and returned, dissolved and reappeared. He became indifferent to graduation and its blue-black dusks. The old cold cosmic knowledge of recurrence and perpetuity abandoned him; all the while he was thinking of Ephraim. Everything about Ephraim sailed on in a forward line—he always progressed, and he was always singular. You could not duplicate him—he was very bright. He chattered, his eyes sparked like Elise's; but he could learn anything, and in a flash. At four and a half he was quicker than Georgie at eleven; they put him right into first grade. At eleven he was quicker than Georgie at eighteen. At eighteen Georgie went from the Academy to a little college where they would make him into some sort of businessman; but what he really cared about was cars. He did not care about Ephraim; he said the only reason he was going away to college was because he was going away from Ephraim. At college Georgie never asked for money; he seemed to have a whole lot of money; he never spoke of classes. Elise flew upstate to account for so much wealth. Georgie had a job in a garage. Elise came home laughing. "A trick like that!" she said, as if Georgie had a shape and being, as if Georgie had a life. Karpov struggled to imagine what obscurely lay in the chambers of her laughter—those forms and powers swelling like potent sacks under shadows and broken walls.

But Ephraim was very bright. Karpov thought about Ephraim's bright-

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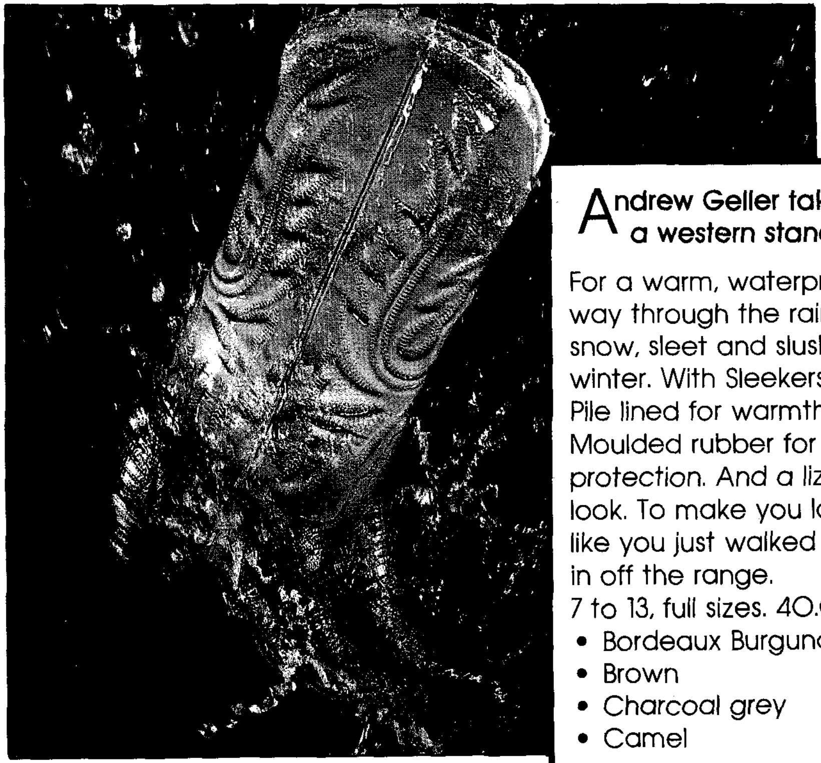

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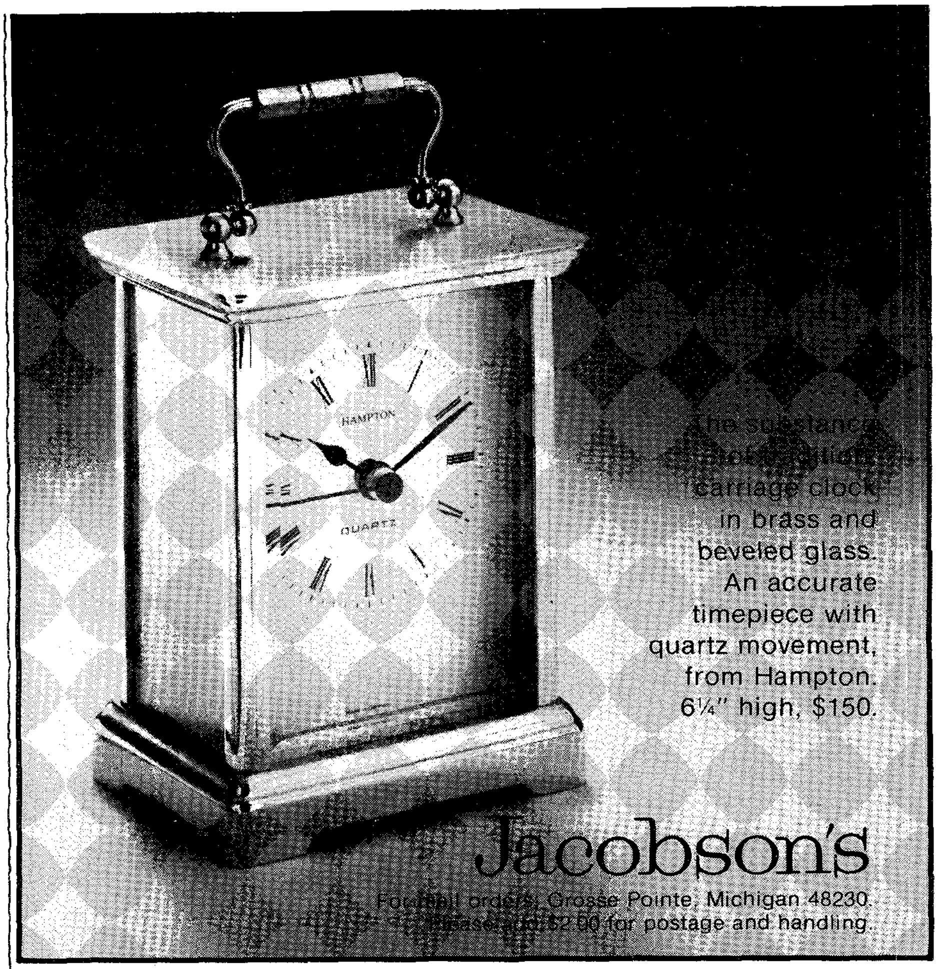
ness all the time, not so much out of relief (though at first, and for a long time afterward, it *was* relief—Ephraim wasn't Georgie) as out of bliss. When he remembered it—sometimes he *did* remember it—he resented that Marla Salem had seen his terror. His terror had become his triumph. Anyhow he had never been afraid at all—she had attributed fear to him because of Hannah. But Ephraim wasn't Georgie. Ephraim wasn't Hannah! He reckoned it out that Hannah must nowadays be a woman in her twenties. There was nothing to imagine about her but how old she had become now that she was fallen into the anonymous flow of humankind. He understood that he had never seen Hannah in London; in that museum it was only a wraith; it was wishful; he was thinking of her mother. Her mother did not belong to the anonymous flow, and yet London had swallowed her up all the same; he never heard of Marla Salem. Her fame (she *had* no fame) was terribly narrow; one would have to be a reader of a certain kind, and he was not. It was only because her shadow had once been flung across his television set that he knew her at all. He had noticed her being noticed; that was her value to him. He recollected how the epistemologists had paid her homage: he supposed she was for the specialists, and always had been. In truth he had never been able to follow all her meaning. But she had thrown over his school a moment of high prestige—eight years out of more than forty *was* only a moment; he had tried to make the most of it; there was never again anyone like her; he admitted to having been dazzled. In spite of all that she was under an enchantment. She wasn't only a thinker; she was a woman. And what had her womb brought forth but Hannah! Elise, with her plain brain, was better than that! *Ad astra!* From the earth to the stars. Elise had gone, not without his combination, from the clay of Georgie to the starry stuff of Ephraim.

Ephraim was the quickest child in his grade. His hand was always the first to shoot up. It was true the teachers deferred to him a little, because he was the headmaster's son—still, they had begun that way with Georgie, too, until Karpov told them not to. "Don't treat him any special way; don't treat him as if you think he's my son; he's not my son, you know," and then they treated Georgie as he deserved. They treated Ephraim as he deserved, only



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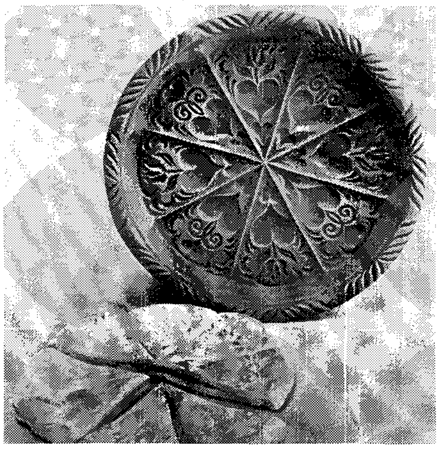
with just a touch of deference—this time Karpov did not object, because deference was just what Ephraim deserved. It was hard to tell what Ephraim was good at; he was good at everything; he didn't have a special talent, unless you counted pleasing teachers. He always asked for extra homework and extra projects, to please the teachers; but Karpov knew it did not please them: it only made them groan, it added to their work, and Karpov felt a private glee, because they didn't dare protest—who would be bold enough to meddle with the headmaster's bright-eyed son? If the class had to write a two-page book report, Ephraim carried in a scroll; he told the whole plot. If the homework was to trace a map, Ephraim built mountain ranges out of plaster, and swiped Elise's pocket mirrors for the lakes. He was ambitious beyond anything; he wanted to go high. No one ever told him to go high; it was the way he was designed. "Give him his head," Karpov admonished the teachers. "Let him go full steam!" Only Rabbi Bruman once said (by now he was married and the father of four tiny daughters—he had stopped looking like a camel-lidded boy; but his voice was still furry and sweet): "Ephraim, you should think about a sonnet, how spare it is. You should think about much-in-little. You should think about a phrase in Gemara, how concise. You should think about the smaller melodies of Mozart when young. You should think about the veins in a leaf." This made Karpov angry. "Don't set limits on my boy! Concentrate on who you are! A little teacher in a little school! Don't judge my boy by your own size! You can't tie him down to your horizon!" Rabbi Bruman said, "I was telling him about how a sonnet has only fourteen lines. Mr. Karpov, even for Shakespeare a sonnet has only fourteen lines, and I was telling him about Mozart—" "Never mind," Karpov said. "Stick to fourth-grade business!"

Elise brought Georgie's television set out into the living room. Georgie never came home at all. He had a partnership in a gas station attached to a used-car lot in Hamilton, New York; his partner was a very good mechanic; Georgie was living with a local girl, a waitress. Karpov was relieved. Now there was only Ephraim.

After dinner they looked at different programs. They had to keep the volume down, not because of Ephraim's homework—Ephraim did his home-



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work in a flash—but because of Ephraim's extra sixth-grade projects. This year both Mieblan and Figler were teaching sixth grade; Mieblan was teaching the American Revolution. Ephraim liked Mrs. Mieblan very much, as much as he liked Mr. Figler, and he was top in Mr. Figler's class. This softened Karpov toward Mieblan. He began to think that perhaps class participation was a good thing after all—Ephraim did so well at it: Karpov marvelled at how quick Ephraim was at finding opinions to hold. For his extra Social Studies project Ephraim had the idea of compiling an Illustrated Biographical Scrapbook—it would contain the life story, from birth to death, of every person who ever had anything to do with the American Revolution, whether on the British or on the Colonial side. He was working on it in his bedroom. His dresser was heaped with pictures cut out of half a hundred magazines. He meant to include Lafayette and any number of Hessians as well. It was his most ambitious project so far; it was so ambitious he had to consult often with Mrs. Mieblan.

"You don't want to do an *encyclopedia*, do you, Ephraim?" she chided him, and regretted it afterward.

DEAR MRS. MIEBLAN [Karpov wrote]:

It has come to my attention that you have been discouraging Ephraim from pursuing a rather remarkable voyage into independent learning. If he produces prodigiously, at his young age, so be it, and I would hope his teachers would not find that an occasion for mockery. (As we all know, Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote his own Dictionary.) Please be good enough to help Ephraim all you can with the gathering of sources. He especially needs more reproductions of well-known portraits. Perhaps you could spend some time in the library with him (the town library, if ours proves deficient) after school hours. I wish I could offer some monetary recompense for this, but you know our budgetary dilemmas.

Faithfully,
R. KARPOV
Headmaster

It was not Karpov's habit to confide his school deliberations to his wife, but because this letter was about Ephraim he came out of the kitchen—he had written it straight off on the kitchen table—into the living room to show it to her. She was sitting in front of the television set, rattling her bracelets in a way that annoyed him. He had only lately grown conscious of the different things she did that annoyed him. She read the letter and shut off the set. "Oh Reuben," she said. "I don't know. They get paid little enough for

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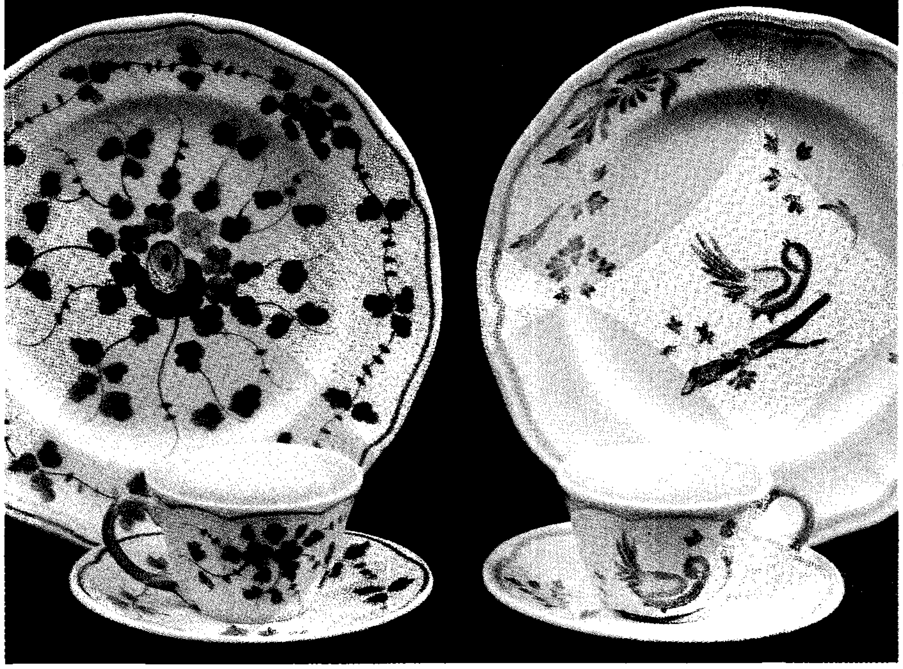

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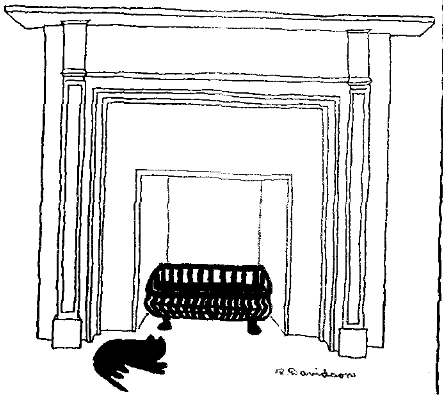
their regular time—" "Now look. Don't start making financial policy. You don't know *what* they get paid. You haven't been near the books for a dozen years. They get paid more now than they got paid then." She reflected a moment; she was forty-two years old, and there were scalloped lines hidden under her bangs. "You know what I think of this letter, Reuben? I think it's an old man's letter. That's what it is." "You don't know what you're talking about," he said, keeping back his temper. "Mieblan hasn't done a stitch of real work in years. It will do her good to put in a little time—I'll enjoy seeing that. She's a sloth. She's a sluggard." "Ephraim likes her." "Ephraim likes all his teachers. Ephraim likes school. Ephraim likes learning." "That's only because he likes coming out on top," Elise said. "Would you rather," Karpov flashed, "have him run a gas station?" "You used to be more of an idealist, Reuben. You used to care about fairness." "Now I'm a father, so I care more about ambition." "Whose ambition?" she said smartly. "Ephraim's." "Only *an old man would say a thing* like that. You don't want anything for yourself anymore. Not even me."

IT was perfectly true. He *was* an old man—he was nearly seventy-six, and in spite of the reminders of the Administration Committee he was not thinking of retiring—and she was the most trivial woman on earth. Nothing she said interested him. She referred often to his age; she referred to it as if it was becoming a derision between them—not the old playfulness, but something new and grave and mean. Her voice was loud. She had too much loose hilarity, she was too bustling, and all her bustle went into making herself glitter. She dyed her hair gold; she had always dyed it gold. She oiled her elbows and her nose and the scalloped lines on her forehead. She poured golden ropes around her neck and over her wrists. She owned a hundred rings. He calculated how, with a little more education, she would be just like Mieblan; with a little more than that, just like Dr. Macy; with a little more (and minus her golden chains), just like those epistemologists long ago. She did not prevent him from putting the letter into Mieblan's box.

He sat with her every night and they looked at television—but always very selectively, and with the volume turned low, so as not to disturb Ephraim in his room. They looked at all the good things on Channel 13: famous old movies, bits of ballet, interviews with museum curators, and once a whole opera. Karpov mainly dozed in his chair. "That's what old men do!" Elise said. The rich benefactor had died years ago; his son and two daughters were running the Administration Committee. Two of Karpov's sisters had also died. He grieved more for his father and mother, and for Rabbi Vaylberg, than for the sisters. The remaining sister was in a nursing home, stone-deaf. Ephraim was now the only one on the planet dear to him. His sisters had never met Ephraim, and in their letters often neglected to ask after him; but they remembered Georgie well and cheerily, and for Georgie's wedding (he married the waitress in Hamilton, New York) they sent him half a dozen huge tins of home-baked biscuits, as an affectionate allusion to his London appetite. Most of the biscuits arrived broken; heaps of crumbs. Such foolish women. Despite Elise's taunt he was not asleep, but he was not attentive, either: he heard the name Salem—did he hear it? or was it another false lure, a crumb of London, or else a remnant of nap he had fallen into after all?—and jumped into alertness. "What's this?" "Something from England again," Elise said. "They're always showing BBC stuff on this channel." "Is it Marla Salem?" "It's about art." "No it's not," Karpov barked. "She's got nothing to do with that. Make the thing louder, can't you?" "Ephraim's working," she chided him.

He leaned forward and turned up the volume. Background music ballooned—something modern-sounding, distorted and high-pitched, like wails—and then letters, words, voiceless, rolling downward, a waterfall. He read on the face of the tube: NEW MOVEMENTS ON THE ART FRONTIER. "Did *you* hear Salem?" "*I* don't know, Reuben, you're going to annoy Ephraim." He said impatiently, "She



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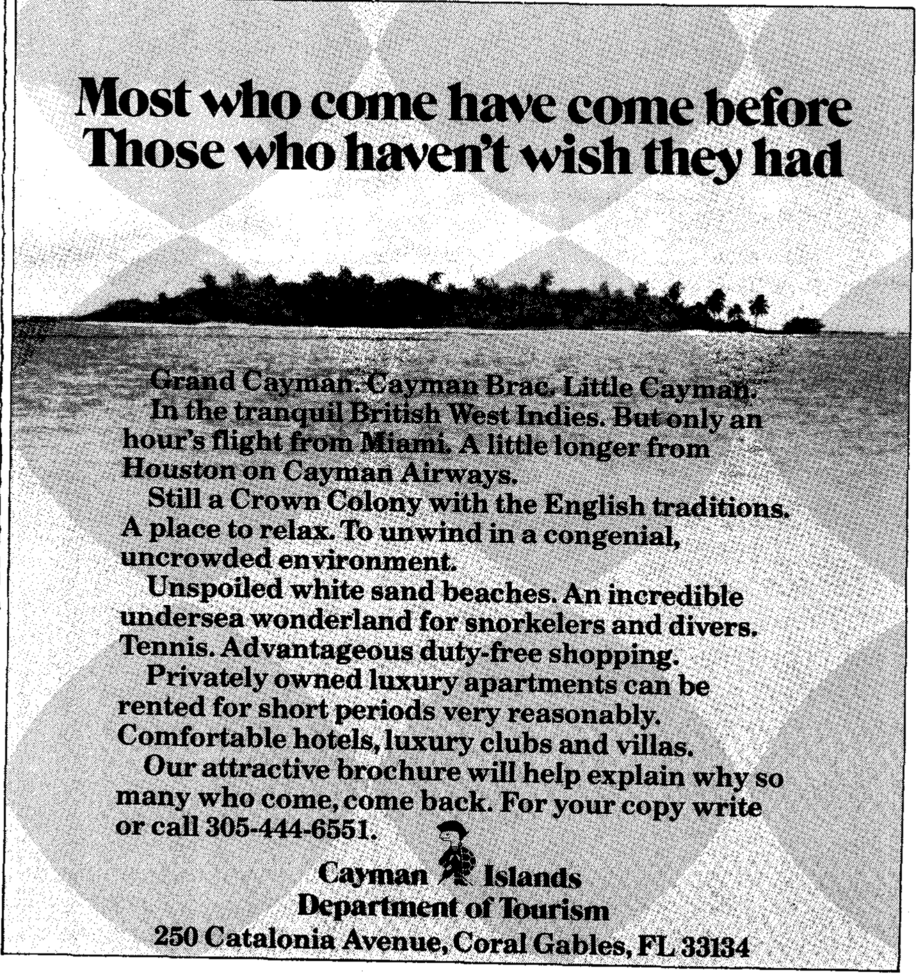
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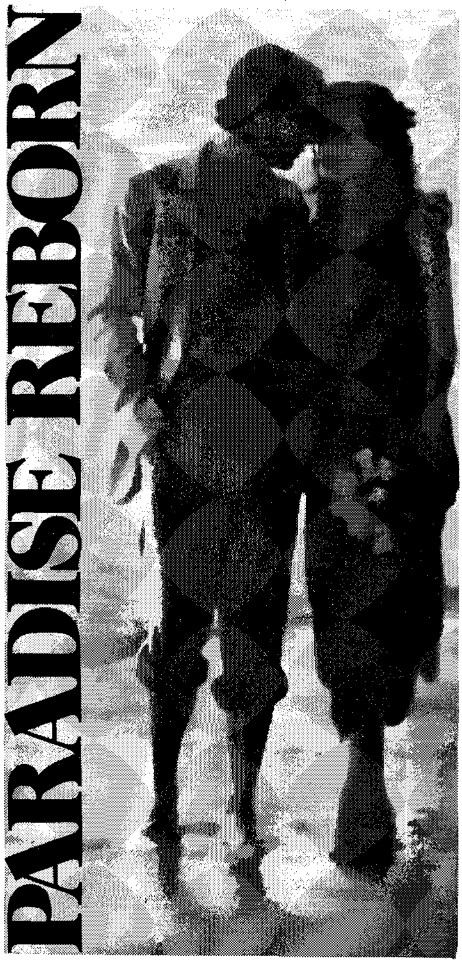

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used to be one of our parents." "Who?" "Marla Salem. I told you." "You've never mentioned anyone like that." "It was long ago. She went to England."

The letters and words rolled out of sight and two people, a bald interviewer in glasses that enlarged his eyes enormously, and a woman wearing a shirt and tie, slid into view.

"That one's too young for a school parent," Elise said.

The man and the woman had begun to talk.

Karpov stared. "That's not Marla Salem."

"I didn't know you were so crazy about modern art, Reuben."

"Be quiet," he said.

Ephraim called from his room, "Hey in there! I can't hear myself think!"

Elise dutifully moved a knob. The voices receded. The interviewer was asking faint questions and the woman was faintly replying. It was a program about new young painters—a new school. They called themselves Caryatids—was it, the interviewer wittily put it, because even dream should have a base in theory? The woman undertook an explanation of the new theories; it was difficult to follow. She conceded it was uncommon for a school of painting to be led by a theorist, but tonight they would meet her on camera—she had already had several exhibitions in London, and one of her shows would shortly be going to the States, to the Guggenheim Museum in New York, in fact. A third head appeared. Karpov saw at once that it was Hannah Salem. She instantly contradicted the interviewer and the woman wearing the tie: she was not a "theorist," she did not believe in "movements," she was certainly nobody's leader. There was no movement and it had no name; it was only that she had called a series of her own paintings Caryatids; everything else the newspapers had invented.

"Boring," Elise murmured. "Bor*ing*."

"You were educated in the States," the interviewer was saying.

"I don't think you could exactly call it an education." (Audience laughter.)

"Is that a comment on America or on the present state of British painting?" (Audience laughter.) "Still, you went to primary school somewhere near the Long Island Sound?"

"I think I did. At least my mother says I did." Hannah's voice! High and utterly clear; clarified. She no longer

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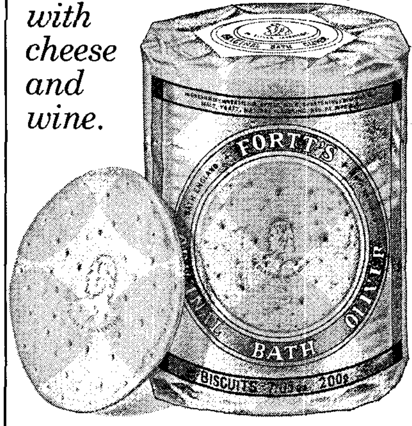

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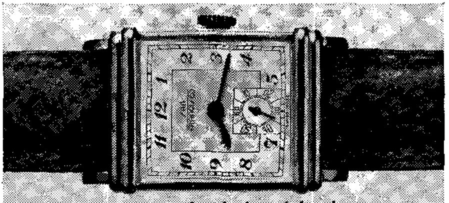

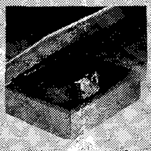

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sounded American. Her hair was cut short and held by two butterfly pins. Karpov again calculated her age: twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-five. It struck him that her eyes seemed stupendously lit. Contact lenses? The studio lights? Who had polished those green stones?

The interviewer pursued, "Don't you know for a fact anything about your schooling in the States?"

"I can't remember it."

"But if your mother says—"

"My mother lies a lot." (Audience laughter.) "It's her occupation." (Audience laughter.)

"What occupation would that be?"

"Mother." (Audience laughter.)

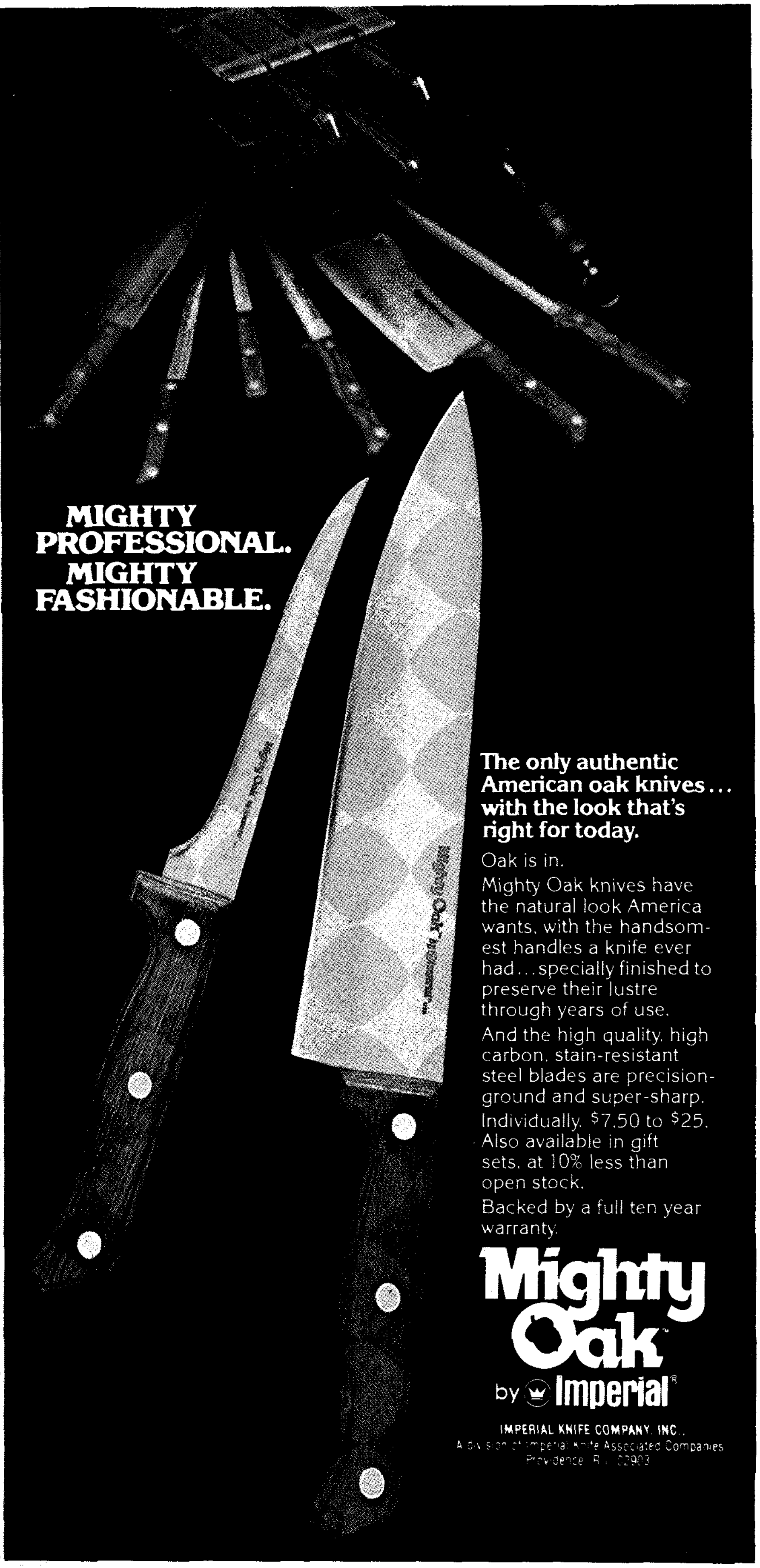
"Surely," the interviewer pressed, "the mother of Hannah Salem has got to be different from other mothers. As a matter of record, she happens to be Marla Salem, of the Philosophical Institute—"

"That only means she writes down her lies." (Audience laughter.)

"I couldn't care less," Elise said. "Reuben," she accused, "what's the matter with you, you don't like this stuff any more than I do."

The inside layers of Karpov's nostrils were burning; he felt he could not breathe, it was impossible he was really hearing all this. Not a word about Dual Curriculum! As if it never existed! As if it never was! As if nothing, nothing! It was a hallucination; a mirage; once again he was flying after a face that was no face, a voice that was no voice. A wraith.

Nevertheless he went, the following month, to the Guggenheim; he took Ephraim with him. He told Elise it was important to give the boy a taste of something different, but what he wanted was a witness. They moved up the slanting ramp and looked through phantasmagorical windows enclosed in narrow silver frames. The corner of each dense yet gossamer window was signed "Hannah Salem." It was true, it was true. "What do you think?" he asked his son; he noticed how Ephraim's eyes grew startled, with a kind of click, and how his tongue slipped in and out. Ephraim would oblige him: he would say whatever it was right for him to say. Karpov tried to imagine what was right. It wasn't that all these curious windows were "abstract;" it might be that they weren't abstract enough. You could fancy amazing scenes in them: but when you approached, it was only paint, bleak here, brilliant here, in shapes sometimes nearly stately, some-



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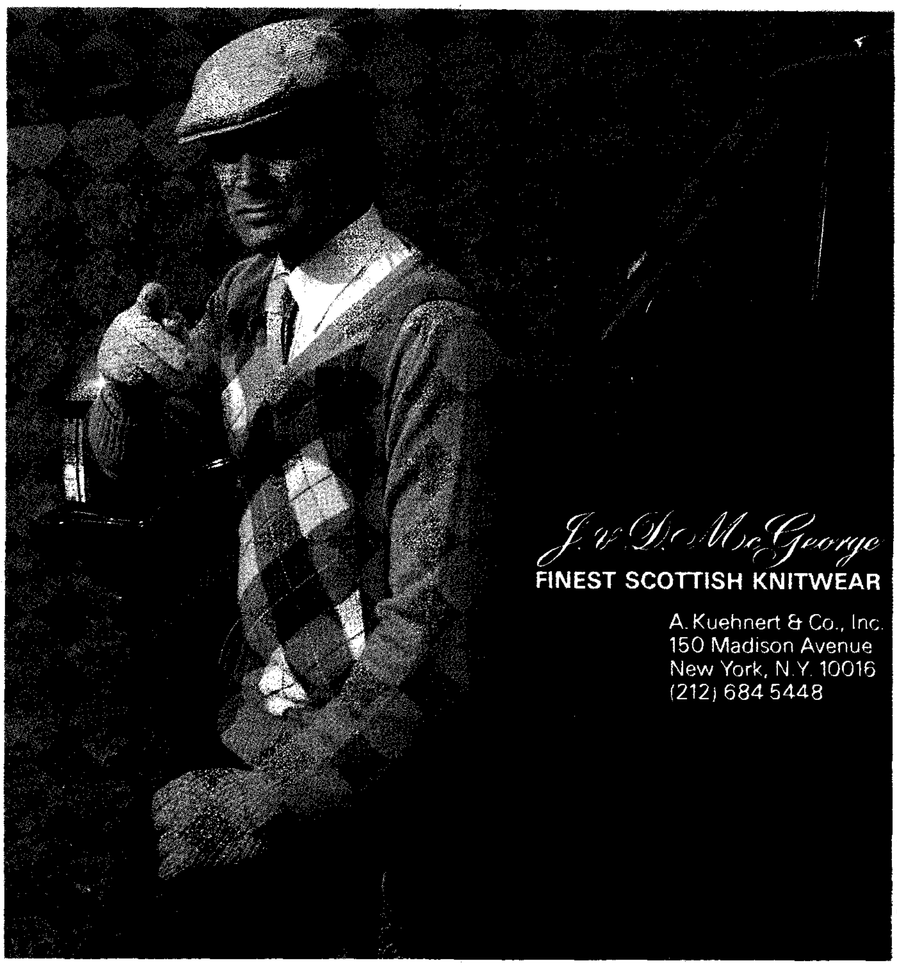
times like gyres. The purity of babble inconceivable in the vale of interpretation. Once, from four feet away, he thought he was gazing into a scarlet ditch, from hip to heel, in the haunch of a nude female: the ditch was crowded with two double rows of fat human toes with coarse yellow nails. It unnerved him—but when he came near he saw it was again only paint. There was no nude, no ditch, no horrifying meat-red stuffing of live toes. "Is this artist famous?" Ephraim wanted to know. Karpov brought him home then; nowadays how early in the afternoon he felt his fatigue! To be wrong, to be wrong, to have miscalculated; a failed seer. Again his nostrils felt scorched, the burning told him he was a secret skeptic; can a skeptic sin? *In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not which one shall prosper, whether this seed or that. . . .* (Vaylberg: *At forty Akiva had not yet begun to learn, and still did not know anything. Once he was standing by a well in Lydda and said: "Who made the hollow in that stone? And who polished this stone?" They answered him: "Don't you know, Akiva, what is written in Job? 'The waters wear away the stones.'"*)

Who had polished those green stones? The sin of withholding his hand.

MEANWHILE, treachery: Mieblan lodged a complaint against him with the Administration Committee; Karpov's last letter was put in evidence. He was becoming more and more unreasonable. He was too old, he was unfit. To demand a teacher's free time for private tutoring, and for his own son! Was he accountable to the Committee or was he not? Was this selfish tyrannical preposterous old autocrat supposed to be a school principal or was he not? The Committee—gently, cautiously—requested Karpov to choose his successor. They wrangled for weeks and months; they waylaid him and they wheedled; he understood he was beaten; anyhow he was tired. The late benefactor's son, a certified public accountant, with uncharacteristic passion suggested Rabbi Bruman. Bruman as headmaster! "Rubbish," Karpov spat out. "He discourages ambition in the bright ones. He nearly squelched Ephraim. He lets the dullards languish, he lets them do anything." His own vote was given extra weight, as a special courtesy by the Committee. He voted for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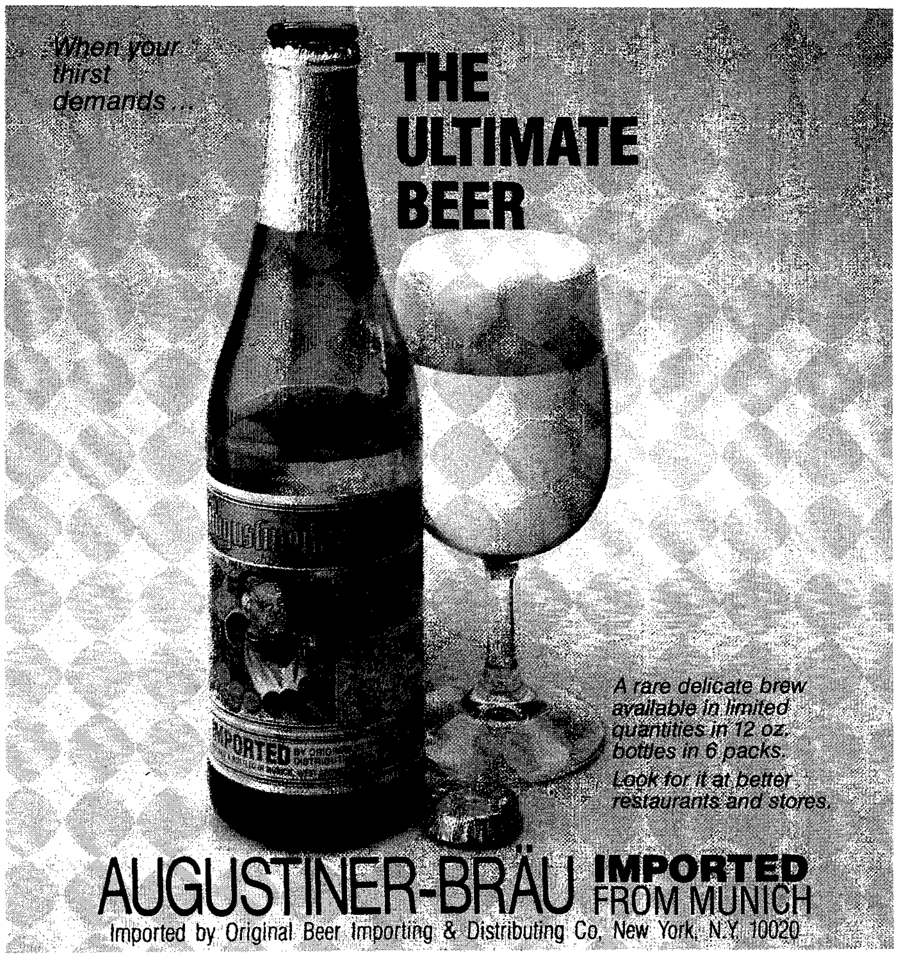
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Figler. Figler was fair. He respected the Dual Curriculum and its founder. The headmaster's retirement was set for the following winter, almost half a year away—the Committee, piously honoring the late benefactor, agreed there was no great hurry—but Karpov was uneasy. Figler did not hesitate to give orders without consulting the headmaster, the true headmaster and founder, and Karpov saw that Figler knew how to make the Committee laugh. He told them they should behave as their father would expect them to behave, as if all of them (the sisters in their fifties, the brother in his sixties) were a pack of children. He could make the eighth grade laugh out of shame, the seventh, the sixth, the fourth, and now even the Committee.

"MY God, Reuben," Elise called one spring morning near the end of his tenure, "isn't this the same girl from that museum show you dragged Ephraim to? She's all over the place, and here she is again." He thought how painful it was to get out of bed so early; it was the hiring season. A long day of interviewing lay ahead of him. He looked at the magazine Elise was showing him. She was always showing him magazines with Hannah Salem's picture in them. He read: PAINTER OF THE YEAR. Miraculous. The face seemed too dense, more like a heavy statue than a photograph, why was that? The eyes were green stones splendidly polished. He did not understand how this had come about, this illumination. She was older; different; each time he encountered Hannah Salem's face it was more puzzling, harder to recall. She did not resemble Marla Salem.

From his bed he telephoned Figler. Figler was delighted to take on the job of interviewing; after all, he knew what made a good teacher. Someone lively, with a sense of humor and drive; *someone who can tell an industrious pupil from a lazy one;* someone herself very bright. What he would look for was a history of high marks; he would skim the cream. It went without saying that he would have to use the headmaster's big dark office and sit at the headmaster's impressive desk: otherwise he would fail to show authority, and how could he hire successfully without a show of authority?

Sitting at Karpov's desk in Karpov's office, Figler was struck by a handsome young woman, dark-haired, with

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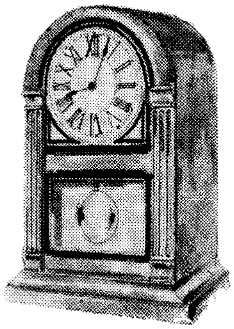

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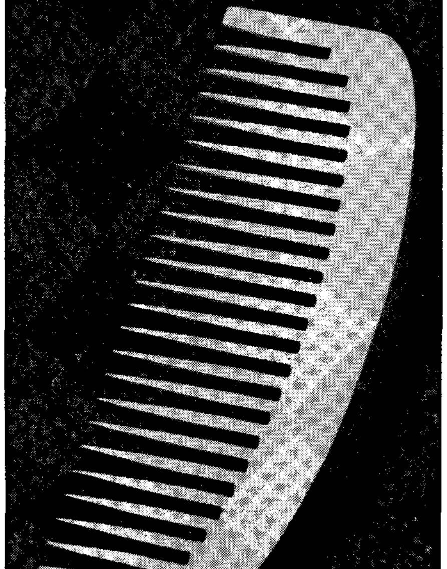

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a mouth somewhat too broad, a nose somewhat puny. She was newly married and would undoubtedly soon be pregnant. But Figler was not a bigot like the headmaster: he intended to be progressive, it was clear to him that a healthy woman could teach well into the ninth month; in any case, you couldn't defy the new laws on these matters. Besides, Figler knew this young woman's record even before looking into her dossier. The interview was a reunion, an embrace. She had been one of his own best pupils.

Karpov, frowning over the list of newly engaged teachers, saw a red check near one name.

"What's this?"

"My prize," Figler announced. "A find. She just walked in the door, out of the blue."

"Mrs. M. M. LeBeau."

"Our highest-ranking valedictorian. The finest record we've ever had," Figler said. "What a class that was! You remember Melanie Merkava?" He scratched at the list with a gratified forefinger. "Mrs. M. M. LeBeau! It's Melanie! I've put her high up. Right into the seventh grade. Social Studies—a sociology major, but she can handle history."

"Mieblan won't like that. Not someone she taught." He distrusted Mieblan. She had proved herself treacherous; he wanted to keep out of her way. "Put her in fifth."

"Mieblan?"

"Melanie. We've never had a case like this before," he said doubtfully. "One of our own."

"One of our own, exactly! She knows our values here. She knows what we want because she's lived up to it herself. A coup, Reuben," Figler said; he had never before dared to utter anything but Mr. Karpov. "In a year or two she'll be ready for eighth. Anyhow we should think of retiring Mieblan. She's always been a lazy cow."

"Zev," Karpov said carefully, "from that same class, do you remember Hannah Salem?"

"How could I forget? If you'll permit me, Reuben—one of your mistakes. She should never have been admitted in the first place. She couldn't handle it. Bottom of the class. The mother was divorced, or a widow, anyhow no husband, quiet like the daughter I think, never showed up in school, never did anything in the PTA—"

This dependable fool now called him Reuben! "The mother made a

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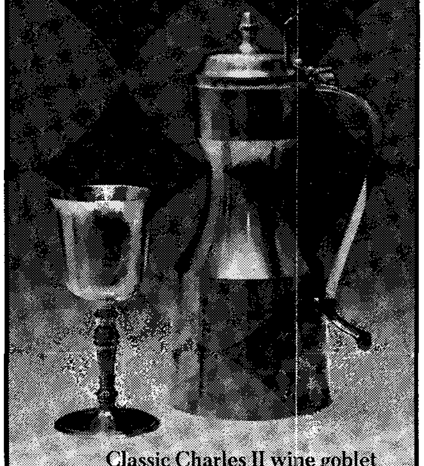

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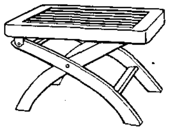

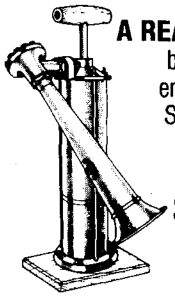

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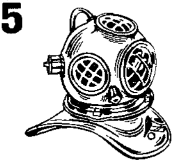

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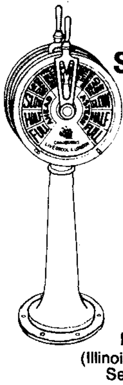

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little name for herself. You never noticed that."

"That children's book?—no, it couldn't be. Wasn't that Mrs. Barbara Smith, the one who did the dancing alphabet?" He blazed out a yellowish square-toothed grin under his finely cut nose. "What do you think of my day's catch? The return of the valedictorian, a success story!"

Karpov said, "Yes. A success."

"She never got less than one hundred per cent on any of my weekly tests."

"Zev, don't brag. The fact is we grow pygmies here. Did you ever give a thought to that? A race small but complete. They never marry and they seldom die. Celibate and immortal."

"Oh, not true, Reuben. They all marry."

"I worry for Ephraim, I'm too old, I won't know what becomes of him—"

"He'll be headmaster! I'd better look out!" Figler joked.

Figler joked; he joked as he would with a child, because Karpov was old, and the old are like children. Figler had his little family, the boy and the girl, the worried little wife; when he stood, he cast a shadow like other men. Karpov admonished himself: Figler exists; Figler sees me, and I see Figler; we cast our two shadows; Figler is not transparent; it is necessary to have serious feelings about Figler. But he did not know how.

WATCHFULLY, watchfully, Karpov took note of Hannah Salem. She was too intricate for him. For a while he was vigilant and rapt, but after a time he admitted to himself that one had, in a way, not to be so tired, or to specialize in all this, or to be interested, at least, in current movements; in art history; in visions. He discovered he was interested mainly in Ephraim's schoolwork. The Committee—always gently, cautiously—was attempting to force him out of the carriage house. "After all," the certified public accountant said, "it *is* for the use of the headmaster. That's in the contract." In over forty years no one had ever spoken to him of his contract; they were boors. "Reuben should be headmaster emeritus, shouldn't he?" Elise howled; she was furious at all of them, the whole Committee. "Haven't we lived here for years and years? And Reuben *founded* Dual Curriculum—only now you want to forget that!" "Suppose we leave," Karpov said. "Anyhow

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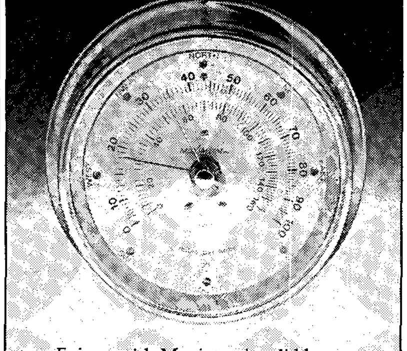

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Ephraim will be ready for the Academy before we turn around." But secretly he thought Ephraim should go to a more distinguished high school than the Academy. Ephraim should go to Oxford or Cambridge! You couldn't get into Oxford or Cambridge from the Academy. "You know what?" he said to Elise; he was being very mild. He was dreaming; she would tell him he was dreaming like an old man. "We ought to retire to London."

"London!" she yelped. "Rotten stores and dinky kitchens! Listen, after all the modernization we put in *here*? London once in a lifetime's enough."

Ephraim protested, forestalling Karpov, "I don't want to be an astronomer."

"Why not?" his mother asked.

"It's not the road to the stars."

This made Elise laugh. "What *do* you want to be?"

"A teacher."

"Oh, a teacher!" Again she laughed her loose laugh. "Don't you get enough of them?"

"I want to give homework," Ephraim said.

Karpov could no longer follow Hannah Salem's track; he could not keep up with her. It was not only that she was too much a swimmer in a sea he could not penetrate or fathom—a lethargy had settled over him. It was like the lethargy of earlier years, but then he had contradicted it by running; now he walked under an evil spell. Arthritis compelled him to go with a cane. Elise, meanwhile, was subject to migraines; whenever she felt one coming on, she flew up to Hamilton to visit Georgie and his wife and their new baby. When Elise was gone, Karpov would often enough find Hannah intimately revealed on television, her head and eyes and bright teeth large and close. Or it would seem to be Hannah, himself in a doze before the glimmering casement. He understood she was acclaimed. He understood more: the forms, the colors, the glow, the defined darkness, above all the forms of things—all these were thought to be a kind of language. She spoke. The world took her for an astonishment. She was the daughter of her mother. "Your English painter," Elise threw out from time to time, "just look, another prize for something, since you care—" She handed him a clipping. He read it and got rid of it. He felt embittered by Hannah Salem's language; he could assimilate it even less than her mother's. The

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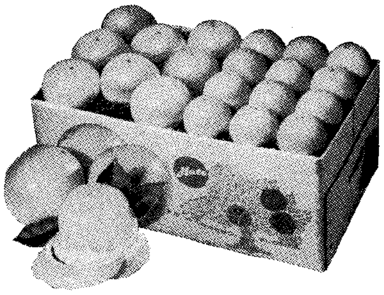

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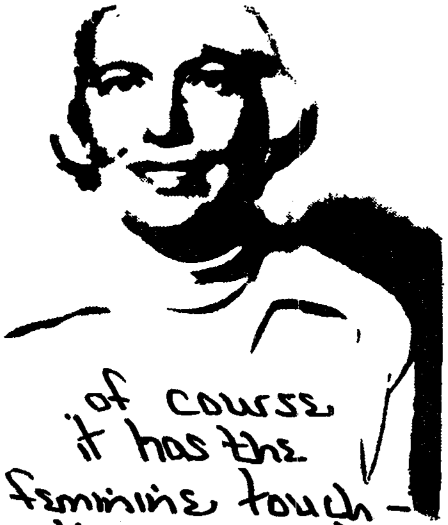
light and the dark, the colors, the transmogrification of forms: strange violent quick tongues she could talk!

He drove with Elise to a slide lecture at the Whitney; Ephraim had his eighth-grade project for Figler, and refused to go. Elise, too, was truculent. Hannah Salem's paintings, one after the other, each announced by a clean click in the cave of a dimmed chamber; and then a film of Hannah talking, in that captivating way that caused laughter. All around them there was laughter. Karpov was embittered, bewildered. Elise said, "Boring, how can you stand it? What's this obsession, this dragging everywhere? You never *used* to make such a fuss about art," in the tone he knew; it meant she was betrayed a thousand times over.

In the end they had to vacate the carriage house. Anxious little Mrs. Figler was installed in Elise's up-to-date kitchen with all its specially built cabinets. Figler reigned over Karpov's office; but Karpov had taken away the photograph of Einstein. Everything in the capacious drawers of his desk he threw out, one geological stratum after another. It was a long afternoon's work; he stopped to look at whatever he found. A letter from his father, in Yiddish, with bits of Scriptural Hebrew embedded in it: "Reuben, tend to your redemption, turn from these barren ways. '*Be fruitful and multiply.*' '*It is not good that the man should be alone.*' Marry, Reuben, take a wife!" The letter was decades old, and in its inmost creases he caught the tiny movements of whitish larvae. Under a weight of fourth-grade compositions (why were they there at all?—then he remembered: Tutinsky had dumped them before leaving), Marla Salem's paper, still in the envelope marked "BY HAND." Eighteen years ago Elise had collected it from Hannah; it looked just the same. He took in the bright-blue ink of "BY HAND" and reflected how Elise had ravished him on that same day, the saucy tongue, the saucy bangs, the enchantment! A new fright stirred in his teeth. Pressure. How the wormlet mockery swells to become the strangling serpent. He had obeyed his father—late, late!—and redeemed his life. The gates of Eden: they were going to verdant Florida, with its hot winds, to be near Ephraim. From the back of one of the drawers he pulled out a forgotten pair of socks, crusted with dried mud. Ephraim's—they had green stripes across the top. The apple of his eye. Ephraim had done well at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the Academy; he always did well, but he had his own ideas. Elise said, "He has his own ideas." They never spoke of Oxford or Cambridge. Elise would not allow it. Elise said, "He's better off without those places." Karpov raised Marla Salem's envelope to his nose, as if moths might announce themselves with a hot smell, like Florida.

For the first time he read what she had written all the way through. He saw that finally it was not about Structure or Silence at all. It was long, demanding, allusive, obscure, pain-giving, tedious; he had to put on the lamp. An old, old voice. He no longer needed to pay attention to it. The last section was called "Schoolmistresses" and appeared to be simpler than the rest. It was about the pelican and the stork. He recognized the stork: it belonged to Rabbi Vaylberg. She had pilfered one of Karpov's own tellings.

> The mother pelican [she told], with her fish-catching bill in the form of a pouch that distends: her white-headed babies dip into it to pluck out the little fish she keeps for them there. Ah, what a good mother! Ideal parent! In folklore, the pelican in her piety is thought to feed her young with her own blood. You can see them suck out her heart.
>
> The Jews call the stork *hasidah*, which means loving-kindness. The stork, though her beak is slender and straight, is the pelican's cousin and shares her fame. She, too, loves her little ones; profound is her love for her child. Yet the *hasidah* is deemed impure. The hen and the duck are kosher, the goose may be eaten; the stork is forbidden. Such a doting bird, conscientious parent, model to the indifferent duck and hen, the inferior goose! But she loves only her own. She hopes only for the distinction of the little one under her heart. She will not cherish the stranger's young.

Aesopian woman! The fox, the bee, the cannibal-galaxies, Akiva laughing! Thief of Vaylberg! Karpov crushed her words back into the envelope marked "BY HAND," and by hand flung it after Ephraim's socks, Tutinsky's compositions, his father's ancient complaint. Her didactic bestiary, her heraldry, her filchings, her accusations, her daughter, her daughter!

IN Florida they took a modest house in a neighborhood of refined retired people who frequented the public library, walked abroad carrying Russian novels and bottles of milk, attended lectures, read the New York *Times* a day late, and said their subdued "Good morning" from behind flowering hedges. Elise pointed out that it was all really very like a re-

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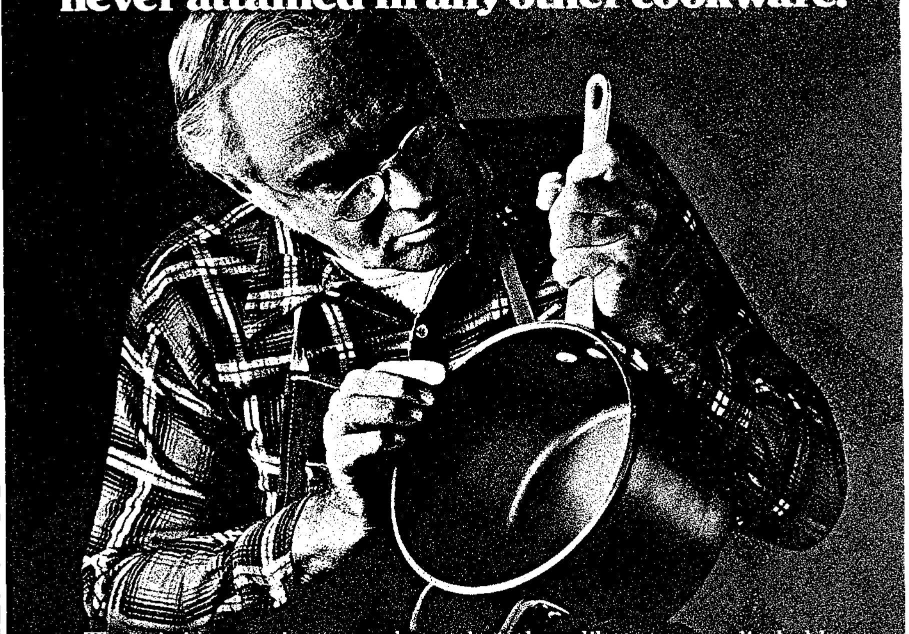

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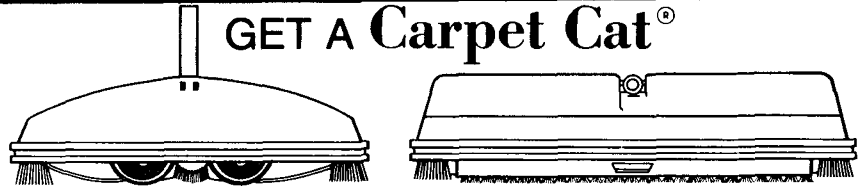

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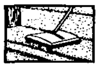

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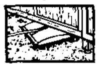

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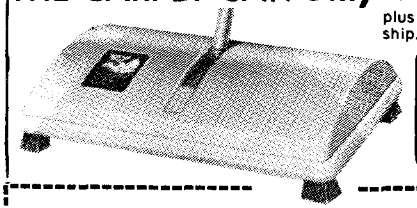

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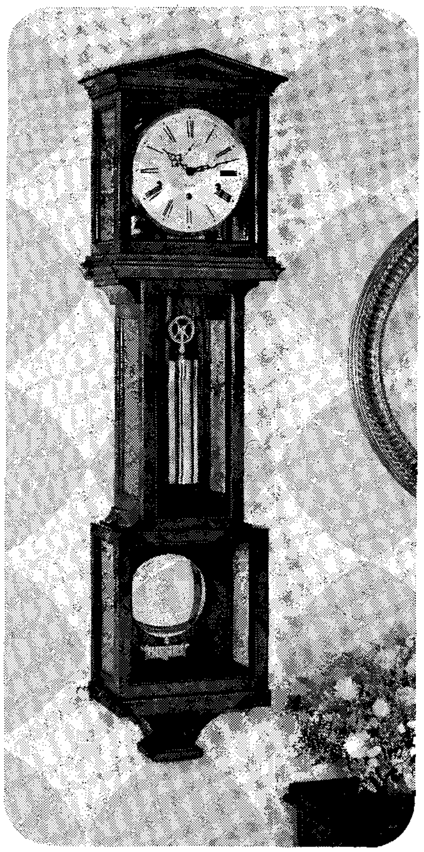

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spectable London suburb. Ephraim was now a sophomore at the University of Miami, majoring in business administration. He lived in the dormitory and came home every weekend. Then, little by little, he came less and less often. "He's getting used to all the racket they make down there," Elise said. "It won't hurt his grades," Karpov said in his new fatigued way; it seemed to him he sounded frightened. "No," she agreed, "it won't." Ephraim had changed his mind about becoming a teacher; he thought of empires. He thought he would found companies, induce them to accrete, and then forcibly amalgamate them: he would work day and night, grow very rich, and be tapped by the President for, say, Secretary of Transportation. He would resuscitate cross-country land mobility, commanding untried alliances among buses and trains; he would air out the crackling grease of the bus-stop cafeterias that lay across the breast of the nation; he would wash the windows of the dozing trains; in the cities he would plant twin silver tracks in black urban asphalt, and bring streetcars to life again. How pleased the President would be!

Occasionally Figler would send down a friendly letter, and now and then, when there was an item or two of special interest, he would tuck in a copy of the latest PTA Bulletin, compiled by Mrs. Shirley Licht, a fifth-grade mother well known, Figler noted, for her fine writing talent:

> Mrs. Melanie Merkava LeBeau, our school's most distinguished alumna, mother of three, and the eighth grade's most lively and popular teacher, still our most gorgeous brunette, now moves to the other side of the Dual Curriculum as well; she is the first teacher in our school's history to teach on both sides of the Dual. What a brain! In addition to Social Studies, she will take over Mr. Zev Figler's Bible History class. Mr. Figler has his hands full in just running the school! Congratulations on super achievement, Mrs. LeBeau!
>
> Mrs. Mieblan announces her retirement after many years of beloved service. Happy rest-time, Mrs. Mieblan!
>
> The Administration Committee announces a $100 prize, to be called the Reuben Karpov Ad Astra Award, and to be given at graduation to the eighth grader with the most creative potential regardless of class standing. This unusual category was chosen by our sorely missed ex-headmaster himself.
>
> Rabbi Bruman regretfully ceases his employment here, following his star no doubt to greener fields in another school where we hope he will be as appreciated as he has

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certainly been with us. Shalom and better luck elsewhere, Rabbi Bruman!

Karpov's chin rested on his chest. He was afraid he would never have the power to raise it. It was age; it was something else. Even in Florida he dressed in wool. He was old and cold. He had a young wife still; everyone remarked on it; this much was the same. But there was something else. Sometimes he remembered what it was. Sometimes he almost remembered; usually he forgot.

Whenever he happened on Hannah Salem—if he read about her, if he stumbled on her photograph, or on photographs of her paintings, if he saw her head lift on the screen like a sculptured apparition, or if he imagined her as his dream's incubus, or if he conjured her by will, with open eyes, or even if he found her in his brain through some accident of searching—he was amazed. Ah: her mind, her desire, her intellect, her power, her bravery. Her lawful lawlessness. He was amazed! Not that she was "original;" he was by now used to that. Not that she was acclaimed; this seemed as natural as air. Not even that she could talk. But he succumbed to the iron belief (when he remembered it) that her mother had spoiled his life—had, in fact, waylaid him, plundered and robbed him. In hindsight he knew he had been ambushed by Marla Salem.

He heard nothing ever again about the life and work of Marla Salem.

But Hannah Salem's language assailed him endlessly, endlessly. It oppressed him. She had forgotten her childhood in the Curriculum that was his treasure and his name, as dear to him as his son Ephraim. She labored without brooding in calculated and enamelled forms out of which a flaming nimbus sometimes spread.

—CYNTHIA OZICK

•

To Dan McCann, Duquesne:

How will the CMU debacle affect the Dukes?—Scott Langenfeld, Pittsburgh

McCann: I don't consider the game a debacle. We knew going in that we were facing an established, strong Division III team, and we ourselves are a young, inexperienced team. We played much better than the 39–7 score indicated, making a lot of first-game offensive mistakes that prevented us from moving the ball. CMU has set a high standard for Division III football, and after playing them I feel Duquesne is capable of reducing that standard in the next couple of years.—*"Ask the Coach" in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

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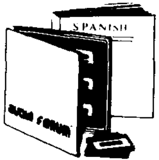

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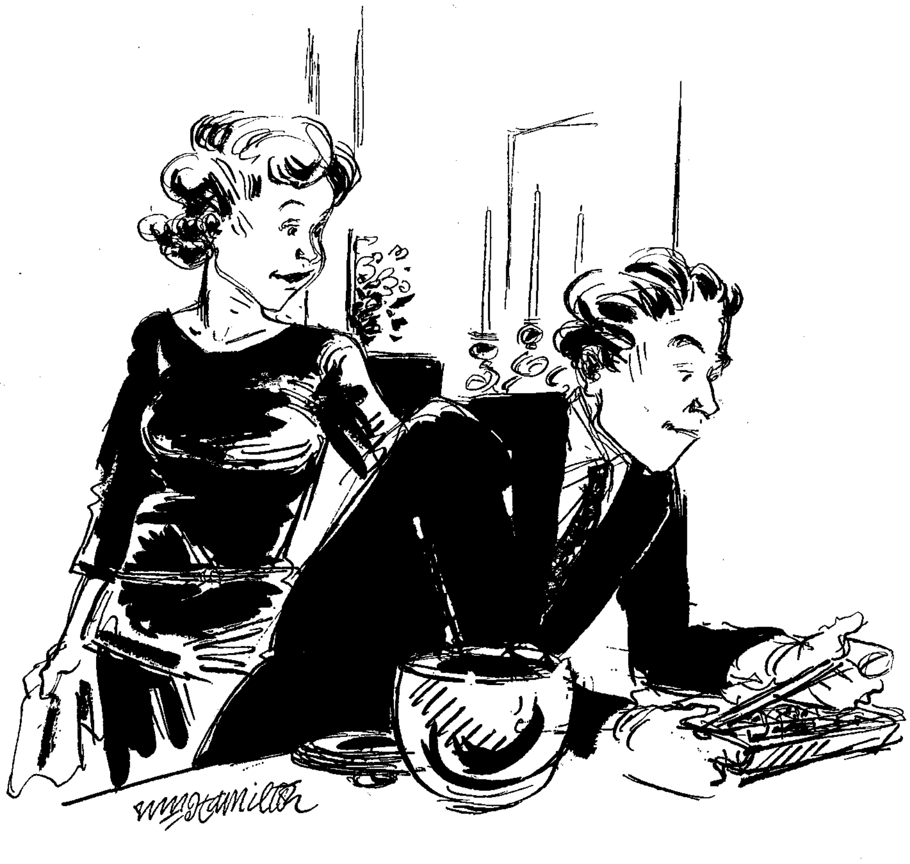
Family Matters

IN "A Life," a new play by the Irish dramatist Hugh Leonard (at the Morosco), the hero is an elderly civil servant named Desmond Drumm. This very Drumm was a minor character in Mr. Leonard's "Da," of a few seasons back, and it is certainly the case that he deserves a play of his own. A man bitterly disappointed by nearly everything that has befallen him, he has just learned that he has only six months left to live. With the bent for truthtelling that is at once his strength and his weakness, he cannot resist making the flat assertion to his wife "I have achieved nothing"—an assertion all the more painful for her to hear because she is aware that he includes within that "nothing" not only his job, which he has always openly despised, but their marriage and two grown children as well. He is a man at the end of his tether, beyond consolation, and the action of the play goes back and forth between Drumm in age and Drumm in youth in order to let us perceive the early sources of his misery. Shy, proud, and intelligent, he is the son of a schoolmaster who has bullied him into a belief in his superiority over the rest of the community in which he lives. When he attempts to demonstrate his literary prowess in a public debate, some of his slangy school companions make a joke of his polysyllabled diction; he retreats at once into the exile of scorn. (One senses in this aspect of Drumm the hither-and-thithering ghost of young Joyce, with his obstinate, gratuitous "*Non serviam.*") He is as awkward in making love as he is in bantering with his contemporaries. He seeks constantly to improve the mind of the girl he desires, and soon enough she goes off with a young man content with her mind as it is; Drumm must settle for a silly, jolly girl, sure to bear him tiresome offspring.

It is a measure of Leonard's skill as a playwright that we find Drumm touching and funny as well as irritating. He *is* superior to his fellow-inhabitants; he *has* struggled to make others aware that there are values in life higher than that of tossing back a jar at the local pub. In spite of the grim prospect of Drumm's death, "A Life" is a comedy, filled with tart jokes and Irish blather. Mary, the girl whom Drumm failed to win, proves in middle age to be a vigorous combatant, giving Drumm back blow for blow with angry zest, and Lar Kearns, her hard-drinking husband, is as tenderly affectionate with her as he is unemployable by the world.

The cast of "A Life" is as near perfect as no matter. Drumm is played by Roy Dotrice, freed for the time being from his perennial impersonation of John Aubrey. (To go from "Brief Lives" to the still briefer "A Life" must strike him as something of a philological irony.) Mary is played with appropriate fire by Aideen O'Kelly; Drumm's wife, Dolly, is played by Helen Stenborg; and Lar Kearns is played by Pat Hingle, who, if he doesn't succeed for very long in seeming Irish, is always welcomely Hinglish. The roles of Drumm, Kearns, Mary, and Dolly as young folk are played with notable grace and charm by Adam Redfield (at twenty, what an actor he is!), David Ferry, Lauren Thompson, and Dana Delany. The scenery and costumes are by Robert Fletcher, and the critically important lighting is by Marc B. Weiss. The play has been ably directed by Peter Coe, who, once we have partaken of a full evening of laughs, has quite rightly found time for us to enjoy a few covert tears at the final curtain.

—BRENDAN GILL



"The Sculleys, the Jensons, the Walkers, Freddy, Joan, Don, and the Bowes. Oh, well, Madame de Staël had to start somewhere."

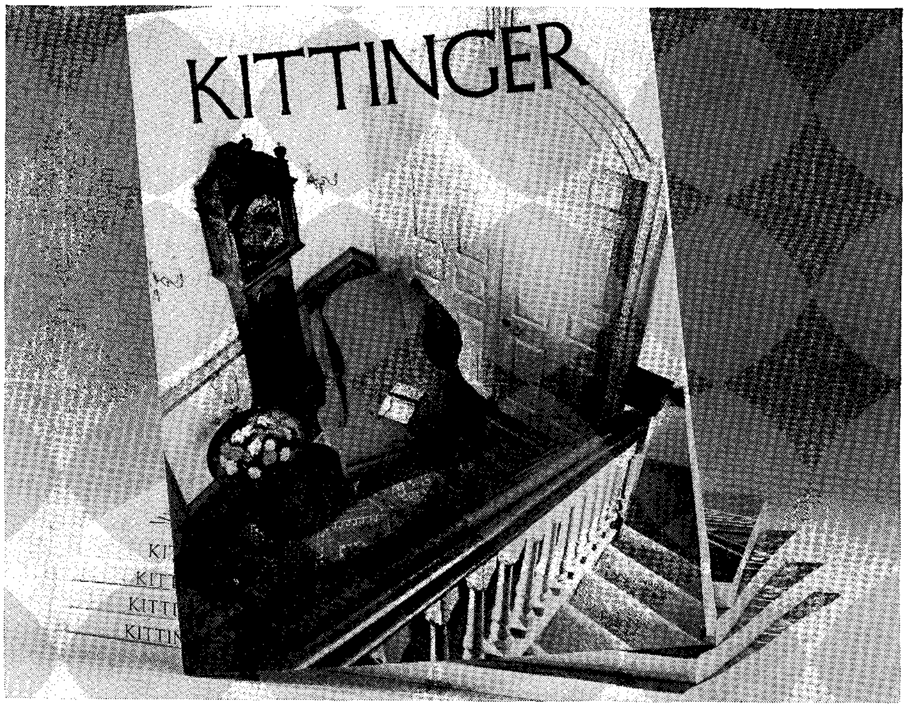
OFF BROADWAY

Waiting for Cowboy

ALTHOUGH "The Connection," as revived by the New Federal Theatre, is not nearly as frightening or harrowing as it was in 1959, in its stunning first production—by the Living Theatre, under the direction of Judith Malina—it is not stale or dated, either. The play, by Jack Gelber, is still strong, without a dud line in it, and its form seems as original as it ever did. The action, in case you need reminding, takes place in the ratty apartment of a man named Leach, where he and a number of other heroin addicts lie or slouch around waiting for their connection, one Cowboy, to bring them supplies of the drug. Among them are four jazz musicians, who play from time to time; also present are the characters of the playwright and the producer, who explain to the audience that they are making a documentary movie about drugs, using addicts as actors. Their cameraman is constantly at work, never letting up on the twitching, nervy men, and his pictures appear on a couple of television monitors at the sides of the stage. The playwright and the producer interrupt the action whenever they think it necessary. At the opening of the second act, Cowboy enters and gives the men their fixes; Leach, who doesn't get high immediately, insists on giving himself another injection (before our eyes) and almost dies (before our eyes) of an overdose, but he is brought round by Cowboy.

This synopsis barely hints at the complexity of the action. That the play is not shocking, as it was twenty years ago, may be because heroin addiction is no longer shocking, but I doubt it. The tension of the Living Theatre's performance, with the anguished Leach of Warren Finnerty as its mainspring, was all but unbearable; the tone of this performance, under the good direction of Carl Lee (the original Cowboy), is different—looser, almost tongue-in-cheek. All comparisons are off when it comes to Morgan Freeman, the current Cowboy; his mysterious, subtle, commanding presence, his quizzical silences, his quiet, alert performance are hypnotic. The fine musicians who, as characters, weave in and out of the action are Albert Dailey (piano), Freddie Waits (drums), Gary Bartz (alto), and Tom Barney (bass). Among the actors, I admired Bernard Duffy as a most disagreeable addict, Robert Silver and Greg Duhart as a couple of other addicts, Lindzee Smith as the producer, and, above all, Cynthia Belgrave as a somewhat addled, though conscientious, Salvation Army sister who wanders in in search of a fix. Robert Edmonds designed the properly sordid setting; Gary Bartz composed the lively music.

THE Roundabout, at its Stage Two, is presenting an acceptable revival of "The Winslow Boy," which seems now to require something more than that. The play, by Terence Rattigan, opened on Broadway with Alan Webb (very good) as Mr. Winslow and with Frank Allenby as the famous barrister Sir Robert Morton, who accepts the brief to defend Winslow's thirteen-year-old son against a charge of stealing a five-shilling postal order, which has resulted in his expulsion from the naval college he was attending. ("The Winslow Boy" was also a successful movie, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Robert Donat.) Terence Rattigan was not a particularly distinguished writer, but he



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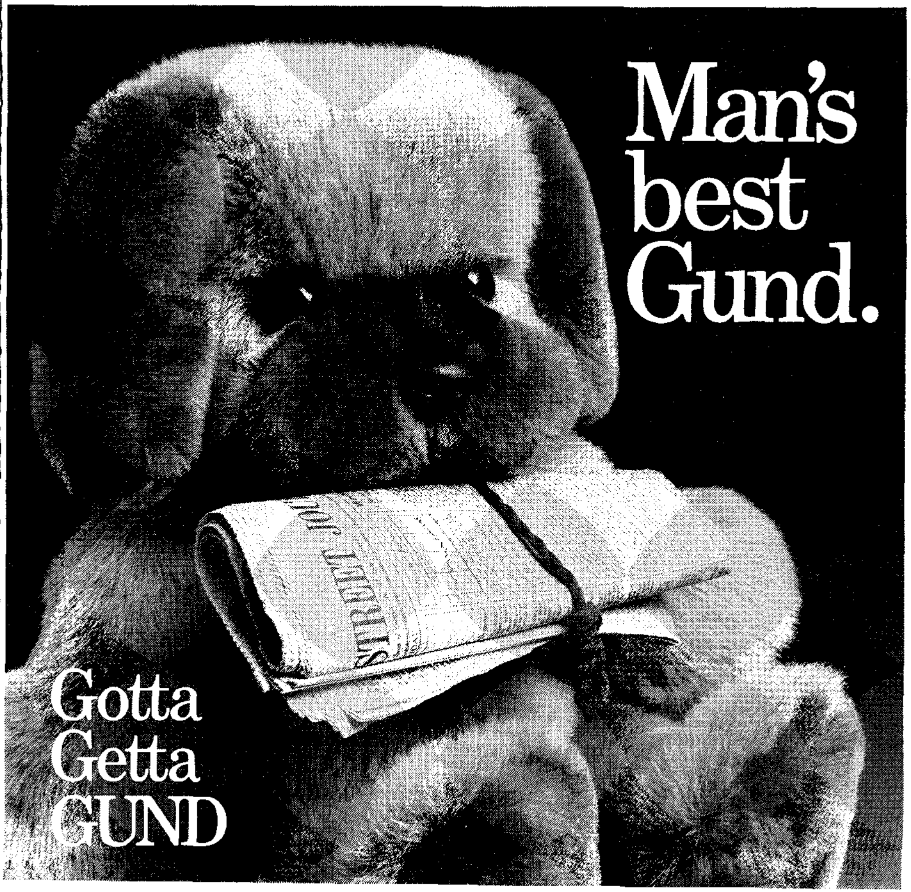

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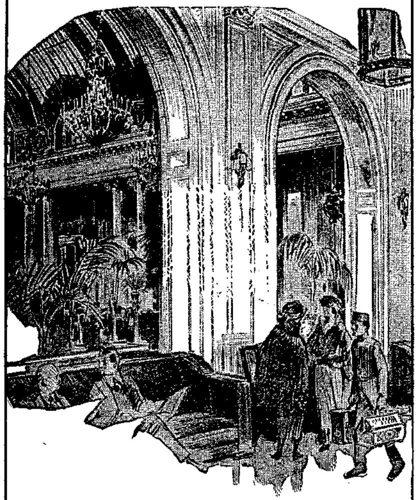

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knew how to tell a story—in this instance, a ready-made story that, theatrically speaking, is foolproof. It is based on an actual case that came to trial in England shortly before the First World War; the accused boy was named Archer-Shee, and his family, at ruinous financial sacrifice, insisted upon defending him until his innocence was affirmed by the Admiralty.

The Roundabout always seems better with revivals of plays you've heard about but never seen than it does with ones you have seen. I happen to have seen both the Broadway production and the movie. This production is like good summer stock; it holds up, and so does the script, which has some nice touches and one of the best first-act curtain lines in the history of the world. The awkward exits and entrances, though, and the awkward, expository phone calls need more masking in performance than they get. Remak Ramsay does well by Sir Robert, as does Ralph Clanton by Mr. Winslow. I also admired Lee Toombs as the boy's older brother. The gifted Giulia Pagano, as the boy's suffragette sister, is far too pretty and charming to be considered plain and doomed to spinsterhood when she is jilted by her fiancé, but she brings much spirit and conviction to the role. The most affecting performance is that of James Higgins, as the family's solicitor and an unsuccessful suitor of the sister. When she turned him down, I wanted to say, "Grab him—he's the best actor aboard." —EDITH OLIVER

•

TO THE HOME SECTION:

The column on spare rooms by Jane Adams ["Hers," Sept. 18] reminded me of certain experiences we've had with friends when their marriages go asunder and they need someplace to stay. We haven't yet had such a thing as a spare room (or a spare closet, or a spare drawer), but we do have a comfortable couch, extra mattresses and lots of sheets. My husband and I had just set up house together when our first such guest arrived, four months after marrying a beautiful sculptor. He said he was in despair. His wife had met an actor at a cocktail party—of all places—and had not spoken to him since. We fed him well and counseled patience. He has since remarried three times.

Even if it is only via a spare mattress, it is always worthwhile to share some of your life and home with friends in the process of changing and renewing theirs.

CHRISTINE LEHNER HEWITT
Katonah, N.Y.
—*The Times.*

God bless you, Mrs. Hewitt.

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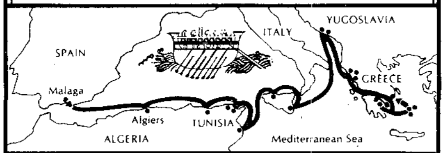

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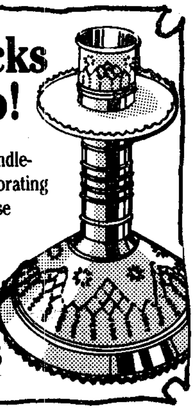

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Beverly!

ON Monday last week, at a gala celebration within the frame of the "Fledermaus" party scene, Beverly Sills gave her farewell operatic performance. Gianna Rolandi was the Adele, Kitty Carlisle the Orlofsky, Alan Titus the Eisenstein, and Richard Fredricks the Falke. Julius Rudel conducted. The place was the State Theatre; the company was the New York City Opera, of which Miss Sills is now general director. She was Rosalinda—the role in which she had made her City Opera début, twenty-five years before. Among those who came to Prince Orlofsky's party to sing or play to the guest of honor were Mary Martin, Carol Burnett, Donald Gramm, Placido Domingo, Eileen Farrell, Leontyne Price, James Galway, Sherrill Milnes, Ethel Merman, Dinah Shore, and Renata Scotto. Trumpets rang out across Lincoln Plaza to summon the public to the show.

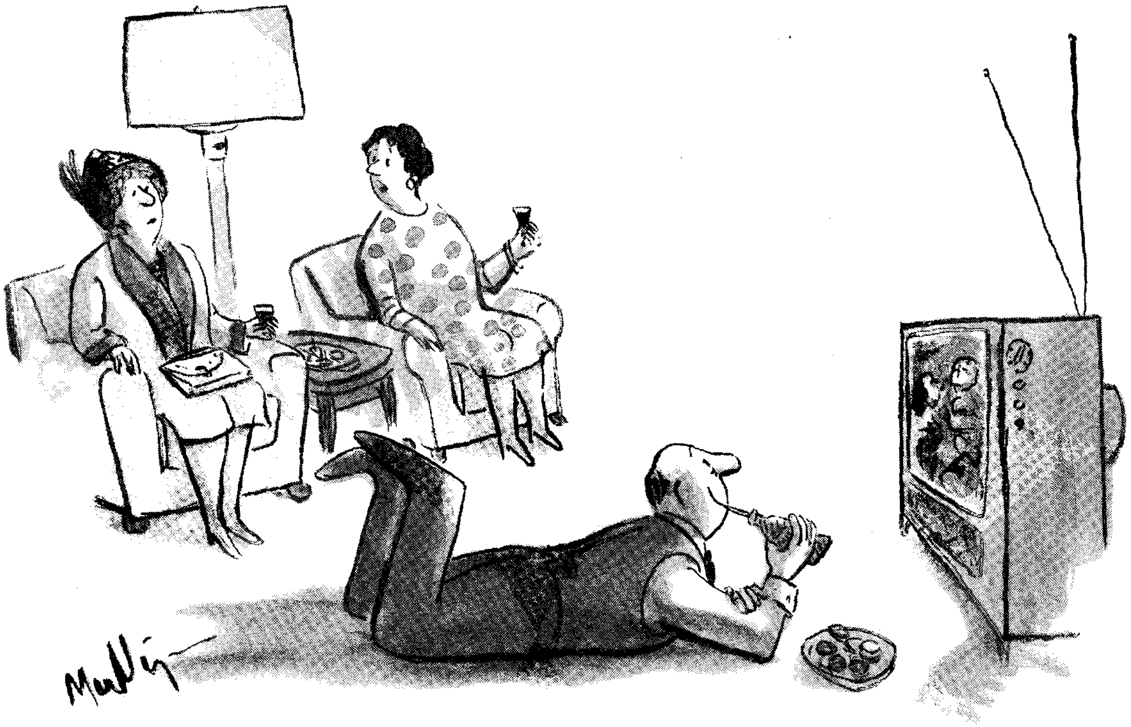
I first heard Beverly Sills at her Scala début, in 1969, as Pamira in "The Siege of Corinth," and marvelled at her prodigious facility in rapid singing. Rossini's score had been decorated up to the hilt, and the prima donna's divisions, graces, runs, and leaps were astonishing in their ease, accuracy, and brilliance. But equally impressive and still more moving was her feeling for Rossini's long, slow melodies. Pamira's prayer in Act II, "Du séjour de la lumière," is an air of essentially simple outline touched with sudden delicate *fioriture;* tracing them, gently pressing on the chromatic syncopations of the second verse, Sills was poignant. I recall her appearance—the tall, romantic figure on the prow of Mahomet's ship (the set was changed when "The Siege" came to the Met), a lovely physical image of the character and her plight. In a review, I praised all this with enthusiasm but added some reservations concerned with the want of solidity, of firm core, in the tone. Over the years, as I heard and saw more of Sills—a Lucia at Covent Garden in 1971, then many roles at the State Theatre; in Boston, the Daughter of the Regiment, Bellini's Juliet, and Gilda; Violetta at the Met—the reservations remained but my admiration and affection for her grew. Sills is a "second generation" Marchesi pupil by way of her teacher, Estelle Liebling, and to Miss Liebling she attributes what in her memoirs she describes, not quite accurately, as "a solid technique." Liebling

> stressed breath control, and my whole technique of singing is based on it. As a result, I know how to sing. Even when I have laryngitis and cannot speak, I am almost always able to sing.

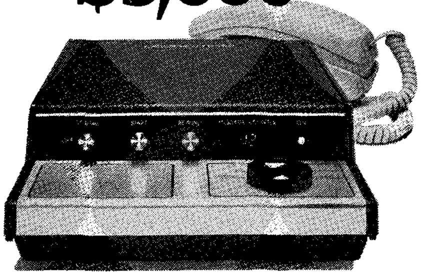
And she has never been unarresting. What she has not commanded is the tonal security and evenness for which Marchesi pupils—Melba, Emma Eames—were famous. It's often said that one has to have seen Sills on the stage—have seen her Manon, her Lucia, her Cleopatra, her Elizabeth in "Roberto Devereux"—to understand the esteem in which she is held. Not necessarily so. There are good pages about her in John Steane's "The Grand Tradition" (1974), which is a survey of singing on records. His account begins:

> Beverly Sills . . . achieves profundity perhaps more genuinely than any other singer discussed in this section [among them, Joan Sutherland, Teresa Berganza, Marilyn Horne], but it is in spite of her timbre rather than because of it. The voice is light, and, in itself, shallow; it is beautiful only on high, the middle register being thin and the upper notes on the stave becoming slightly tremulous under pressure. Her technique is often superb, and her high florid singing is delightful to the ear. But the interesting thing, finally, is that she is so satisfying, not as a sweet-sounding, highly-trained nightingale, but as a singer of remarkable intellectual and emotional strength.

Then comes a page on details in Lucia's first aria and the "specific insight" that makes Sills' performance of it in some ways more gripping than those of Tetrazzini, Sutherland, and "even Callas." Sills played some sixty roles—with a pang one writes that past tense—and recorded nineteen complete operas (the tally excludes what is available only on pirate or private disc or tape), ranging from "The Ballad of Baby Doe" in 1959 to a "Rigoletto" published last year. But most of her records were made in the seventies, when her voice was unsteadier, more fragile, less pretty than on the earlier discs. She had used it unstintingly: eight Toscas in seven days (in Cleveland in 1957) are



"Over the years, I've seen most things change—except Malcolm."



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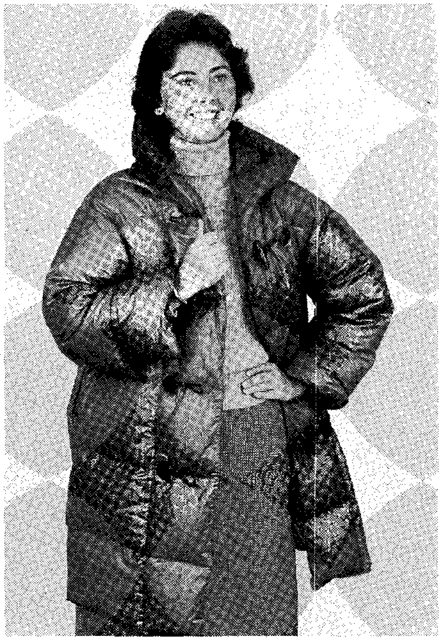
among the annals of the busy twenty years before Cleopatra in "Giulio Cesare," at the State Theatre in 1966, brought her to international prominence. The four roles Sills thinks she has done best, she says in her memoirs, are Baby Doe, Manon, Cleopatra, and Elizabeth. All are recorded. The first is moving, delicate, exquisite—but already the long notes at the end are unsteady, not firm and pure. Cleopatra's last aria displays, in Mr. Steane's words, "the most beautiful scale-work, brilliant semiquaver runs, the most accurate and compact of trills, and an absolutely dazzling display in the *da capo* section." "Manon" was recorded too late—after the "Devereux"—but it is a captivating impersonation. "Roberto Devereux"—the recording appeared early in 1970, and later that year the opera inaugurated the Donizetti "royal trilogy" at the State Theatre—was a landmark in Sills' career. The passionate energy of her declamation, the use of virtuosity for dramatic ends, the force and vividness of her characterization, and the ability to charge a few simple notes of recitative with potent emotion are all remarkable. Yet it may be that historians will also trace the decline of her voice from her unsparing use of it in the heavy, dramatic role. The interpretative qualities brought to that Elizabeth were those I admired most during the decade I heard Sills regularly: as Lucia, the other Donizetti queens, Bellini's Elvira, Lucrezia Borgia. Her artistry grew. Her Met Violetta, in 1976, was memorable. Her last New York performance in a whole opera, a year ago, as Joan the Mad in "La Loca," the opera Menotti wrote for her, was electrifying. There was also the bubbly side: the sense of mischief, sparkle, and infectious fun that she brought to the Daughter of the Regiment, Rosina, the Merry Widow, Fiorilla in "The Turk in Italy." Sometimes it went too far—when she became not those specific heroines of these operas but just the Beverly we all love, cutely inviting us to join in the fun.

A full study of Sills must be written by someone who heard her from early days. Her career belongs to the history of music in America. There were very famous American prima donnas before her. But Lillian Nordica and Emma Eames became famous abroad before they returned to their homeland; Rosa Ponselle made her operatic début directly at the Metropolitan, beside Caruso and De Luca, as the heroine of



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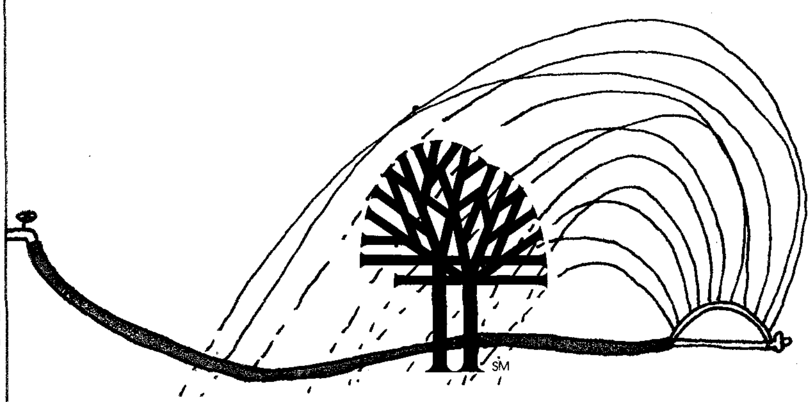
"Forza." Sills is homegrown, and a diva of the people. She toured in operetta for the Shuberts in the nineteen-forties. She made her operatic début as Frasquita in a Philadelphia "Carmen," in 1947. Throughout her career, she has remained in the best sense of the word a trouper, known to, heard by, audiences across the country. Television appearances have also made her a household pet. Since P. T. Barnum imported Jenny Lind, ballyhoo has been part of the operatic scene. Sills' biographer must weigh the role played by the modern "media," able to inflate the popular reputation of, say, a Pavarotti out of all proportion to his artistry. I don't think the publicity—the *Newsweek* and *Time* covers, and all the rest—harmed Sills' artistry. She is too scrupulous a musician. But it may have affected her repertory, thrown too much emphasis on the bright, merry heroines, sent too many Merry Widows, Regimental Daughters, and Rosinas scampering across the country at the expense of the tragic heroines. And it possibly accounted for a carping note found in many of her reviews: a corrective to unthinking, "unhearing" popular adulation.

Last week's show, billed as "Beverly!," was her farewell performance on the stage. It was a moving occasion. Memories of all I have heard her do came flooding back. But it was not her farewell to opera. Now that the last bubbly heroine has been sung (for the record, Sills' final appearance in a full role was as Adele in a San Diego "Fledermaus" last month; Joan Sutherland was the Rosalinda), she can give all her attention to the company as director. She is equipped for the role on many counts. She knows the American operatic scene, across the country, from within. She has the trust and loyalty of her colleagues and of the public. During her first year of office—she was precipitated into the post while she still had singing engagements to fulfill—she assembled a company in which many of the country's most gifted young singers shine. Some of them she has brought back home from European houses. Casting is stabler. The repertory is adventurous. Two further tasks are urgent. The first is to do something about the acoustics of the State Theatre. As for the second: armed with her wisdom and her experience, she must guide City Opera productions from their first, planning stages—meddling where necessary, editing, urg-

a small hotel



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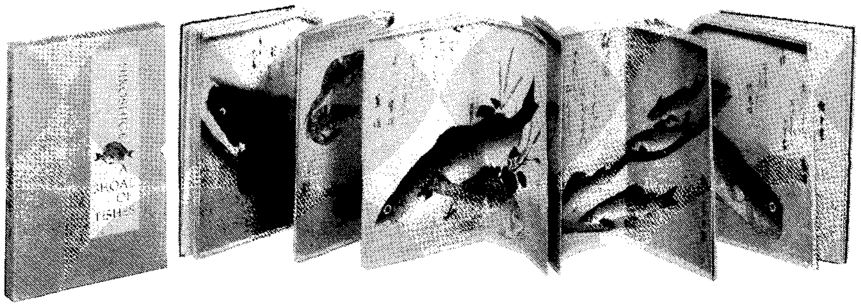

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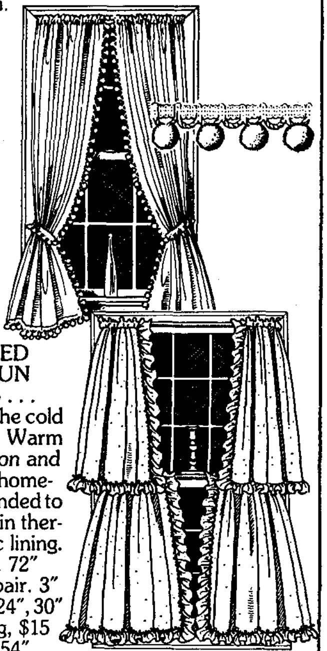

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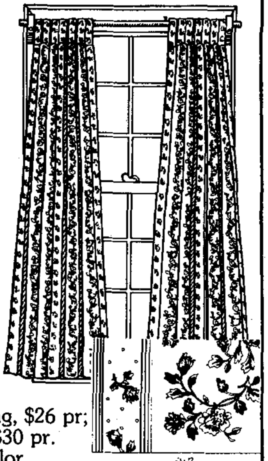

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The stage director is Lou Galterio, the designer John Conklin. Can they have conned the score closely? The opera, as its title suggests, is set in Windsor, not in a German provincial town. The epoch Nicolai adopted was the start of the seventeenth century, not the mid-nineteenth century. The first scene should play in a yard between the Ford and the Page houses, not in a thronged, bustling *Marktplatz*. The second scene is a room in Ford's house—but surely not the laun-

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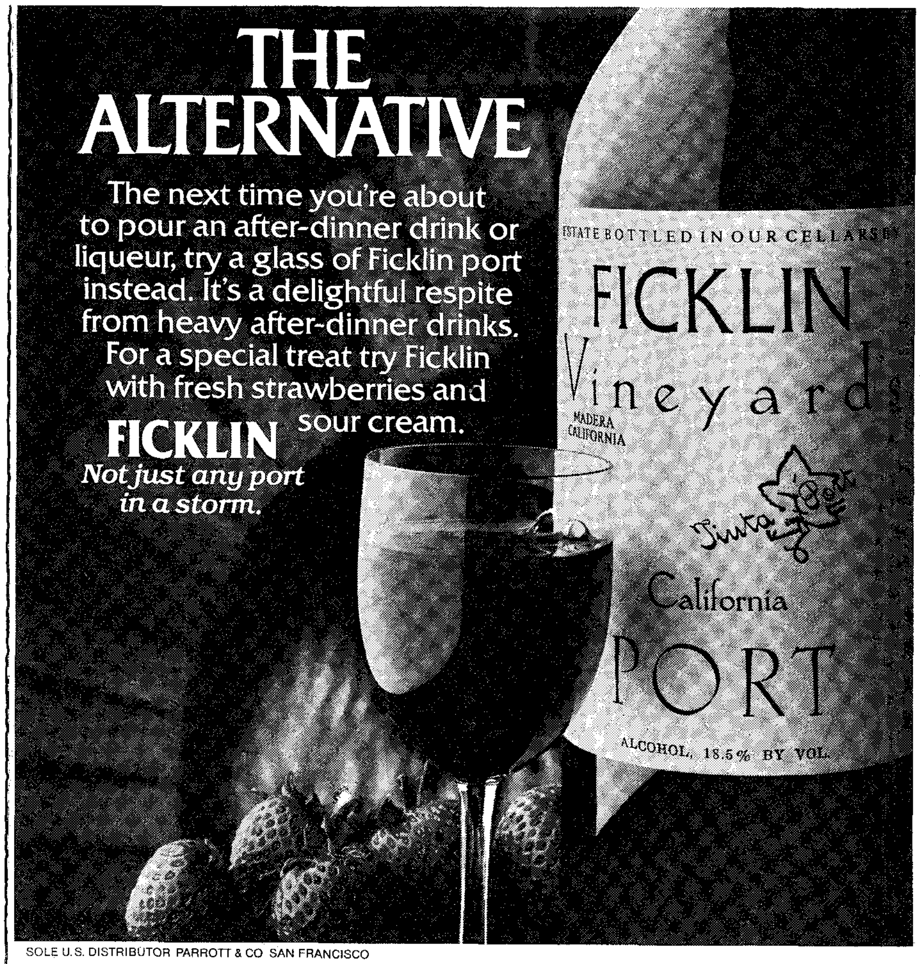
dry room, hung with washing, which is hardly where Mistress Ford would receive her titled visitor. In fact, the washing hangs on a platform in the middle of the market square, whose buildings, painted on panels, enclose six of the seven scenes, while the platform is differently decked. (For the seventh scene, the panels are reversed, to show painted trees.) The set is pretty but monotonous. The central platform, that once fashionable scenic device, inhibits easy, natural movement across the stage, and an action that turns at times on closed rooms, locked doors, privacy, and peeking loses its sharpness out in the open. The staging was in other ways insensitive. In Act II, Scene 2, Nicolai writes six measures of excited entrance music for Anne Page, as she runs in after Fenton's aubade; Mr. Galterio brought Anne in during the aubade, and the entrance music meant nothing. The aubade tells of the lark singing and soaring in the sky above; Mr. Galterio pinned it to earth with stock business around a caged dove. The final scene begins with moonrise in Windsor Forest, pictured in some of Nicolai's most celebrated pages. In the State Theatre, the moon was already high when the curtain rose; the light remained constant, and the magical lunar crescendo accompanied a rustic muster.

Julius Rudel conducted. The overture went well; it was delicately shaped, prettily nuanced. But much of the rest was dispatched in a brisk, efficient, no-nonsense manner, with the dance rhythms metronomic, uninflected. Singers were allowed to deliver recitative in rigid 4/4. There was little rubato; there were none of the surprising added cadenzas, holds, hurryings, piquant pointing of individual notes and words by which generations of earlier Nicolai singers brought his music to life. The show had energy but not grace. The characters were unrealized sketches. Mr. Wildermann's Falstaff was excellently clear, and firm and forward in tone, but it was a stock comic portrayal, not a rounded individual portrait. (Incidentally, he is surely the leanest Falstaff that has ever trod the stage.) Miss Vaness's singing was simply beautiful: an accurate flow of lustrous if too studiously "covered" tone. She lacked merriment, high spirits, audacity. Mistress Ford needs sharper words, brighter colors, more animated phrasing. One seldom has cause to chide a singer for being too smooth, too even;



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but this portrayal suggested a Donna Elvira ill at ease in a comedy role, remembering at times—usually too late—that she should smile, and then wanly simpering. RoseMarie Freni, as Mistress Page, had more dash, but not enough voice for the Act III ballade. (Schumann-Heink did the role at the Met in 1900.) The young lovers, Janice Hall and Vinson Cole, sang truly but too forcefully, preferring volume to sweetness and gentleness of tone. Mr. Dickson sounded good, but his manner was callow, his timing uncertain. In general, the spoken dialogue suggested amateur Shakespeare, and on the singing Mr. Galterio had imposed not in-character actions but irrelevant business. Mistress Ford fooled with a dime-store hand mirror during her aria. When the music began to dance, as Nicolai's often does, the singers shuffled into D'Oyly Carte routines. (That they did so without conviction was tribute to their musical instincts.) This was disappointing from a director usually ready to trust a work and guide his cast into creating characters.

The English translation helped neither the singing nor the acting. There are at least nine English versions of "The Merry Wives." The huckster in the lobby of the State Theatre, crying "Libretto of the opera!," sells the abridged Krehbiel text, of 1886; what's sung is the Josef Blatt version. (Since I'm in the translation business myself, I should declare that Miss Sills invited me to undertake a new "Merry Wives" for this production; but I recommended Leonard Hancock's version, used at Wexford in 1976.)

THE Juilliard Symphony's first concert of the season, in Alice Tully Hall, brought together a rare work and a once common but now fairly rare one: Liszt's Symphony to Dante's "Divine Comedy" and César Franck's Symphony. James Conlon conducted. The Dante symphony is a rum piece, assembled from largely conventional material (as Edward Sackville-West once remarked, the terrors of Hell are depicted in music that might "usher in the Demon King in a pantomime"), yet often quirky in its details, and sometimes beautiful. Mr. Conlon held it together but achieved cohesiveness at the cost of drama and rhetoric; the declamatory nature of the work is emphasized by the lines of Dante set under some of the themes. The Franck, at first, was

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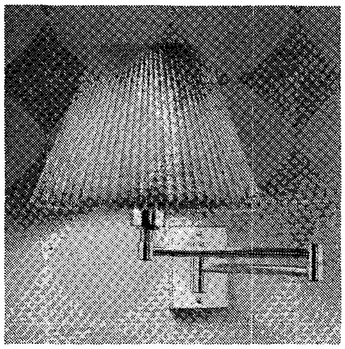

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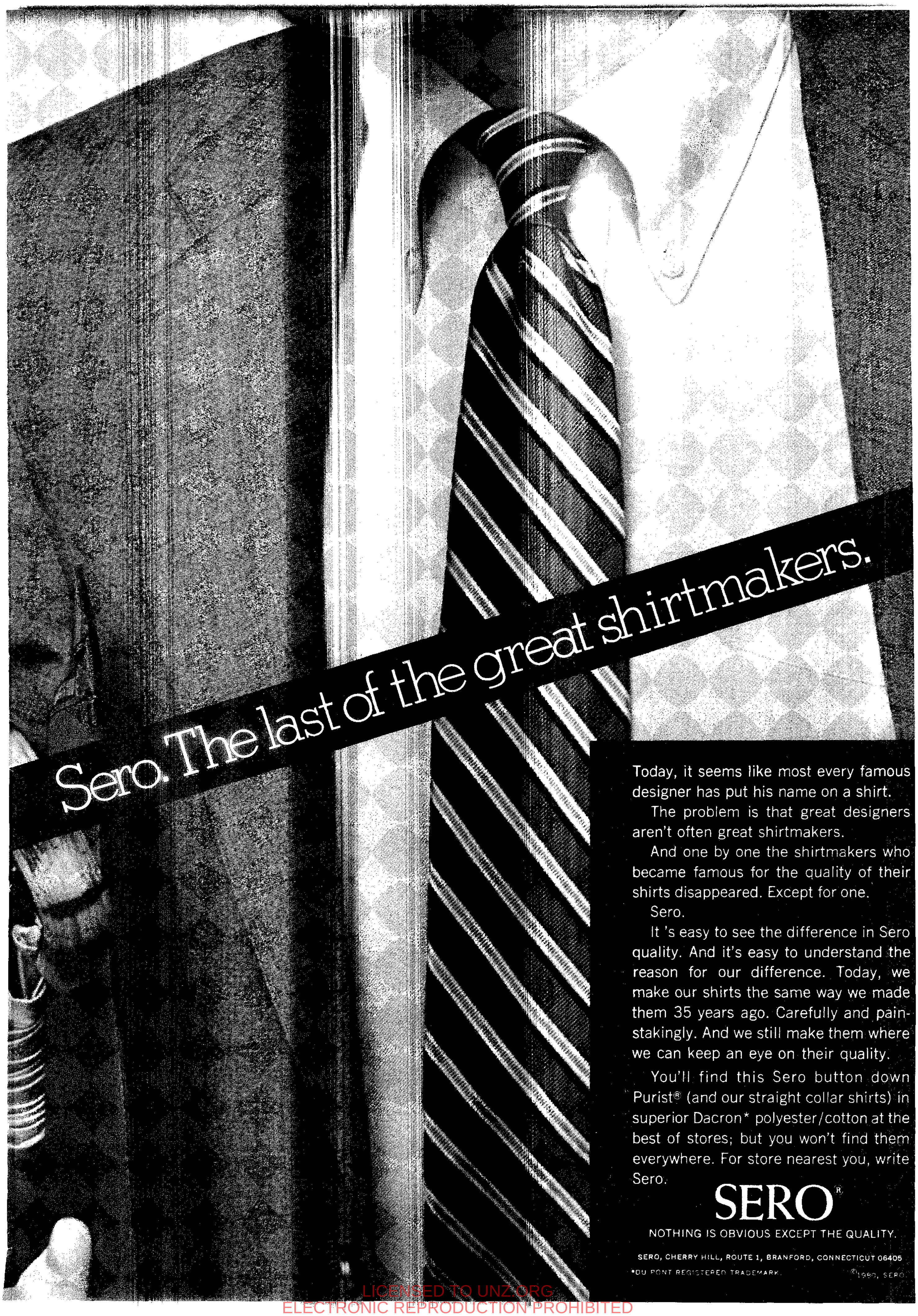

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too tightly shaped. The second subject didn't swoon; there was no emotional portamento from the strings. The dry acoustics of Tully Hall need an extra charge of fervid Romanticism. When Mr. Conlon reached the second trio of the middle movement, he was readier to surrender to the flow of the music; the clarinets were freely expressive. The finale went well. The student orchestra played with its customary verve and gleam, but the woodwind chorus needs finer tuning.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Originals

IN the Blumenthal Patio at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a statue by Cristoforo Stati Da Bracciano, of about 1600, shows Orpheus playing before Pluto. He plays not the lute but the violin. The instrument rests lightly on his shoulder; the bow has broken off, but the flexible bowing action of the right arm can be seen. The freedom of movement implied in the statue is astonishing; there is none of the fierce tension with which a modern player grips his violin between chin and shoulder, by means of a solid chin rest. Something of the same freedom and flexibility could be heard in the playing of Daniel Stepner, who last week in the Blumenthal Patio performed two violin sonatas by J. S. Bach on a 1693 Stradivarius, as part of a benefit concert by the Boston Museum Trio for the Metropolitan's Department of Musical Instruments. In the E-Major Sonata, Mr. Stepner's precise use of a short bow and his unusual imagination in the use of rhythm and rubato made the slow movements soar with all the expressiveness of an early-Baroque vocal monody. These florid movements were the most successful moments in an all-Bach program. Elsewhere, the acoustics of the patio—in which I long to hear Gabrieli motets, Spanish Renaissance choral music, and seventeenth-century chamber music—confused the textures and hid the bass lines under a wash of resonance.

The Trio's players all used instruments from the Metropolitan's collection. The emancipation of beautiful instruments from their museum cases is welcome, though it is at least questionable whether a 1666 Italian harpsichord (splendidly played by John Gibbons) provides as good a sound for Bach's music as a modern reproduction of an early-eighteenth-century in-

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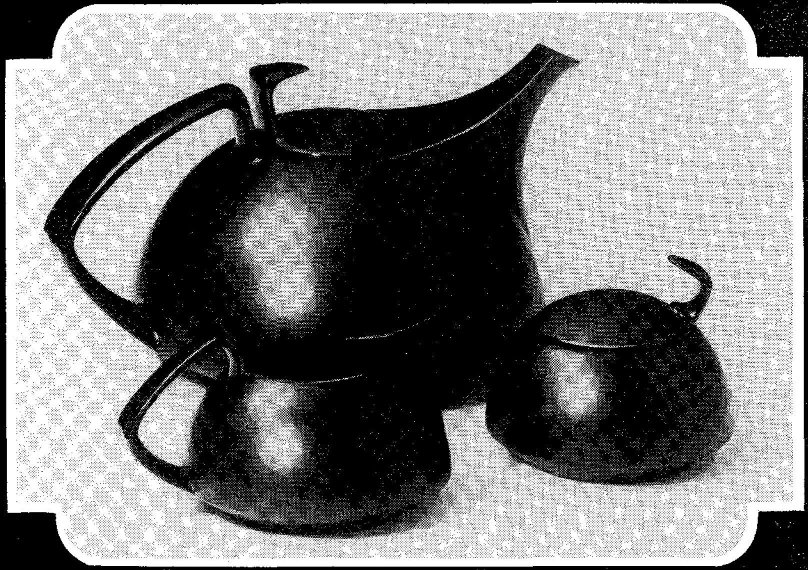

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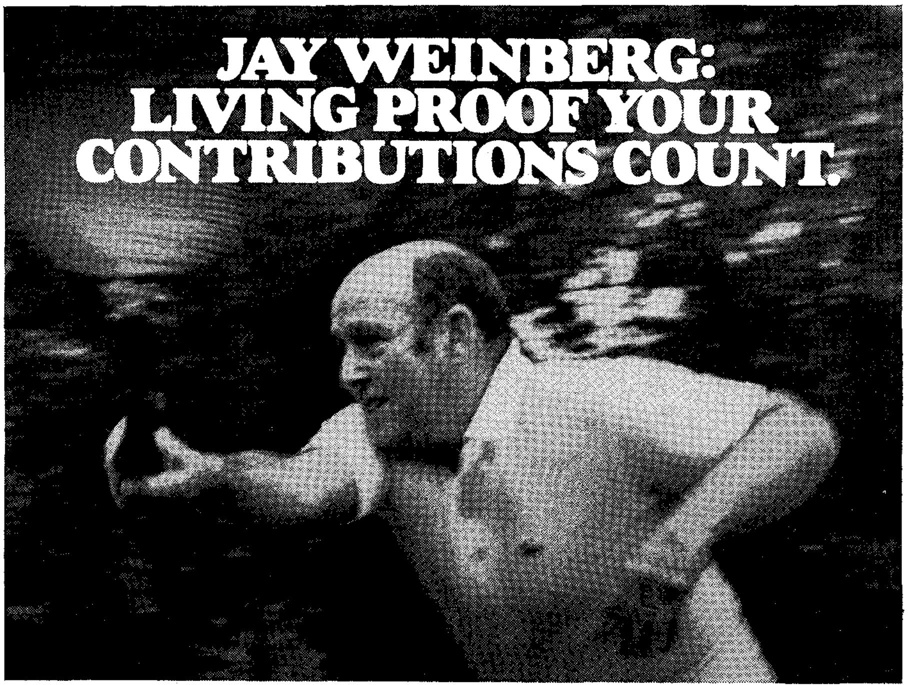

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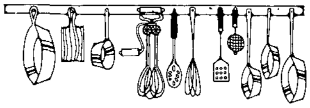

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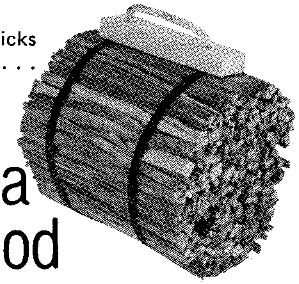

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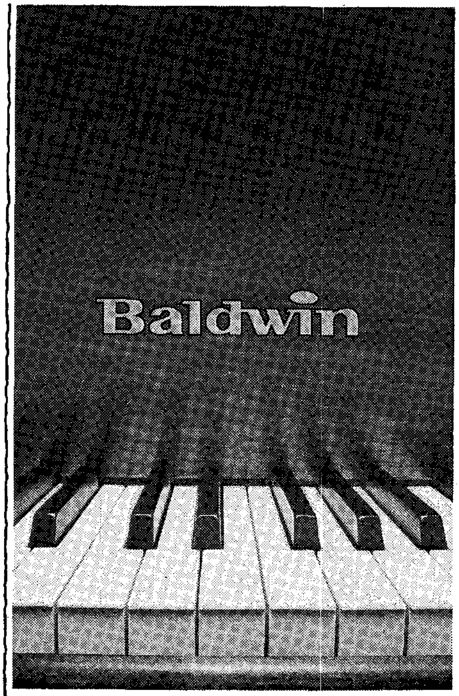
strument. As part of the Metropolitan's concert series in Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, last month, Anthony Newman used a modern harpsichord in a Bach program, with the Brandenburg Collegium. Bruce Berg used the same 1693 Stradivarius violin that Mr. Stepner played, and Linda Quan used a 1669 Amati. But again a decision about acoustics managed to ruin the concert for me: Mr. Newman, having gathered his string players at the center of the stage, had the harpsichord sound boosted through the hall's amplification system—it clanked at us from both sides of the stage. If a well-chosen harpsichord cannot balance a small group of original string instruments, that suggests only that it is in the wrong position. Mr. Newman should have brought his harpsichord to the front of the stage, and the violinists and violist should have stood behind it, with cello and double-bass sitting by the keyboard. As it was, the playing of Mr. Berg (well projected but bumpy) and of Miss Quan (small-scale but stylish) was all too often submerged by the noise of the harpsichord. In Bach's E-Major Harpsichord Concerto, Mr. Newman played boldly but heavily.

"MUSIC BEFORE 1800," the most discriminating and rewarding of New York's early-music concert series, began its new season at Corpus Christi Church, near Columbia University, with an outstanding recital by Les Filles de Sainte-Colombe. Named for the daughters of a famous French seventeenth-century viol player and composer (the teacher of Marin Marais), the ensemble consists of Wendy Gillespie, Mary Springfels, and Sarah Cunningham. They perform with a directness and vigor that contradict the notion of the viol consort as a scholastic, dry-as-dust combination. Their accounts of Purcell Fantasias were crisp and lively; firm articulation helped the contrapuntal lines along. Thomas Ford's "Why not here" emerged as a sparkling duet, with neat use of pizzicato. In the intricacies of Christopher Simpson's Fantasias "October" and "March," performed with the lutenist Lucy Cross, nothing became confused—the sprightly divisions danced, and the busy figurations were deftly controlled. And, for once, the acoustics helped. The soprano Nancy Armstrong joined the ensemble in songs by Ford and a cantata by Montéclair; her voice could not quite match the purity and line of the instruments,



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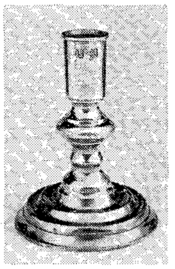

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but it blossomed into a full, warm sound and captured the simple emotions of the texts.

Musick's Monument, which appeared in Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, on East Twenty-second Street, is an attractive new ensemble of four singers, four viol players, and a lutenist; its first concert was an all-Dowland program, presenting groups of songs from each of the composer's four published collections. The performances were modelled on (and the text sheets were even more closely modelled on) the records by the Consort of Musicke which London has released here on its L'Oiseau-Lyre label. But there were differences. Musick's Monument uses two countertenors on the top lines instead of a soprano and a countertenor. The songs can be variously performed by solo, ensemble, viols, and lute. Here the most successful numbers were done with a solo voice. In the items performed by four voices, the singing was always responsive to the texts but had not acquired the perfection of ensemble and the quicksilver matching of mood and inflection which characterizes the Consort's recordings.

—Nicholas Kenyon

◆

TWO POEMS

BITTERN

Neck drawn in, dark shoulders
Hunched, the bittern alone
Among marsh reeds, its beak
A splinter pointed at clouds,
The stump of its brown body
Motionless, till now one gust
Of wind moves the dead stalks
Around it, the bittern swaying
Slowly like reeds, the long thin
Streaks of its breast moving
In time with wind, then slowing
To stillness, standing (barely
There) by water, waiting.

NUTHATCH

Quick, at the feeder, pausing
Upside down, in its beak
A sunflower seed held tight
To glance by chestnut, dust-blue,
White, an eye-streak
Gone in a blurred ripple
Straight to the cedar branch
To the trunk to a crevice
In bark and putting it
In there, quick, with the others,
Then arrowing straight back
For just one more all morning.

—David Wagoner

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THE ART WORLD

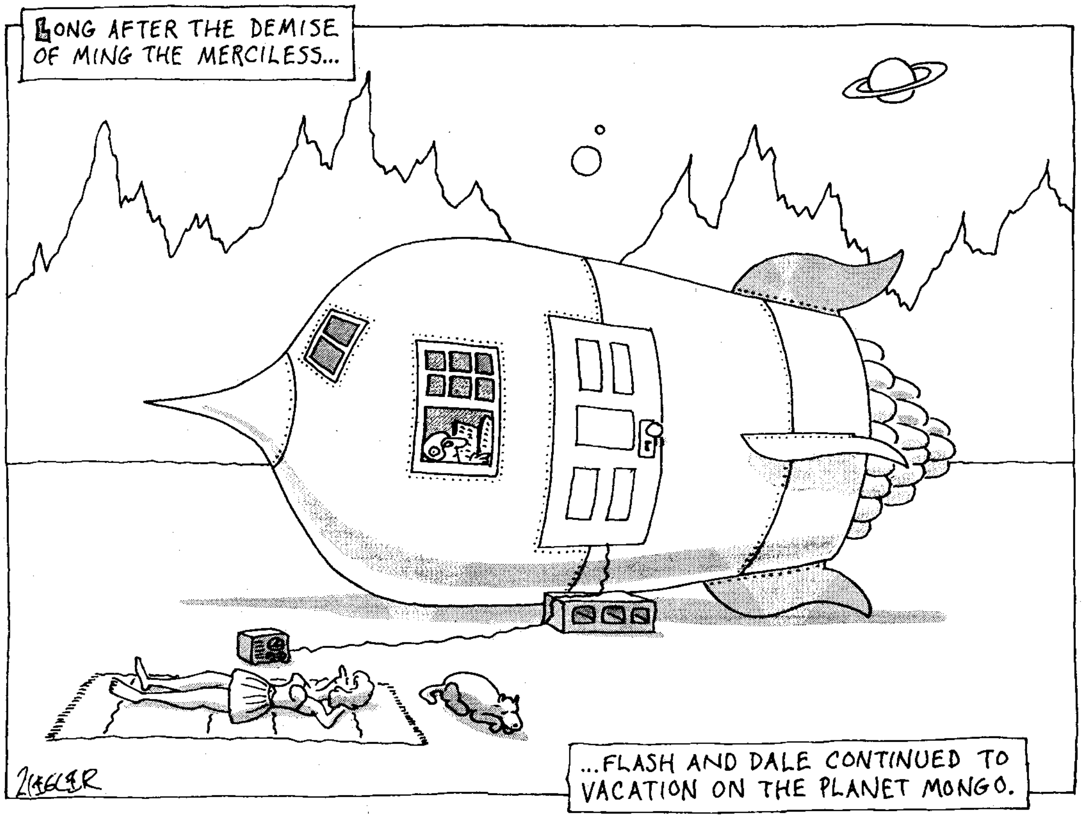
Sun in an Empty Room

THE large Edward Hopper exhibition at the Whitney Museum, through January 18th, is in some ways the antithesis of the Picasso retrospective that has just closed at the Museum of Modern Art. Compared to Picasso's protean, reckless grappling with every conceivable style and aesthetic problem, Hopper's consistency looks deceptively tame. Once Hopper had hit his stride, in the early nineteen-twenties, he continued for the rest of his long life (he died at eighty-four, in 1967) to paint the same limited repertoire of subjects in the same limited manner, stubbornly refusing to take any notice of the alternatives. Neither recognition nor the lack of it deterred him. Such an intensity of concentration drives some artists mad; it drove Hopper to turn out a number of clumsy paintings, a surprising proportion of fine ones, and a few of the indelible images in American art.

The tantalizing revelation in the Whitney show is that he could have taken another course. Hopper went to Paris for the first time in 1906, when he was twenty-four, and stayed for eight months. He went back in 1909 and again in 1910, and the pictures he did there—more than two dozen of them are at the Whitney—suggest a very different Edward Hopper from the one we know. No American artist has ever responded more joyously to the light and color of that seductress city. Some of Hopper's Paris oils are close to Fauvism in chromatic daring. The lush, succulent impastos and paint-loaded brushstrokes show a young man in love not only with Paris but with the act of painting: a sensibility embracing itself. Hopper's feeling for Paris was no mere infatuation. Back in New York, working as a commercial illustrator to support himself, he continued for more than a decade to paint and exhibit pictures based on Parisian scenes, including the remarkable "Soir Bleu," a 1914 composition with seven figures which points in a new, proto-Surrealist direction—a direction he chose not to follow. Ten of the sixteen paintings that he selected for his first one-man show, at the Whitney Studio Club, in 1920, were Paris oils. But then, somehow, he simply turned his back on Paris and all it represented, to him and to twentieth-century art. "It took me ten years to get over Europe," he said once. But he got over it. He never went there again, even in later years, when he was famous and could afford to travel. He narrowed his concentration to those aspects of the American scene that now bear his unmistakable imprint, which is the imprint of a profound and powerful denial.

Was disappointment at the root of it? Not a single painting in that first one-man show was sold. Many American artists of the period, still laboring with an inferiority complex as a result of the 1913 Armory Show, felt under pressure to deal with native subject matter in a homegrown manner. But Hopper was never not going to go his own way. In Paris, he had met no other artists. "I'd heard of Gertrude Stein, but I don't remember having heard of Picasso at all," he told Brian O'Doherty in one of the few extended interviews he permitted. Not to know about Picasso in Paris in 1909 sounds like an act of will. Most of the advanced artists there had felt obliged to visit Picasso's studio to see "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," completed in 1907, and they had followed closely the development of Cubism in Picasso's and Braque's exhibitions at Kahnweiler's. Hopper's refusal to have anything to do with Cubism or with abstract art, then or later, indicates that he was not a man to be swayed by external pressures. He knew what he was after, and if he had to put on blinders to get at it he would put on blinders. In 1924, he married Josephine Verstille Nivison, a painter, a chatterbox, a woman who made him give up sailing, which he had loved ever since he was a boy growing up in the Hudson River town of Nyack, and who also made sure that he would never again have to look at another woman's body—she insisted on being his only model from then on. She seems to have suited him fine.

The Hopper nudes—fortunately, he painted only a few—are as grotesque in their way as de Kooning's. Hopper never came close to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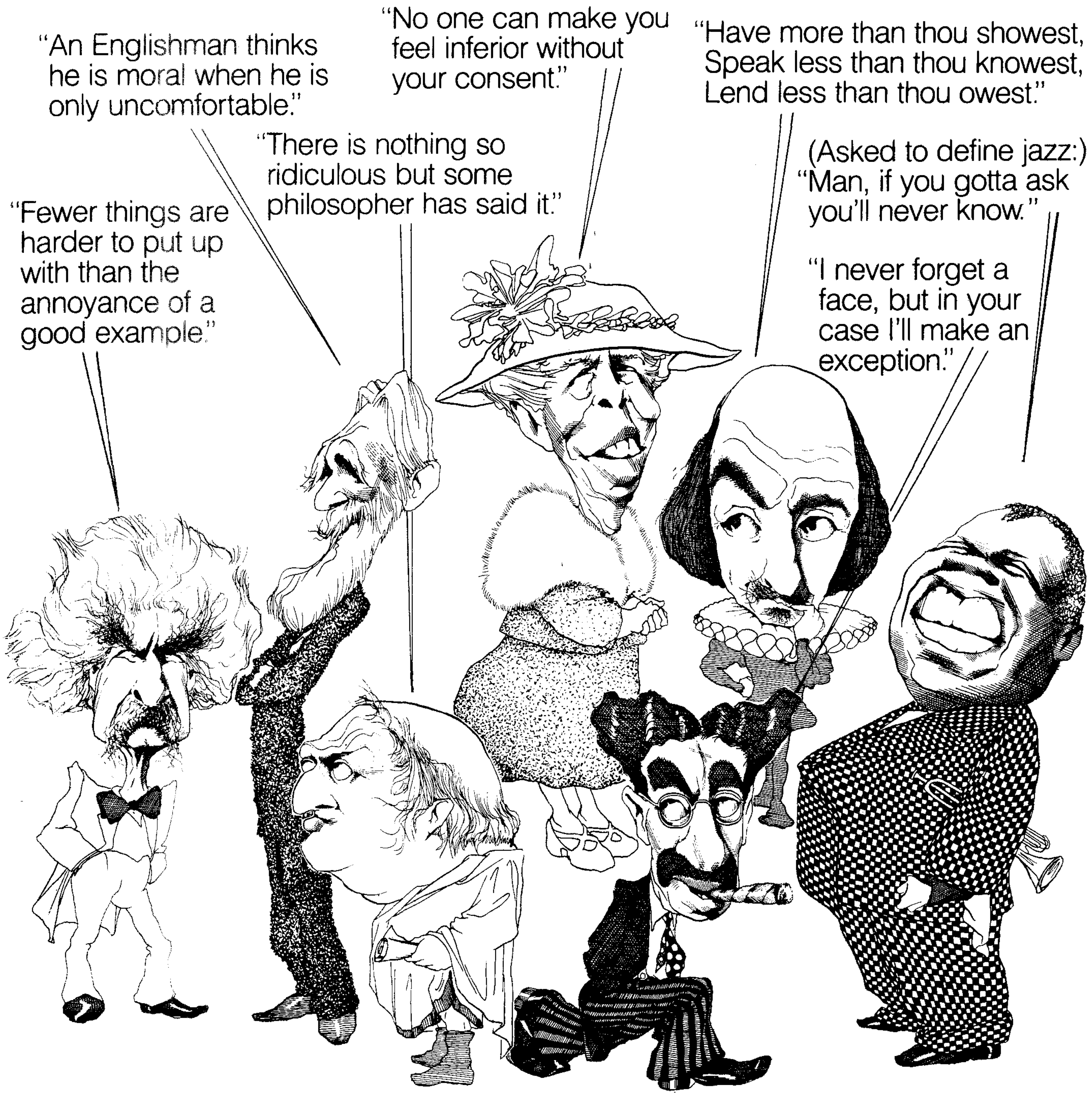
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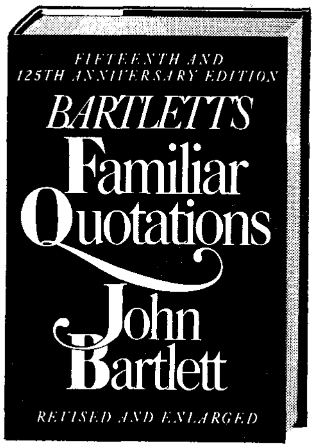
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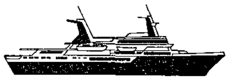

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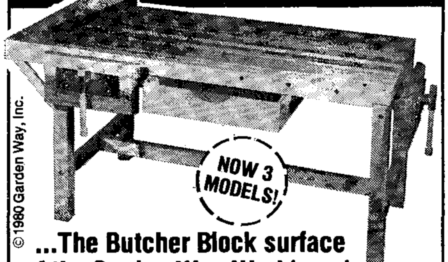

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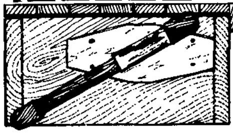

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a true flesh tone, and apparently he never tried. "Girlie Show" (1941), his red-haired stripper trailing a blue scarf, is a thoroughly embarrassing picture, and the embarrassment comes from the artist's need to paint it: is this what he thought he was missing? ("He never could do pretty girls," Mrs. Hopper confided to O'Doherty.) Much better to push all that side of things under the rug, as he generally did. What Hopper really liked was domestic architecture—Victorian houses, New York tenements, small-town façades, gas stations, lighthouses. His buildings have an individual expressiveness that his men and women almost never do. ("Soir Bleu" is one exception.) Men and women in Hopper's paintings tend toward a few recurrent types: the woman with blank, masklike features; the pallid middle-aged man deadened by failure; the coarse, heavy-bodied floozy. No matter where they are—at the theatre, in a restaurant, sitting alone in an office or a hotel room—they weigh us down with their disappointed or unlived lives.

Hopper's best-known paintings, his indelible images, all share this oppressive atmosphere. It is not just loneliness, although that is often the prevailing mood. In "Gas" (1940), the three red gas pumps and their solitary attendant take on a look of extreme isolation because of the dark forest across the road—one of those impenetrable Hopper woods in which the trees are all the same size and shape, and impossibly close together. The daydreaming female usher in "New York Movie" (1939) wears a uniform that is a pathetic counterpart of the baroque column and the plush upholstery in the half-empty theatre (Hopper's theatres are always more or less empty); the false opulence of the place mocks her reverie. "Office at Night" (1940) is a strange little tableau, the man at his desk oblivious of the buxom secretary who turns away from the filing cabinet to face him; it is late and anything could happen, but nothing will. "Nighthawks" (1942), the most famous of all, is also the most desolate: three customers and a counterman in an all-night diner seen from the dark street through a plate-glass window, each person isolated within an inviolable compartment of self. These pictures, whose effect is so powerful and so disturbing, come from something very deep in Hopper and in us—something that Hopper got to through the pressure of his own self-limitations. It

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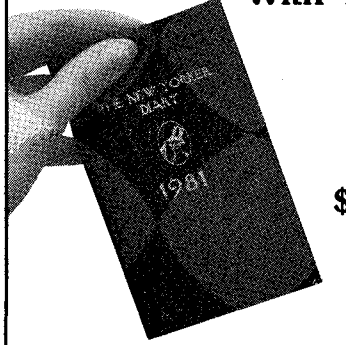

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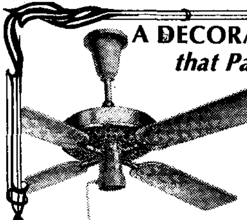

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is the dark side of the American promise, the light that was doomed to fail.

Light, of course, is the central element in Hopper's finest canvases. He was as obsessed with light as were the landscape painters of the Hudson River School, in the last century. Thomas Cole and Frederick Church went to nature to read God's Holy Book; in their vast panoramas, light is a form of benediction, a proof of Divine Presence. In Hopper, light stands for nothing but itself. He worked hard to get the particular quality of light in different places and at different times of day—the crystalline light of early morning, the soft golden light of Cape Cod afternoons. Some of these paintings—the ones of buildings alone, without figures—seem to break free of pessimism. "Sun in an Empty Room" (1963), one of his last paintings, comes close to abstraction in its serene mastery. Hopper's light falls benevolently on white clapboard houses, empty rooms, and unpopulated landscapes, but when it falls on human beings it is pitiless. "Second Story Sunlight" (1960) shows the difference. The twin-gabled white house takes the morning sun gloriously and gives it back; the two figures—an elderly woman in black and a young blond woman in a two-piece bathing suit—look ungainly and out of place in it. But it is precisely this aspect, this sense of the two women as intruders, that gives the picture its strange tension and power, its ability to suggest empty lives and abandoned hopes.

From the evidence of his work, Hopper never felt at home in America. For all we know (he said very little, about himself or about anything else), he may have spent his whole life longing for Paris. The current exhibition reinforces our awareness that for certain artists negation may be as fruitful as prodigality is for others.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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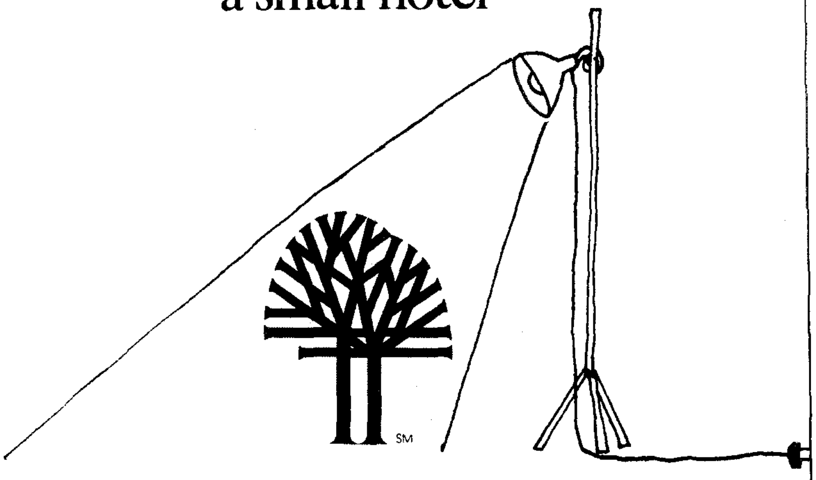

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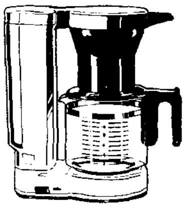

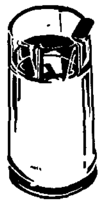

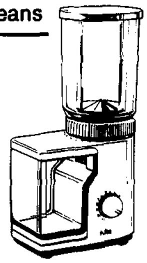

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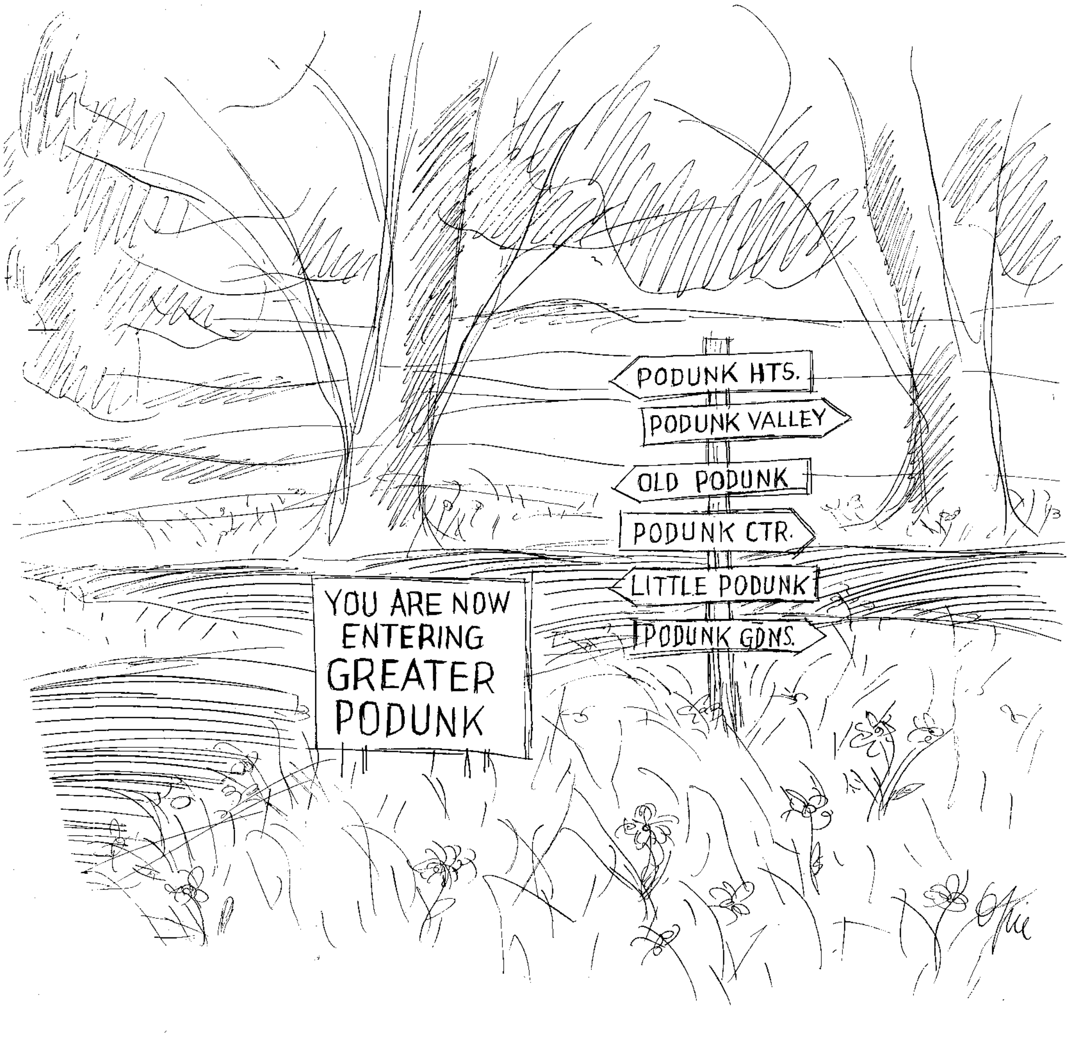
U.S. JOURNAL: TERRE HILL, PA.

THE MEN AND THE WOMEN

IN Terre Hill, Pennsylvania, the volunteer fire company and the ladies auxiliary of the volunteer fire company have been having trouble for years. Because the fire company is all male and the ladies auxiliary is all female, the trouble between them is ordinarily spoken of as the trouble between The Men and The Women. The terms used are often the terms customary in discussions of the trouble between any men and women who find themselves bound together in a relationship that seems to produce more tension than joy—so that Terre Hill residents talking about the fire company and its auxiliary tend to sound like people offering theories on why the couple down the street simply can't seem to get along. The trouble between The Men and The Women, some people in Terre Hill say, is a problem of communication. The trouble, some of The Men say, is that The Women are constantly harping on their independence. The trouble, some of The Women say, is that The Men always want to tell them what to do. According to some of The Men, the trouble is just with two or three women who want to control things. According to some of The Women, the trouble is with just two or three men who want to control things. "The trouble is always over the money The Women earn," LaVerne Zell, the mayor of Terre Hill said recently. "Every time The Men have come and asked, The Women have given them money, but they don't like to ask." Whatever people in Terre Hill believe is the cause of the trouble, there is agreement that it came to a boiling point last summer. By September, the volunteer fire company had sent The Women a letter dissociating itself from the ladies auxiliary, announcing that it would accept no more auxiliary money, and banning the auxiliary from the fire hall—underlining the ban with the use of a tactic common in disputes between men and women, a complete change of locks. The ladies auxiliary had removed a good deal of its equipment from the kitchen of the fire-hall dining room, reminding the firemen that it also happened to own most of what was left behind—the dishwasher and the freezer and "the paint on the walls." There were accusations of thievery on both sides—accusations based on the sort of claims familiar to anyone who has ever watched men and women try to decide who actually owns property that was purchased with the assumption that it would always be used jointly by both parties. When the argument between The Men and The Women finally found its way to the front page of the Lancaster *Intelligencer Journal*, the reporter assigned to the story, Eugene Kraybill, summed up the situation in a succinct first paragraph: "Divorce in Terre Hill."

Some couples in Terre Hill maintain memberships in both the fire company and the auxiliary—the man may be called on now and then to help control a fire; the woman may occasionally make a bowl of chicken-and-corn soup for the food trailer the auxiliary maintains at local auctions—but the people who actually run the organizations, a small number in the fire company and an even smaller number in the auxiliary, are not literally married to each other. Among people who are literally married to each other in Terre Hill, divorce is not common. Neither is the phenomenon of women harping on their independence. Neither is being mentioned on the front page of the Lancaster *Intelligencer Journal*. Terre Hill is a quiet town of twelve hundred people in the Pennsylvania Dutch farming country of eastern Lancaster County. Its rare mentions in the newspaper tend to be carried under headlines like "TERRE HILL AN IDEAL PLACE TO LIVE" or "TERRE HILL MAINTAINS ITS RURAL CHARACTER." Terre Hill is only a few miles from



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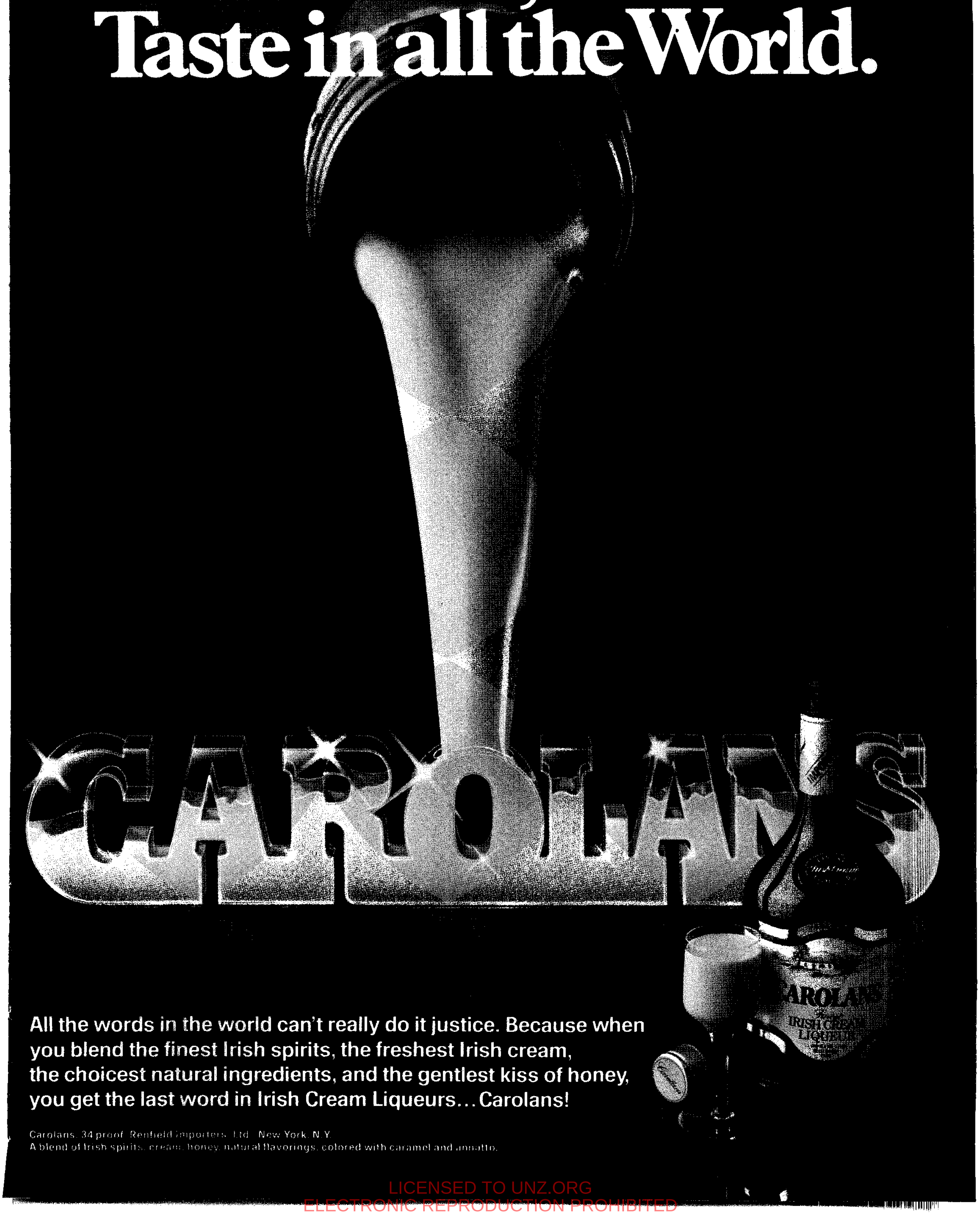

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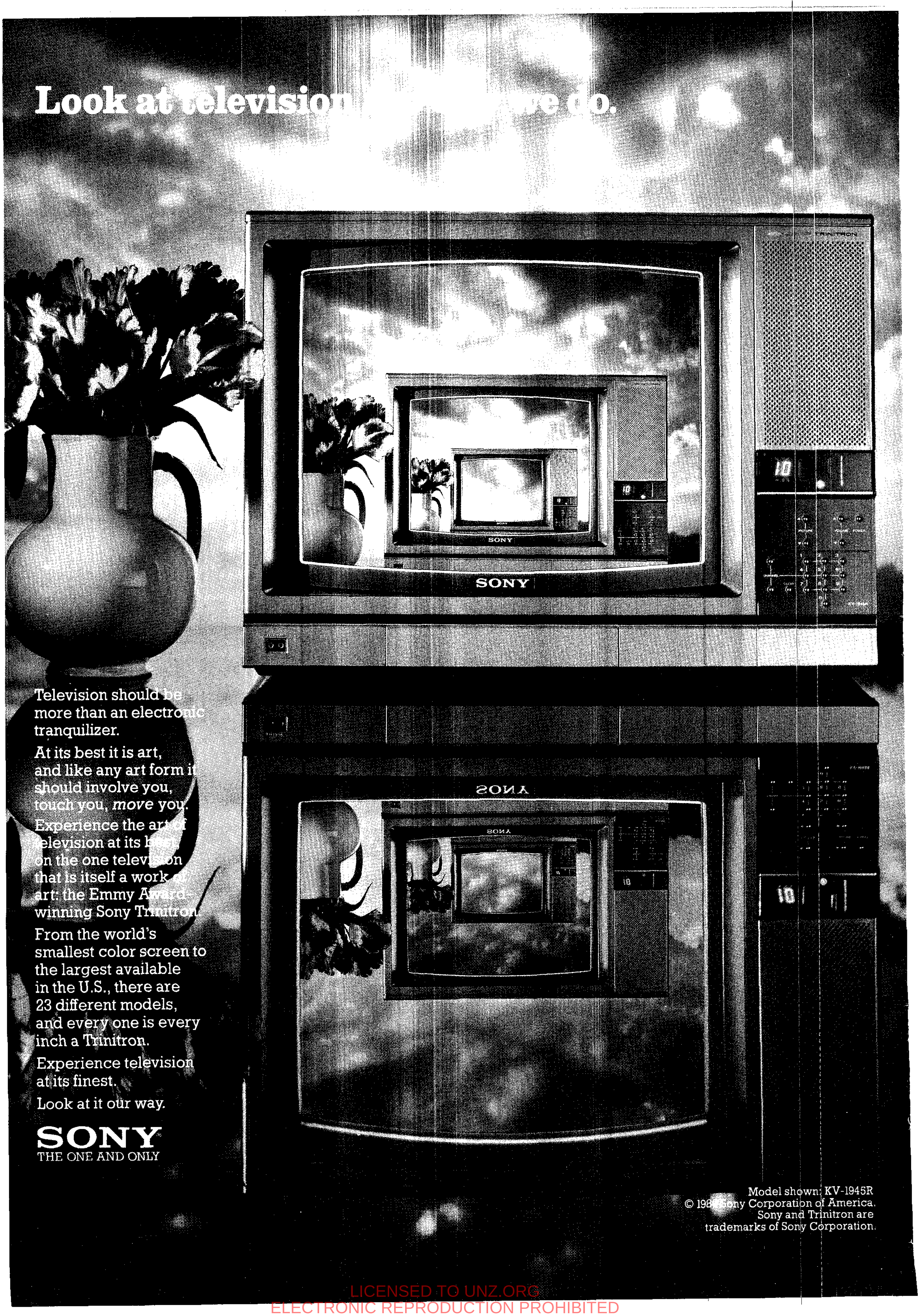
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the highways that carry thousands of tourists on their search for a hex sign to buy for the activity room or a live Amishman to photograph in his buggy, but a few miles seems to be enough. Terre Hill has no motels or souvenir stands or flea markets. There is not exactly a downtown. The commercial enterprises on Main Street—the restaurant, the laundromat, the bank, the tavern—are separated by wood-frame houses. Terre Hill is the sort of small town that has a town park with both a bandstand and a cannon—a town where the fire company conducts its annual fund drive by going door to door on New Year's Day and uses Boy Scouts to distribute special announcements. There are times in the middle of the day when the only traffic on Main Street is a horse and buggy driven by one of the Old Order Mennonite families that have grown corn and tobacco in the farmland surrounding Terre Hill for as long as anyone can remember. There were once eight or ten cigar factories along Main Street, but the evaporation of the cigar industry, in the years between the wars, did not seem to have much effect on Terre Hill's population. People remained in Terre Hill and found work elsewhere—at the farm-implement plant in New Holland or the sewing factories that set up in a number of Pennsylvania Dutch towns. Except for the residents of a couple of new subdivisions, a lot of people who live in Terre Hill seem to be people whose families have lived there for years—descendants of Germans and Swiss who came to Lancaster County more than two centuries ago to practice their religions in peace. In Terre Hill, there are so many people with the same last name—names like Zimmerman or Weaver—that most of them no longer think of themselves as related except, as they sometimes say, "maybe way back there somewhere." Their speech still has traces of Pennsylvania Dutch like "youze" for the plural "you" and "nawthun" for "nothing" and "yet" tacked on to a sentence that most Americans would have considered complete as it stood—so that, arguing over the background of their dispute, an officer of the ladies auxiliary could say "I wanted to write a check yet" to a fireman who had not long before said, "Could I get a word in here yet?"

Although it is not unusual in Terre Hill to see a waitress at the restaurant or a housewife at the ladies auxiliary meeting wearing the lace cap tradi-

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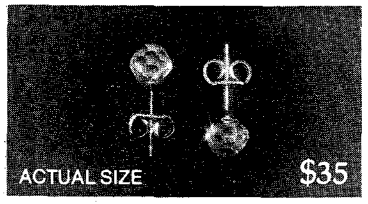

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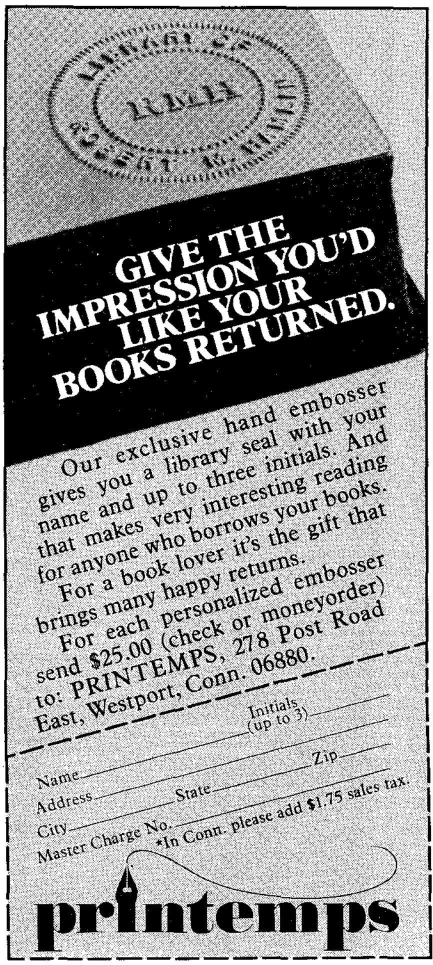

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tional among observant Mennonite women, most people in town are Evangelical or Methodist or the sort of Mennonites whose day-to-day dress and customs do not differ significantly from those of Lutherans or Presbyterians. A visitor at a meeting of the Terre Hill volunteer fire company would find the firemen indistinguishable in looks and manner from the firemen of any other small town where most people earn their living with their hands—unless he happened to notice that the language was less gamy than is customary in such all-male gatherings, even when the subject is what a pain The Women are. The sterner forms of the settlers' religion have left a sort of residue in Terre Hill—a conservatism, a limitation on *rambunctiousness that may be reinforced* by the constant example of the plain people just outside of town. Terre Hill, a man familiar with the area said recently, would not have a fire company as straitlaced as some Lancaster County towns where Old Order Amish participate as firemen, but neither could it have the sort of jolly outfit that can be found in some towns of adjoining Berks County, where the settlers arrived with German names but without pietistic religion. In Terre Hill, where wedding receptions and rained-out community picnics as well as public meetings are held in the fire hall, there is both a regulation forbidding beer and wine in the building and a widespread assumption that the regulation has not gone completely unbroken.

There was a time when the fire company itself was the center of social activity in Terre Hill—a time, perhaps, when fewer options for entertainment were available—but these days the purpose of the company is pretty much to fight fires. As it happens, there are not many fires to fight in Terre Hill and the surrounding farmland. So far this year, the department has been called out fourteen times—always for relatively minor matters like checking smoking wires or washing the gasoline off the street after a traffic accident. Still, the firemen are prepared. The huge Hahn fire engine that the company purchased seven years ago, with the help of the ladies auxiliary, stands gleaming in the fire hall, on Main Street. A man could easily shave in the reflection of the stainless-steel covering its hose outlet. Several months ago, the company decided that its second engine—a 1957 Chevrolet truck that was converted

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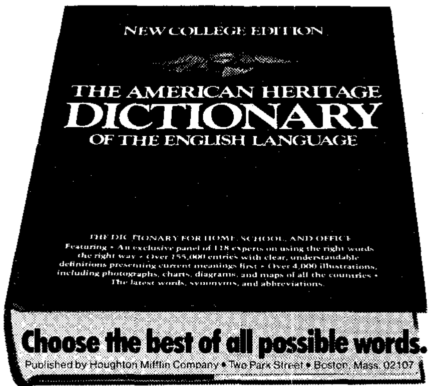

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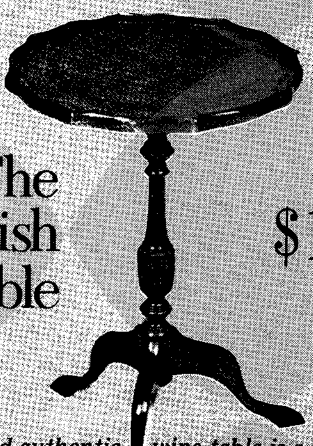
into a fire engine by a machine shop on the edge of town—should be replaced by a second new Hahn. At about the time The Men officially informed the ladies auxiliary that a new sixty-six-thousand-dollar fire truck had been ordered, The Women let it be known that they had been doing some ordering of their own: The decrepit food trailer they had been asking The Men to renovate for some time was being replaced by a new five-thousand-dollar custom-made food trailer. The Men asked The Women to cancel the order, partly on the ground that it was impolitic to buy two flashy new pieces of equipment at the same time. The Women said it was too late to cancel the order; the trailer was, after all, custom-made. The Men insisted. Then, as people in Terre Hill tend to put it, "one thing led to another."

"GO home and look up the word 'auxiliary' in the dictionary," an officer of the fire company said to an officer of the auxiliary during a meeting held to discuss the trouble. The auxiliary officer didn't have to. "We're exceptional," she said. The Men tend to think that an organization calling itself the ladies auxiliary of the Terre Hill volunteer fire company ought to be just what it sounds like—a sort of collective helpmate that assists in any way the main organization finds useful, whether it be raising money or doing up curtains for the meeting room. In Terre Hill, things haven't worked out that way. Apparently because there had been some quarrelling in an earlier version of a ladies auxiliary, the women who organized the current auxiliary, in 1947, took the trouble to go to a lawyer for a proper charter, and the charter defined it as an organization completely independent of the fire company. The present officers of the auxiliary have not treated the independent charter as a historical accident. ("Those old ladies saw some things coming.") To the irritation of The Men, most of whom are not accustomed to asking women for money, the auxiliary has decided when money is to be donated and how large the donation will be. When the new food trailer provided the last straw, The Men, acting the way men in Terre Hill would customarily act in such disputes, began making demands—that The Women, for instance, make no purchase of more than five hundred dollars without consulting the fire company. The Women—armed with their charter, facing men



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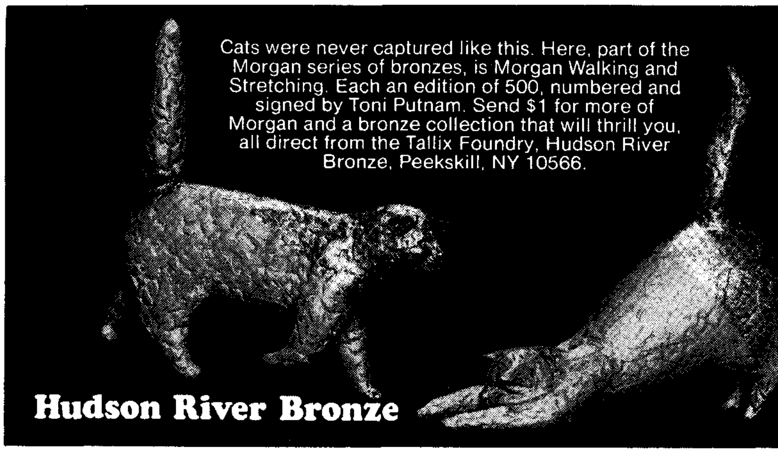

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who were not their husbands—acted not at all in the way a housewife might be expected to act during a male-female argument in Terre Hill. Although respectable people in Terre Hill would ordinarily tend to keep private arguments as private as possible, The Women dealt with whichever outsiders they thought might serve their needs. They sent The Men a copy of a lawyer's letter assuring them that there was no reason for them to pay any attention at all to demands from the fire company. ("They really didn't like it that we went to a lawyer," the secretary of the auxiliary said recently, managing quite easily to control her remorse.) When they thought they would be helped by public awareness, they leaked the story to the Lancaster *Intelligencer Journal*—an act The Men liked even less. The Women seemed unconcerned at the prospect of dissociation—allowing that they might simply find deserving organizations that were a bit quicker with "Thank you"s than the firemen had been. "We're like a women's club or something like that," an auxiliary officer said. "All of them have a charity. Our charity is the fire company, but maybe it's not a good one right now."

The Women calculate that in the past five years they have given the fire department forty thousand dollars—some of it raised from refreshment sales, some of it from catering private parties, some from an annual auction of quilts that are produced by Old Order women in a sort of quilting bee that the auxiliary sponsors. At the height of the dispute, The Men announced that they would start selling refreshments at auctions themselves—a prospect that drew some sly comments from The Women. ("It might be nice for them to work for something themselves.") One resident of Terre Hill put the financial element of the dispute more bluntly: "Without The Women, they'd starve."

When Eugene Kraybill, of the Lancaster newspaper, asked one auxiliary officer if the fire company could survive without the auxiliary, she said, "I hope not," but a few days later it was obvious that nobody in Terre Hill wanted the fire company to collapse or to be taken over by the town—and paid for by the taxpayers. Although The Women occasionally said that the fire company didn't really need another new fire engine, everybody obviously wanted the company to be properly equipped. The Women, claiming that they had always been

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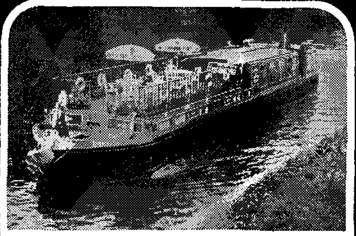

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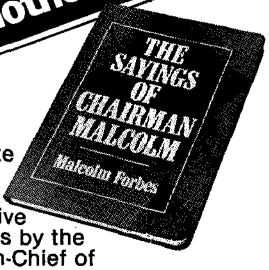

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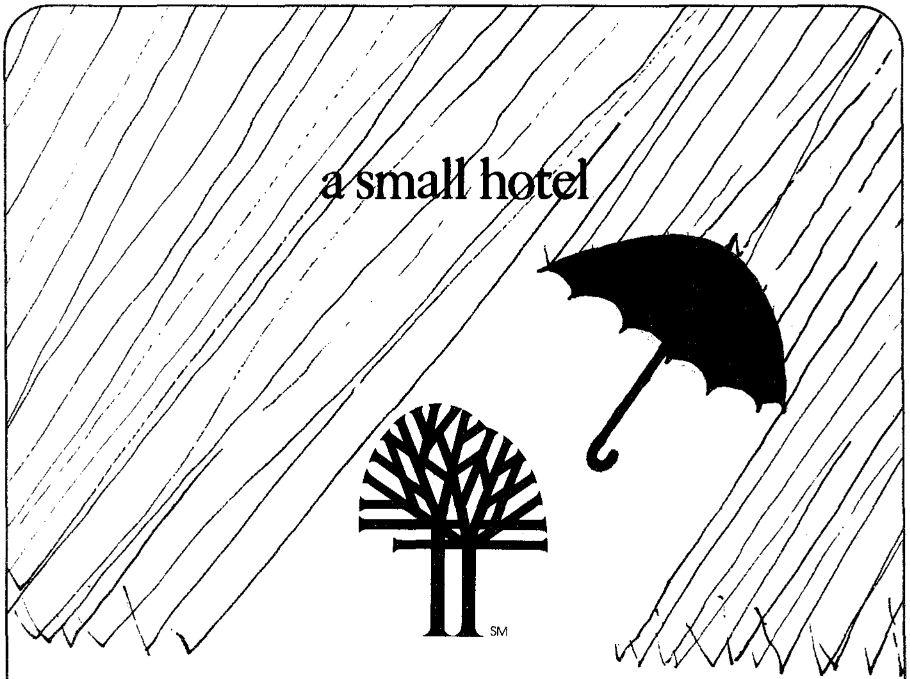
willing to give money toward both the trailer and the engine, said they wanted to support the fire company as long as it was understood that they were a separate organization. A lot of people in Terre Hill were embarrassed that the entire matter had been aired in the Lancaster newspaper, for everyone in the county to see. ("Like children arguing over who's getting what toy.") There was talk about how the Old Order farm families—significant contributors to the company and the auxiliary in both annual donations and valuable quilts—might be offended by the hullabaloo, being people who would probably find any mention in the newspapers embarrassing. It was said in town that one belligerent fire-company officer had calmed down after a talk with his Mennonite bishop. There were people in Terre Hill who said that the matter had to be ironed out—and in a way that left no one with a "bitter heart." The background of Terre Hill puts some limit on public acrimony.

When men and women talk about the grievances that led to a separation, of course, even more grievances may come out. The Women, it turned out, had found it irritating not just that The Men had ignored their request to fix up the old food trailer but also that only a few firemen ever seemed willing to haul it to auctions. The Men said The Women bought the trailer just because they were offended at not having been consulted officially about the purchase of the fire engine—hurt, as women often are, at being taken for granted. There was a lot of talk about who had changed which locks and which parts of the fire hall ought to have locks anyway and who took the box of letters for the community-announcement sign outside the fire hall and why somebody took a lot of ketchup out of the auxiliary's food cupboard without so much as leaving a note. Efforts at reconciliation also had to deal with the problem so often found in efforts at reconciliation: Who would make the first move?

"They left. They're going to have to ask to come back," a fireman said at one meeting.

"It's more up to them than it is to us," an auxiliary officer said at a meeting the next night.

A few days after the dispute became public, it seemed clear that the firemen were not going to press the matter of banning the auxiliary from the fire hall, which may, in fact, be a public building. In a special meeting a few



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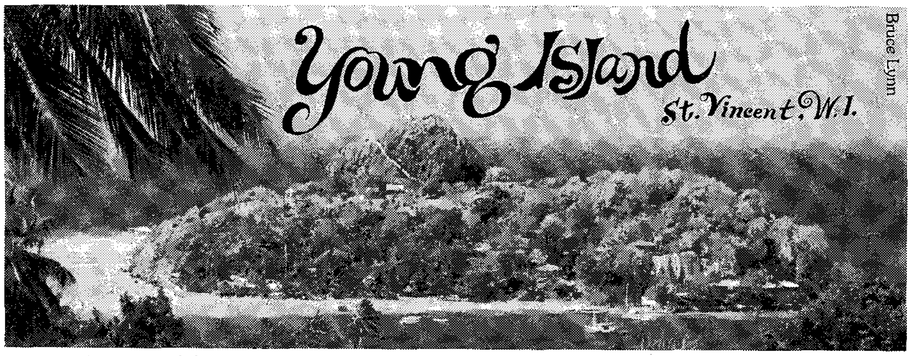

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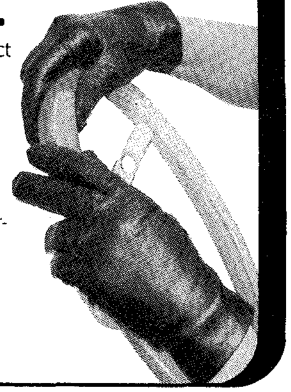

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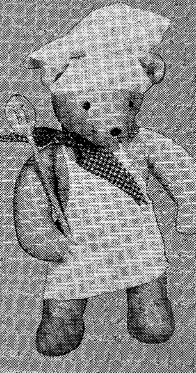

days after that, the firemen reconsidered the decision to dissociate the company from the auxiliary. "Let's face it," one fireman said. "We need The Women." Another fireman summed up the discussion that followed by saying, "You want The Women back, but you want them to do what you want them to do." The Men considered a plan of having their wives join the auxiliary and take over, but not many firemen seemed confident that their wives would go along with the plan. They considered the possibility of forming a new auxiliary that would agree to be directed by the fire company—but that would have meant, among other complications, not just buying their own fire engine but buying a new dishwasher and a new freezer and maybe even a new community-announcements sign for outside the fire hall. Finally, the men passed a sort of reassociation motion, with some face-saving language about the auxiliary bringing back the equipment they had taken and dedicating it to the fire hall.

A couple of peacemakers took the proposal to an auxiliary meeting the next night. The Women seemed willing to establish some regular times during the year when money would be turned over to the fire company—just how much money, of course, being up to the ladies auxiliary—but they said that they wouldn't dedicate a thing to the fire hall. ("If we turn it over and anything like this happened again, we'd be out.")

"I think really what we've had is mainly a problem of communication," one of the peacemakers said, when the discussion seemed to be about over.

"No, it isn't," the treasurer of the auxiliary said. —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

On the cover of last week's Bulletin, we announced that next Sunday, September 28, will be George and Grace Goss day at Christ Church. The time of the reception has been changed. It will not be a part of our regular Coffee Minute following the late celebration, and not from 3 to 5 as originally planned. Please change your calendars and plan to attend. Help us honor George and Grace.—*Christ Church Bulletin, Nashville, Tenn.*

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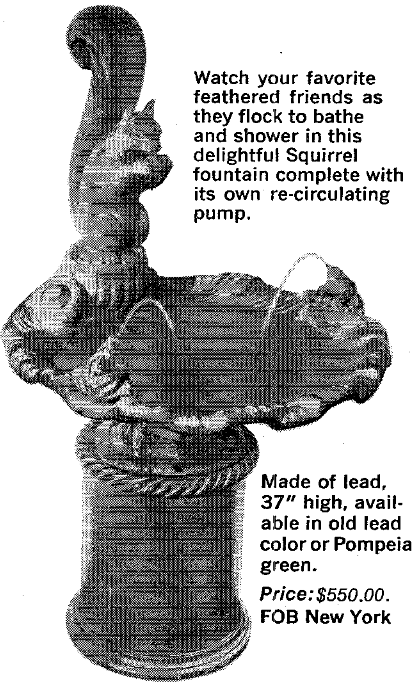

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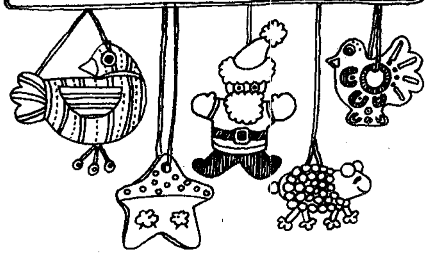

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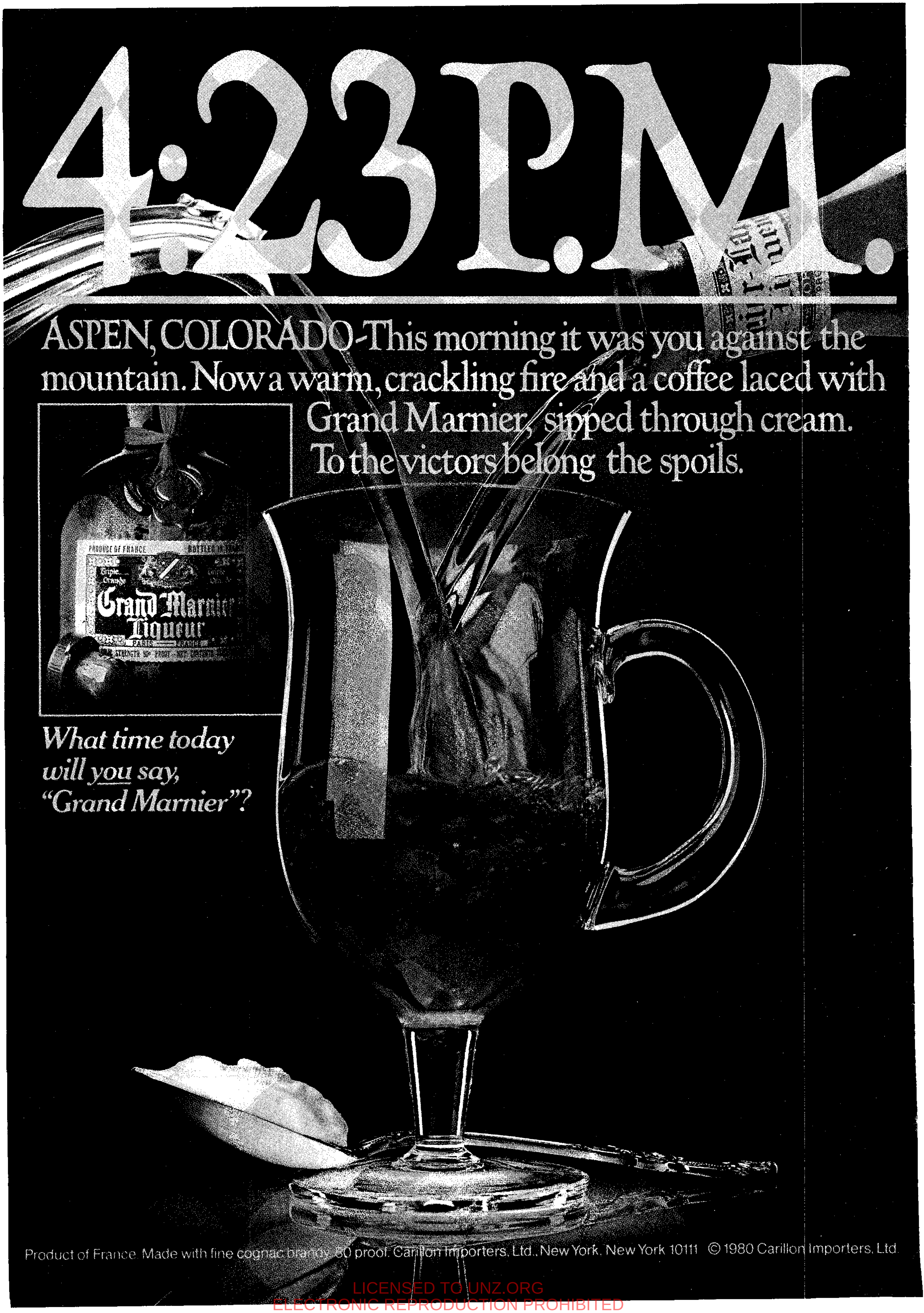
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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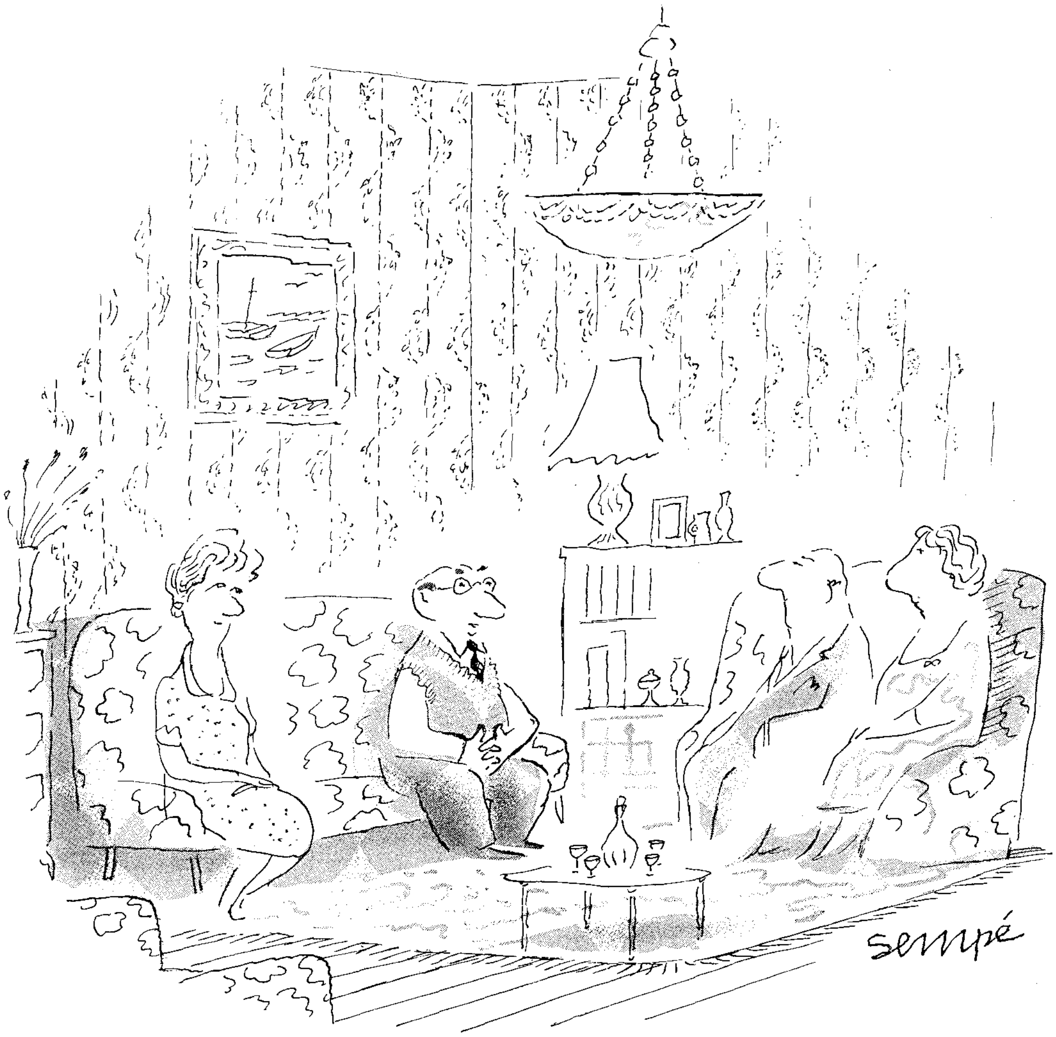
"PRIVATE BENJAMIN" is one of the few current movies with an ad that's a real come-on: Goldie Hawn looking bedraggled in an Army helmet, with her lower lip pulled down in the pout of a sad sack who feels abused. The ad is also an accurate representation of the movie's appeal. Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honey bunch—Judy Benjamin, a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia who has been wasting her intelligence. On the night of Judy's second wedding (her first marriage lasted only six months), the lawyer groom (Albert Brooks) dies of a heart attack while he's exerting himself on top of her on the bathroom floor, having spent himself earlier that evening when he pulled her into the back of a car. (They never get to use the nuptial bed.) Her brain fogged over in confusion, Judy lets a recruiting officer (Harry Dean Stanton) con her with the promise that the Army—the new Army, with its swank new facilities—will take care of everything, and she finds herself scrubbing latrines in Biloxi, Mississippi. Actually, the Army does even more for her than the recruiter promised. It used to be said that the Army would make a man out of you, and in early movies mollycoddled young prigs were whipped into shape and became rugged he-men, leaders, heroes. This hasn't been said much lately, but it's back now in feminist drag. The Army makes a real woman out of the bratty Judy Benjamin. The he-men may have got medals; Judy has her first orgasms.

The script of this women's-liberation service comedy goes from one formula to the next. It's a reworking of generations of male service comedies, with a reverse Cinderella theme: the madcap princess learns to respect the underprivileged members of her ethnically balanced group of recruits and becomes a strong, independent human being. The plot is contingent on the moviemakers' shameless willingness to present Judy as the product of a crassly materialistic Jewish background. And despite the film's feminist veneer, Judy the soldier gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Yet for almost two-thirds of its length the picture is moderately amusing. The director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes stale material with smart camera angles, fuzzy, offbeat timing, and touches so small they're not even gags—they're like the fast flashes in commercials. He holds our attention by casting bit parts with actors who look as if they're going to do something strange, though they don't get to do anything at all, and charms us with a Turkish officer who says some Turkish gobbledygook and then comes back and says it again. The cutting in the basic-training sequences is crisp and often close to inspired—an extra frame or two and viewers might cringe (which I found myself doing during the war-games sequences). Albert Brooks disappears fast, but he makes the bridegroom schmucky yet alive and warm, because everything he does is odd. (Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie, who play Judy's complacent father and neurasthenic mother, have no idiosyncrasies and are dead throughout.)

Zieff appears to be a good director for Goldie Hawn, because almost everything she does here has an infectious, frothy charm. Even if this material was patched together as a showcase for her (she's the executive producer), she had to spin her character out of herself, because it's not in the writing. She gets laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going



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through the rigors of basic training; when she runs, she holds her hands out limply in front of her chest, like a bunny rabbit holding up two paws. And she knows enough to recede into the Army group (which includes Toni Kalem, Mary Kay Place, and P. J. Soles) during a spontaneous celebration dance after her side has won the war games. (A black sergeant, played by Hal Williams, who joins in—discreetly dancing with the black Damita Jo Freeman—is the only man in the movie who isn't savaged.) There isn't anything Goldie Hawn can do, though, to redeem dumb service-comedy pranks, like Judy putting blue dye in the shower head of the recruits' captain (Eileen Brennan, in a role that seems to have been conceived by a collection of bickering psychopaths; it requires her to produce a mean slow grin at regular intervals and change her sexual orientation from sequence to sequence).

This picture might have been repugnant with a more militant-looking star. But Goldie Hawn has her smudged, infant sweetness and her little baby belly. When she's fouling up, she's a darling dogface, and when she's standing proud and tall in her élite paratroop-corps uniform, she's still Goldie Hawn of the blue goo-goo eyes and the big, fizzy smile and the limp, straggly curls that always make her look as if she'd been left out in the rain. She finds new, much softer variations of the squeally mannerisms she perfected on the "Laugh-In" shows, and she has a light tone with lines like her unhappy comment to the groom (soon to be a corpse) when he grabs her in the bathroom, "Yale, it's not real romantic to make love in a sink." (Her voice expresses weary incredulity.) Her likableness sustains the picture until the plot packs her off to Europe in pursuit of a real dish—a French-Jewish gynecologist, whom Armand Assante plays with lowered lids and a heavy accent (like an impersonator's caricature of Charles Boyer) and a wardrobe that looks like a spread in *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. This doctor is a soft nuzzler at Judy's neck. Assante lays on the Gallic sleepy-eyed sexual assurance by the bucketful, yet it doesn't come across as funny. Did the writers (Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller) mean it to? This dreamboat who turns out to be a heel is almost as baffling as Eileen Brennan's growling, butch captain, and everything slumps once he appears. When we realize that the prince

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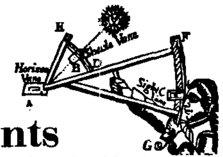

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is a thickheaded chauvinist who will turn Judy into a subservient wife, as useless and neurotic as her mindless mother, the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. Judy's having to get liberated all over again is bizarre, bizarre. (For the purposes of the plot, she's made out to be a very slow learner.) Yet even here, when at the very last minute Judy pulls out of her wedding ceremony, Goldie Hawn gets a semi-laugh by the way she inflects "Not so fast" (instead of "I will"). Goldie Hawn demonstrates what an accomplished comedienne she is—she carries "Private Benjamin" on her back. She's caught in one particularly dumb gambit, though: in order to please the Frenchman, Judy wears her hair Mercurochrome red, in a Cleopatra cut. The material is so thin—it's just Daffy Duck-TV sitcom—that Goldie Hawn can't afford a disfiguring hairdo. For feminism this phony, she needs every physical asset she can muster and all her honey-bunch wiles.

At the end, Judy the princess who became the sad sack who became the fine soldier is the fairy princess turning down the castle, and as she walks alone down a tree-lined lane in her long, diaphanous wedding gown, there is the sound of military music and her step becomes more firm. Is it really back to the Army for Judy Benjamin? Is male domination so inevitable that she can escape it only by accepting military authoritarianism? This movie, with its message—unmarried womanhood is the only kind of womanhood—is cuckoo.

WATCHING Bette Midler in "Divine Madness," which was filmed on three successive nights at specially arranged performances at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, you don't know where her energy and spirit come from. She goes from one mood to another in triple time (like a Betty Hutton with brains)—as if she's so alive that all these emotions just spurt out. In "The Rose," she was probably able to give her passionate, skilled performance by drawing from the same source that Streisand drew from in "Funny Girl": these "untrained" artists had invented their own training—they had been treating each song they sang as an encapsulated, highly emotional story. Midler—a comedienne who sings—and Streisand are very different, though. When Streisand sings, her command of the audience is in her regal stillness; she distills her own emotions. You feel

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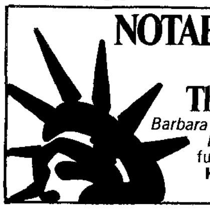
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that she doesn't need the audience—that she could close her eyes and sing with the same magnetic power. Streisand's voice is her instrument; Midler's audience is her instrument. She plays on us and we bring her to life, or at least she makes us feel that we do.

Midler holds you by her changes. She moves like a flighty, mincing Mick Jagger, with a high-heeled, tippy-toed prance and a furious jiggle, and even when her feet don't move, her features do. Everything about her soft and curvy short-waisted body is contradictory: she has narrow hips, slim legs, full breasts, plump upper arms, and slender, expressive hands. When she talks to the audience, telling jokes about a trip to Europe, she shakes like a rowdy burlesque queen, and her toothy smiles are radiantly lewd. When she sings, she's an emotional whirligig, spinning from a cackle to a torchy moan so fast that we're floored by the conviction she brings to each—she can turn gleaming-eyed parody to pure emotion. Midler gives a song a workout, going at it again and again, and topping one big finish with another. Along the way, she may swing it, wail it, shout it, rock it, and throw in some scat, gospel, funk, and punk. She's a bosomy clown who flirts, then weeps, and then clowns again while keeping the passionate, tragic tone. Singing "Stay with Me," which is the climax of her first set of songs, she's suddenly startlingly beautiful; the camera angles on her suggest posters Lautrec didn't get to do. The film critic Michael Sragow wrote that "her face resembles the masks of comedy and tragedy melted into one"—there is an exciting Expressionist bleariness about her.

Except for a prologue skit, in which the house manager gives numbskull instructions to the ushers, "Divine Madness" is essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes. Probably the greatest of all recorded-performance films is the 1979 "Richard Pryor Live in Concert"—when we watch that film we can't account for Pryor's gift, and everything he does seems to be for the first time. Bette Midler mystifies us, too. A crazed, sunny effervescence takes over her face—her demon is a dirty imp. Like Craig Russell, she seems to have a whole troupe of people inside; there's a spooky echo-chamber effect. But "Divine Madness" doesn't have the unity of the Pryor film, and it doesn't get a performance rhythm going, as that did. The separate numbers, with their costume changes, break it up, and Midler's entrances, such as her arrival in a sequined mermaid's tail and a power-driven wheelchair as Delores DeLago, the Toast of Chicago, seem better calculated for the stage than for the camera.

Bette Midler's pneumatic body is very important to her effects. (She's such a tiny Big Mama.) She looks great when she wears a revealing short, spangly dress with thin shoulder straps, and she has a puffed-up physical alertness in the forties swimsuit she wears for "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." (It would be even better if she weren't wearing a ribbon that says "Miss Community Chest;" she has gone way past this tired camp.) She has a triumphant moment in a witty enveloping costume that makes her a bride from the front and a groom from the back, for "Chapel of Love," and she's also lighted resplendently during this number. The director, Michael Ritchie, and the cinematographer, William A. Fraker, do discreet, handsome work; they don't try to hide her performance sweat—they let us see that she can be fleetingly beautiful in many different ways, and that her willingness to be grotesque is part of what makes that possible. She has the ability to change glitz to shimmer. "Divine Madness" shows us a great entertainer, though it's not stirring, like "The Rose," where we could see the dramatic reasons for the incontinent changes of feeling. Here Midler seems to be dipping into a cornucopia—Santa's bag of presents—and she brings the contrasting emotions out so fast that they're somewhat devalued; the meanings crowd each other.

But the only major weakness is that after the first set the song numbers go downhill, and the film gets to be too much. It would have been better with the last quarter lopped off, starting with Midler's mime—a boozing bag lady wearing rainbow-colored rags

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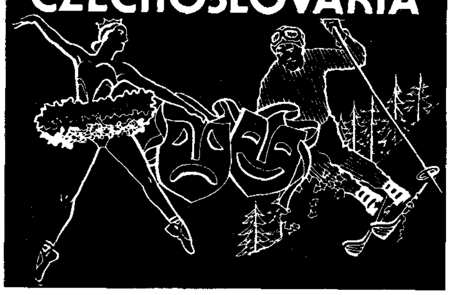

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and carrying an umbrella, who falls asleep on a bench. Some numbers begin poorly and then get better, but once she comes on with that soulful umbrella the jig is up. The bag lady, who is trying to capture the bird of happiness, shows us her longings and her need for fantasy. We've been taking these longings for granted from the start; now Bette Midler lays them out, and all this vulnerability is pretty grim. (It's blobby, like Red Skelton's mime.) The show takes a nose dive with "Rain" and a Kurt Weillish "Ready to Begin Again"—it's inspirational, in the worst sense—and a badly staged "Do You Want to Dance?" Though she almost picks things up at the very end with the gospel sound of "I Shall Be Released," the sodden banality of that damn bag lady lingers in the air. Bette Midler, who is maybe better at bawdiness than any other woman entertainer alive, doesn't need to push her range into show-biz sincerity (which she destroys in Delores DeLago's rendition of "My Way"). And something else goes wrong in this last quarter of the show: she's swathed in tattered clothing and she loses her physicality. We need to see Bette Midler's body in movement. When she tries to be still and make it just on her singing, her act dies. It's not that she's a bad singer but that her voice alone isn't very distinctive—it lacks personality. The joy she communicates is in the feeling she gives you that she needs to move and bounce and take those quick trotting steps—just as she needs to sing and grin and tell dirty jokes.

"USED CARS" has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness. It's an American tall-tale movie in a Pop Art form, with a theme similar to that of "Volpone." Remember the convict's advice that Nelson Algren quoted? "Never play cards with a man called Doc. Never eat at a place called Mom's. Never sleep with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own." This movie adds "Never buy a used car from a dealer whose slogan is 'Trust us.' " Its premise is that honesty doesn't exist. If you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because they're free of avarice but because of their style of avarice. Jack Warden plays twin brothers—the amiable codger Luke Fuchs and the vicious cutthroat Roy L. Fuchs—who run rival used-car lots across the street from each other in the booming Southwest. Luke has a bad heart, and

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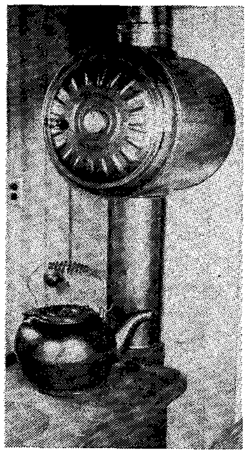

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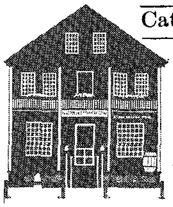

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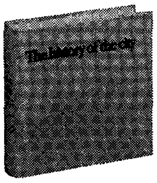

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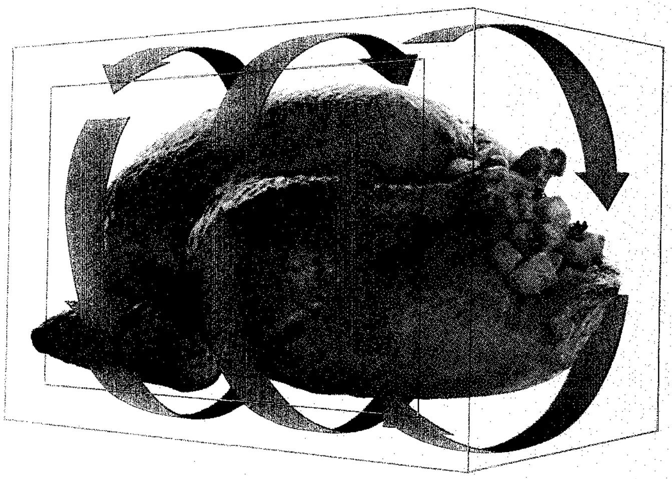

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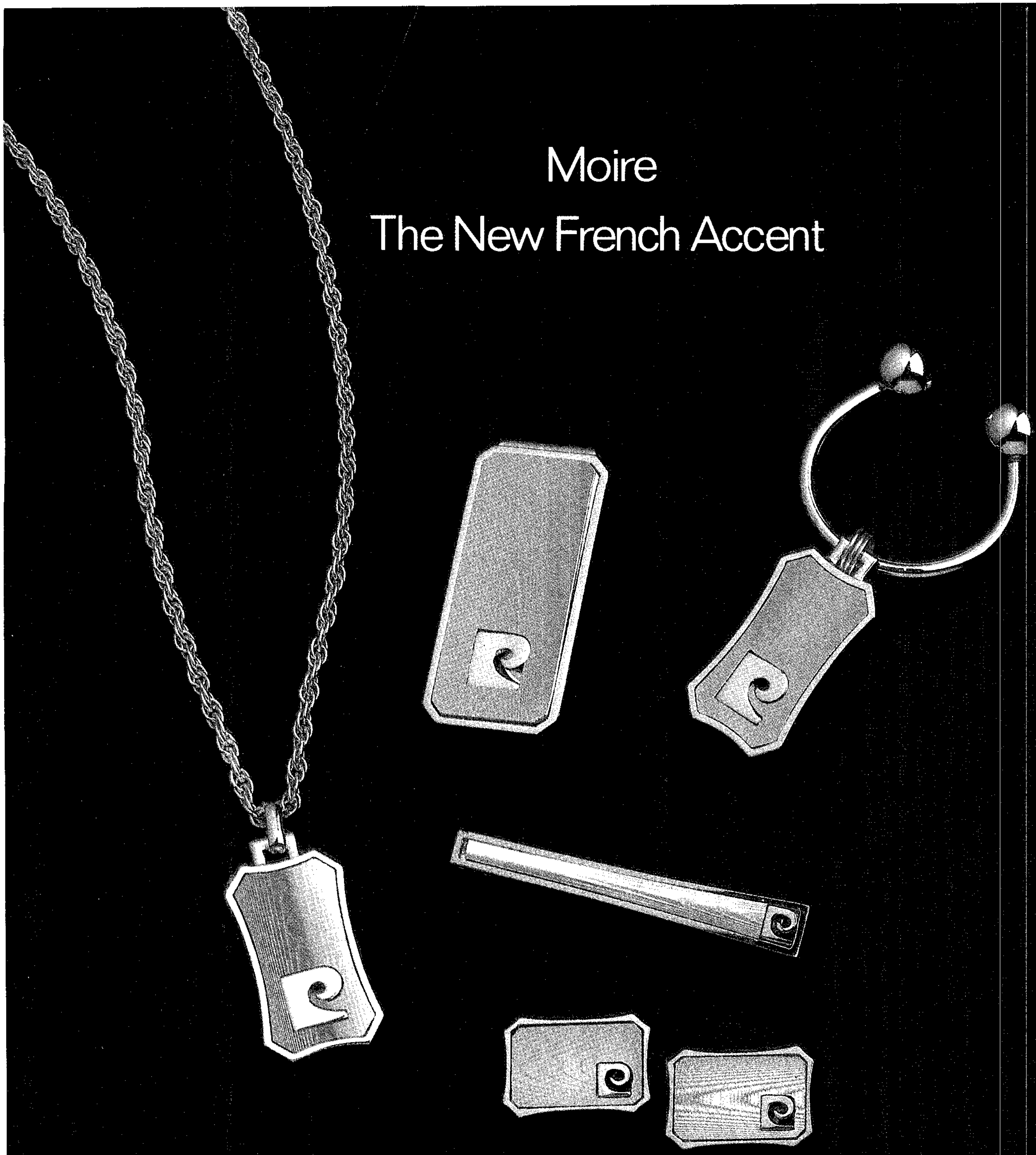

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every time he thinks of his skunky brother it gets worse; the only thing that keeps his business going is Rudy Russo. This fast-talking supersalesman, played by Kurt Russell, is so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. He's slick and sleazy—a vulgarian through and through. Kurt Russell was sensationally effective when he starred in the TV film "Elvis" early in 1979; here he goes further. His leap into satire blots away the ten Disney pictures he appeared in, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-four. His Rudy has an authentic loudmouth uncouthness; when he's momentarily stumped, his tongue seems to thicken helplessly. He's a son of a bitch, but not a bad guy. The film pits this crass, ferociously ambitious hero against the sneaky Roy L. They're feuding cartoon animals, both using dirty tricks. And when they land in court, the judge (Al Lewis) looks as if long, long ago he smelled something very rotten; it confirmed what he had suspected and he never let himself forget it.

The movie has a flow of visual-slapstick details and off-color verbal nuances that aren't ever punched up or commented on; they just keep flashing by. You see from the corner of an eye that the Mexican, Manuel (Alfonso Arau), who sells Rudy two hundred and fifty used cars (some of them taxis), conducts his illicit business out of his home in an old airplane that sits in the desert surrounded by cactus. The story line is built of small, wild frauds and jack-in-the-box jokes; they're all interconnected, and, amazingly, every one of them pays off. The film's super-hip use of corn is a home-grown surrealism that the director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale (they were both born in 1951), have developed out of earlier American slapstick routines. The intricacy of the gag patterns is all theirs, and so is the way in which the clusters of gags come together—the momentum creates the illusion of being out of control. Zemeckis and Gale are compulsive jugglers, adding more and more balls. But this isn't simple gag comedy with kickers; the comedy is also in the characters, who keep kicking all the time. *Everybody* in the movie is funny—even Toby, Luke's dog. (Actually, you laugh more when the jokes involve Toby than you do the rest of the time, because whenever Toby is part of

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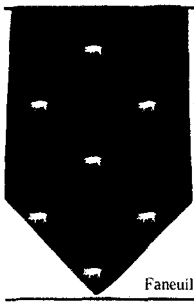
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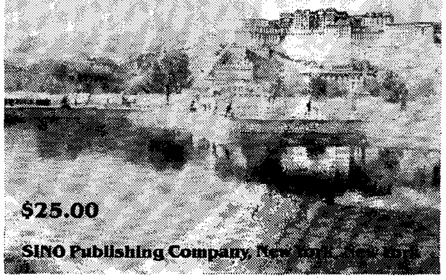
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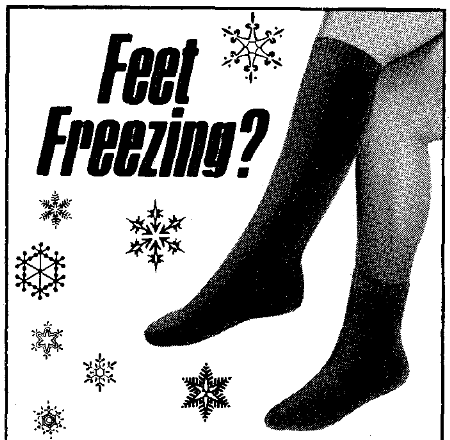

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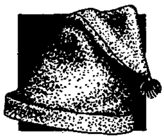

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the chicanery on the lot, there's a cut to his trick and there isn't much else going on in the frame.) The whizzing plot mechanism may make some people feel that they've never been invited aboard—that the picture is speeding ahead without them. And it's vulgarly funny—which may repel some from boarding. Others have said they find it too cruel: there is a sequence in which Roy L. hires a demolition-derby driver to go across the street, pose as a customer, and take Luke for a ride so scary he'll have a heart attack, and Roy L.—he thinks—will inherit Luke's lot. When Luke staggers back into his office in his death throes, the scene might appear unconscionably prolonged if you weren't reacting to the jokes ricocheting off his stagger. Maybe it's just the timing in that sequence that throws some people off; the audience has no problem laughing when Rudy and his pals conceal Luke's death by burying him on the lot, sitting up in a 1959 Edsel.

The action is so fast that at times it's like an adolescent stunt, carried out convulsively—a fit. Everything is staged for motion; there isn't a static thought in this movie. The jokes aren't scattershot: "Used Cars" has the crazy consistency of a picture like "Bringing Up Baby" or "Shampoo." The bluffs and the scams all play on the theme of trust (just as everything does in Melville's "The Confidence-Man"). It's easy to see why Steven Spielberg, who sponsored Zemeckis and Gale, was drawn to their manic bravura: their moviemaking is a giant version of the toys he set in motion in "Close Encounters." Spielberg was executive producer of their first feature, the 1978 "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," and his picture "1941" was made from their screenplay, with John Milius as executive producer; both Spielberg and Milius were executive producers on "Used Cars." All three of these Zemeckis-Gale projects have been commercial disappointments, and a friend of mine who couldn't stand "1941" said it was like having your head inside a pinball machine for two hours. I know what he meant: "1941" shows you talent without sensibility. And that's also why "Used Cars" seems adolescent, and maybe even prehuman. Like "1941," it has a carnival atmosphere, and yes, there is something of a pinball machine about it. In both cases, the moviemakers start with a comic premise and take it as far as they can, expanding it with a soaring madness that seems to bring a metallic

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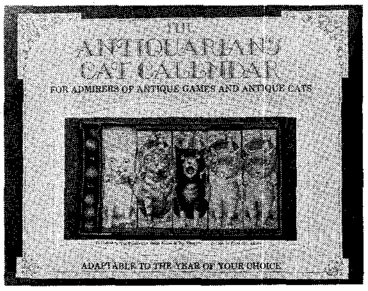
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sheen to the images. What this way of working doesn't allow for is humanistic considerations such considerations have rarely figured in farce, but Americans may have become touchy. When you see any version of "Volpone" on the stage or the screen, you're not likely to be offended by what it says about human greed, deception, mean-spiritedness. You think of the greed "Volpone" delights in as satiric distortion. But it can rub you wrong to see a used-car lot where everyone swindles everyone else; you may think you're seeing a metaphor of American life rather than a slapstick exaggeration.

Cold-bloodedness shouldn't need to be defended; you can't have pratfalls without it, and the sense of fun in Zemeckis and Gale's hyperbolic slapstick does more for us than pitting virtuous characters against the swindlers would. (It would be demeaning if every movie had to be "balanced," like a political discussion on TV, or like the Marx Brothers pictures made at M-G-M, which, at Irving Thalberg's insistence, were given a supposedly sane crooner and ingénue to balance the insane comedy.) In the context of "Used Cars," anyone trying to be sane or virtuous would come across as a goosey dimwit, like poor Gloria Jean in "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break." Zemeckis and Gale's movie is really a more restless and visually high-spirited version of the W. C. Fields comedies.

This picture is entirely made up of comic turns, and at its best there isn't a sincere emotion in it. Rudy's burly sidekick, Jeff, played by Gerrit Graham (he was Beef in "Phantom of the Paradise"), believes in omens, and not just in a small way—he believes totally in omens, and so he lives in spaced-out terror. Most of the time, he looks like a dodo bird in shock, and the gorgeous bimbos he generally has at his side are like feathered trophies. Luke's shell-shocked mechanic, Jim, whose standards of honesty are set by how things are done at Luke's lot, is played by Frank McRae. Given the workaday world in which Jim functions as an honest man, he can't help being funny. David L. Lander and Michael McKean (who's like an American Dudley Moore) play Freddie and Eddie, a pair of electronic wizards who help Rudy and Jeff cut into a Presidential address with their used-car commercials; Freddie and Eddie are like twin brothers, too, and they speak in a doubletalk jargon that suggests the language of robots. The film slides

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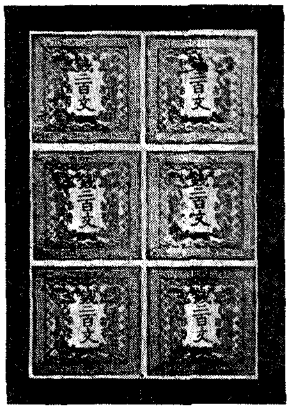

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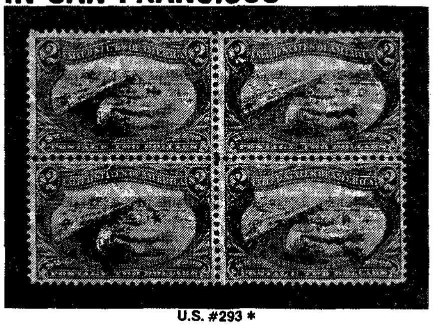

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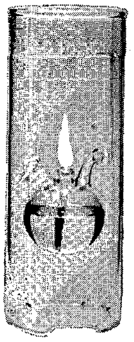

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a bit when Rudy falls in love with Luke's long-estranged blond daughter, Barbara Fuchs, because Barbara seems too dainty and too easily duped. Though Deborah Harmon, who plays the part, has a good, eccentric voice and gives her lines little twists, her role doesn't have the hot-ziggety verve to match up with Kurt Russell's. The movie needed to go all the way; it shouldn't have pulled back into this pallid conventionality. (When Rudy says "Trust me" to Barbara, he actually means it.) The film recovers a bit, though. By the end, Barbara, who has appeared in time to take over her father's lot, is wising up, and she becomes a gyp artist, snookering a little old lady with a painted-over taxi. In the big finale, when, in order to keep Roy L. from grabbing the business away from Barbara, two hundred and fifty teen-age student drivers race Manuel's two hundred and fifty jalopies across the prairie, and Rudy jumps from car to car, like the hero of a Western jumping from horse to horse to stop the heroine's runaway coach, the picture adds up the way whoppers told by magnificent liars do.

Surprisingly, the cast works together more smoothly than the group that Spielberg assembled for "1941" did. And the gags interlock even more symmetrically. "1941" had a choppy beginning; it seemed to start with the story already under way, and Spielberg overdid some of the broad, cartoon aspects—several of the performers seemed to be carrying placards telling you what was wacko about them. But the U.S.O. jitterbug number is one of the greatest pieces of film choreography I've ever seen, and the film overall is an amazing, orgiastic comedy, with the pop culture of an era compacted into a day and a night. Its commercial failure in this country didn't make much sense to me. It was accused of gigantism, and it did seem huge, though part of what was so disarmingly fresh about it was the miniature re-creation of Hollywood Boulevard at night in 1941, with little floodlights illuminating the toy cars tootling around the corners and toy planes flying so low they were buzzing through the streets.

Spielberg and Zemeckis & Gale share a mania for comic invention, and there's the feeling of a playroom about their work. That has been true of the acknowledged masters of slapstick, though. Why hasn't "Used Cars" (which received some enthusiastic reviews) done better? The only big rea-

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son I can come up with is that maybe you have to be hooked on filmmaking to respond to it, because the jokes run all through and there aren't slowdowns or pauses for laughs. I loved the film, but I didn't laugh out loud a lot, because I was too busy looking at it. I've never seen another movie with the same kind of ravishing, bright Pop lighting, and the cinematographer, Donald M. Morgan, turns the used-car lot at night into a cityscape on the far side of the moon. The movie could be used for a film-school demonstration of dynamic composition and production design (even the clothes are photogenic and funny—Rudy and Jeff dress like natty astro-cowboys, in jeans and iridescent satin shirts). And the editing is by one of the modern masters, Michael Kahn. Maybe the failure is that of the moviemakers, who are so absorbed with their playthings that they fail to draw the audience in. But it could also be that "Used Cars" is so elegantly made and so continuously funny that audiences don't respond the way they would if the jokes were clumsily signalled. You have to bring something to this party. Rudy isn't just a creative sleazo. Why does he work for Luke, whose business is failing, rather than for the get-up-and-go Roy L.? For the challenge, of course. He's selling cars now, but he's still young: he's selling cars only until he can come up with the rest of the sixty thousand dollars it will take to buy the nomination for state senator. He's an American dreamer; he wants to go where the big bucks are. "Used Cars" is a classic screwball fantasy—a shaggy celebration of American ingenuity. Trust me. —PAULINE KAEL

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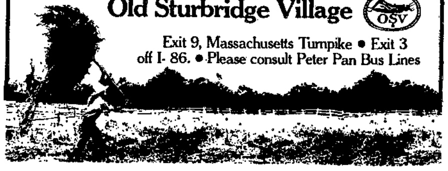
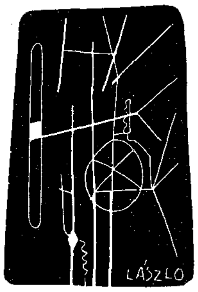


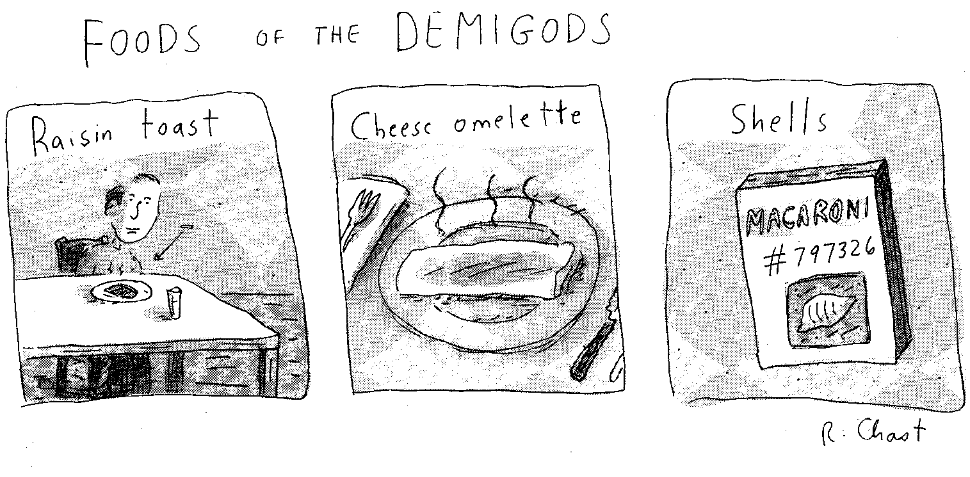
THE AIR

The Presidential S.A.T.s



SO much quick-cutting obtains on television—look at him, look at her, look at the telephone poles, look at the bridge, look at the truck, look at him and her, etc.—that it can be quite a startling experience to watch a scene that unfolds simply, without cuts, glimpsed through the sober, philosophic eye of a stationary camera. At any rate, this unblinking quality of perspective was but one of the unusual aspects of last week's Presidential debate. The two main candidates had been on the run for so long—furnishing fast-moving pieces of themselves both to the network news cameras and to their own advertising campaigns—that to finally see them whole and plain, so to speak, appeared to have something about it of a religious act. After all, ones sees so few people on television whole and plain: just *there*, coexisting with us in a shared moment of time, and not simply produced, prestidigitated, for our benefit from other near or far moments of time—mosaics of rearranged gestures and emotions. Ohmigosh, it's *them*, one thought, staring straight ahead through the patient camera lens at the two men standing behind the little pulpits in the Cleveland auditorium. Candidate Jimmy! Candidate Ronald! All spring and summer and fall, they had eluded us, driving us mad with snips and snatches of themselves, wearing us thin with montage versions of their candidacy, wearing us down like a wind that blows and blows and blows, so that one began thinking: At least be definite; blow the house down! They must have felt something of the religious possibilities of the moment themselves, for each candidate was clearly terrified. Granted, they both wanted the Presidency and only one of them could have it; that sort of wanting doubtless adds a little edge to a man's composure. But there was more to their terror than the shivers of mere ambition. Here, in Cleveland, immobilized like sentries, like prisoners, on the sea of bright-blue carpet (before that pale-blue curtain), both men—for the first time in months, or years—were caught fast in a dramatic situation, and yet were unprotected by the techniques of montage. Here, if the right nuance was not forthcoming, if the correct word was not spoken, if the appropriate emotion was not registered, it could not be provided later. Awareness of such naked vulnerability seemed to have scared the pants off both our prospective leaders—freezing their faces into masks, making their no longer youthful bodies as stiff and stoic as those of petitioners for doctoral degrees, congealing their minds into that special kind of television-talk-show numbness, from which no birdsong ever escapes, in which no living thought can be discerned. In front of the two examinees, separated by a distance that seemed to widen as the debate wore on, sat the five representatives of the press, the examining board: The faculty gets to sit; the students stand, trying to remember not to fidget, not to stand on one foot, not to chew gum, not to stare at the floor, not to roll one's eyes at the ceiling, not to be smart-alecky, not to be too shy, not to stand there with one's shirt half out and one's Woolworth necktie all askew and one's hair uncombed and shoes unpolished—and with nothing at all to say. Even if they ask you for the tertiary causes of the War of the Spanish Succession, at least say *something*. Candidate Jimmy spoke of the burdens of the Oval Office, of sacrifice, of economic revitalization, of working with our allies, of the mainstream of American life. Candidate Ronald spoke of a strong America, of a consistent foreign policy, of balancing the budget, and of our defense posture. The evening, alas, did not turn out to be a religious one, except perhaps in a cinematic sense—in that, if you have been manipulated by quick-cutting for a long while, so that you seem to live and breathe and think and feel in a world composed of montage images, then sometimes the appearance of an altogether higher reality, even of a mystical and profound reality, can be produced by the steady, stationary perspective of what filmmakers call depth of field. It's not, perhaps, that one notices more that way but that one participates more. At any rate, what one noticed in the end at Cleveland was the sadness and loneliness of the event. For some reason, the press panelists (whose print and TV colleagues had spent the last nine months like children running down the road after a travelling circus) now chose to take a stern, parental tone with both candidates—our once and future Free World leaders, bomb proliferators, energy boomers, minority hirers—and thus froze them further into the strange though moving isolation that has characterized much of this great electronic campaign. For some reason, the candidates were so careful, so industrious, in removing all marks of personality, signs of passion, indications of idiosyncrasy from their on-camera performances that the beautiful, unfolding, nearly profound sincerity of the evening was largely wasted. So, it was only you again, one thought as the spectacle drew to a close: both men with such nice manners, so fluent with their answers, so properly dressed, not a button off, not a stain or a smudge anywhere. There was something close to pain—for them and us, I suspect—in seeing them so plain and whole, so empty, so unedited. Now, of course, we can look forward to another four years of quick-cuts and montage.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN



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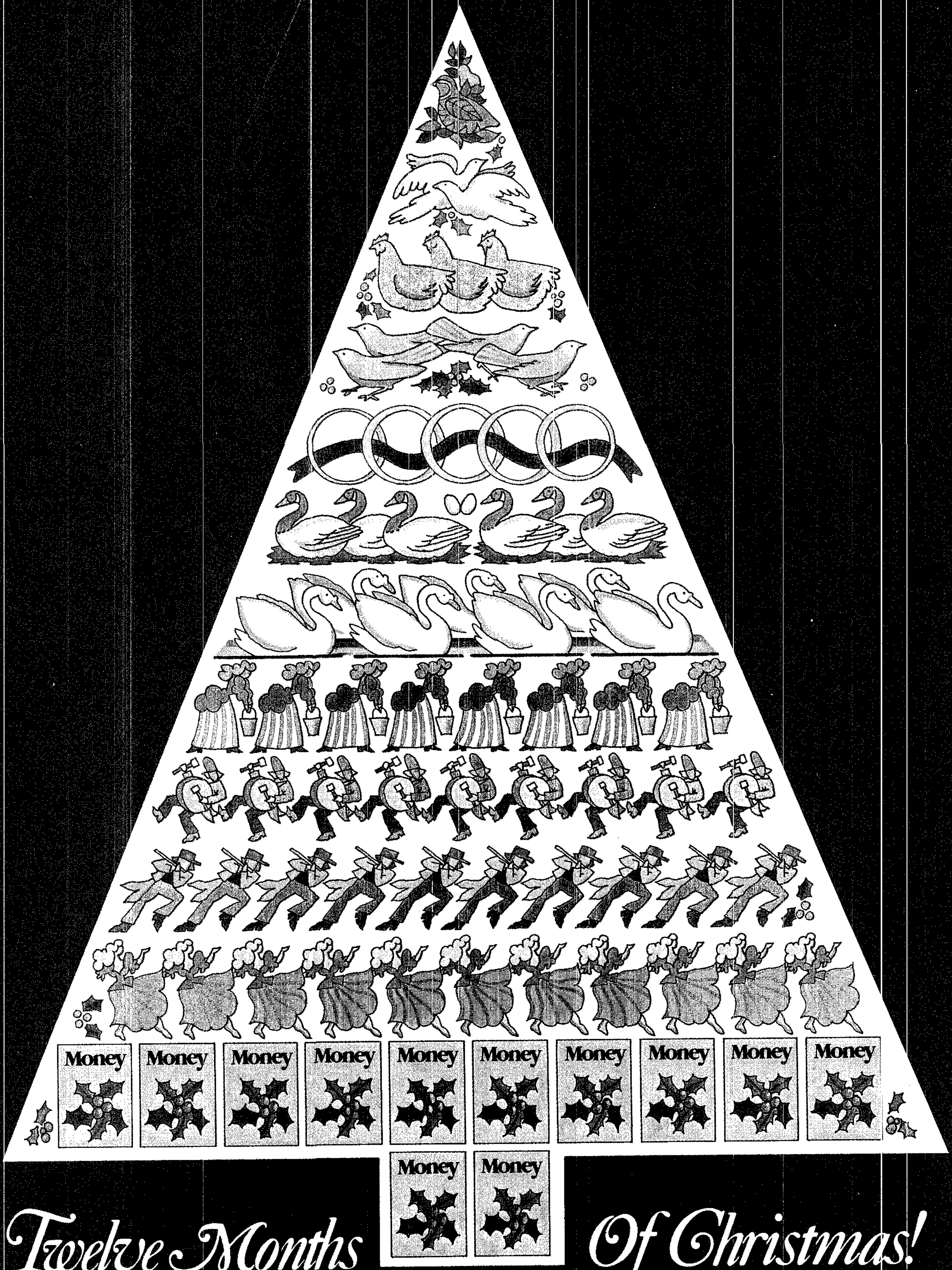

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STADIUM PARKING

IN a perfect world, every ball thrown by Kemp, the lively and efficacious leading man for Dartmouth at quarter, would be aimed straight at Shula, the nearly infallible Dartmouth end, who has gathered in more passes than any other harvester in Dartmouth's hundred years of football. In the sometimes swampy and sometimes Arctic autumn of 1980, things go not quite as well. Two Saturdays ago, the Kemp pass that could have put down Cornell went astray at the very last second; one Saturday ago, a Kemp pass that could have kept Dartmouth in the running against Yale went to Leone, an agile defender of Yale integrity, who latched on to it. Instantly, Yale, theretofore in the lead by no more than 14–7, was out in front at 21–7, and the fine edges of the Dartmouth offense—which had been just as feisty as the Yale offense, led in turn at quarter by the burly Rogan and the elfin Manley—began to erode; so did the defense. In the dream world, Dartmouth would today be astride the pinnacle of the Ivy League; in stern fact, Yale is there instead, at four League wins and no losses, and Dartmouth is far behind, at two wins and two losses. Manley's touchdown, late in the day, was elfin indeed: taking the snap from center, he strolled across the field through a thicket of Dartmouths, and suddenly turned right into to completely open country.

A few days earlier, word had got out that Buckley, Harvard's sterling quarter, would be pronounced fit once more for action. And fit he was against a boisterous (and almost victorious) Brown on Saturday, throwing two touchdown passes from shotgun—a formation that Restic, the Harvard coach, enjoys springing now and then. For the first time since Buckley was invalided, Harvard looked like the Harvard we had all counted on. Carbone, a hardworking, dogged quarter for Brown, is a most useful citizen, but the Harvard defense had him in close quarters too often, and his throwing was thereby impaired. Cuccia, the Harvard quarter who is as elfin as Yale's Manley, was again not on display; the pulled

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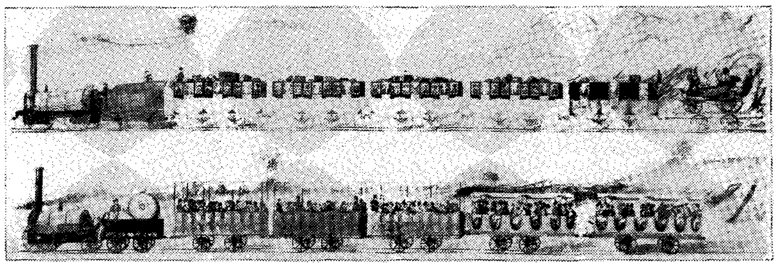

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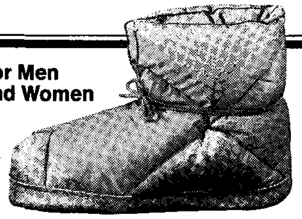
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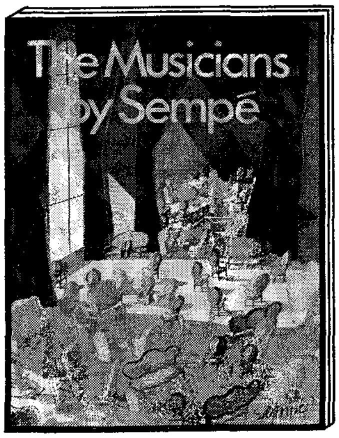

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hamstring he collected in the encounter with Dartmouth held him in abeyance. At that, it was an event worth the visit: Brown came from behind in the last few minutes, and only a darting move by Jacobs, the Harvard safety, batted away the pass after touchdown which would have put Brown in the ascendant, at 18–17.

Another absentee, Bennett, at quarter for Army, was restored to local action again on Saturday. Bennett had been on the road with Army even while he was nursing a wounded leg. Army's policy of overmatching its performers as often as possible scored another triumph: Rutgers, though it could not really fend off Army until the fourth quarter, came out ahead, at 37–21. Rutgers alternates quarterbacks—one for passing and one for running—in practically continuous succession, the way Dunlap, who coaches Colgate, did some years ago. To a bystander, it would seem that this rather clues the defense about what is coming next, but then this bystander never considered coaching college football. Running a kick back ninety-seven yards for a touchdown, as Rutgers did against Army, can unravel certain teams. But Bennett got that touchdown back the moment he had his hands on the ball again—a throw to Fahnestock, his pet receiver, for a seventy-seven-yard scamper.

THERE are few enough commendations to be handed out on behalf of the other members of the Ivy League. Princeton, starting its second-string Lockenmeyer for the fourth time in a row, picked off—though hardly with ease—Pennsylvania, at 28–21. Lockenmeyer has converted a very matter-of-fact fall into a most sportive one for Princeton. Columbia was outside the League, with Holy Cross, and outside its class, too: Boisture, the Holy Cross novitiate this commentator has been studying with interest, threw three hundred and eighty-seven yards' worth of passes, and Columbia went down like—well, maybe—a log, at 26–0. And Cornell, having miraculously spilled Dartmouth out of the catbird seat in the League the week before, moved outside the League to be thoroughly trampled by Bucknell, at 33–16. Final note: Colgate, one of this department's favorite enterprises outside the League, used straight, old-fashioned football (no change of quarterback after each maneuver) and put away Lafayette by 44–0. —J. W. L.

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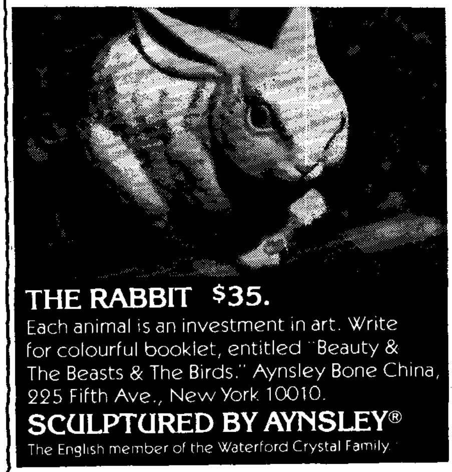
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FICTION

The Door in the Wall and Other Stories, by H. G. Wells, with photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn (Godine; $10.95 cloth, $5.95 paper). This is a reissue, in a smaller format, of a book that became a collector's item almost immediately upon its publication in 1911: a joint effort by the English journalist and fiction writer (much later to become world-famous) and a young American photographer. Admiring Coburn's work (and having had his portrait done by him), Wells gave the photographer virtually free rein to go through his stories and choose ones that lent themselves to being illustrated. The shots of clouds, half-hidden doorways, gardens, and mountain villages that Coburn produced are almost all museum-class beauties. Do they enhance the stories? Not really. But it is clear why Wells was eager to have them. Wanting the moods and settings to seem so real that readers would feel they could step into them, Wells wrote with an impetuous, impromptu speed, exaggerating details—making the stories themselves photographic, even cartoonish—when he thought it would help. His characters are people caught in trances, or trying to get back to visions of happiness they have lost. The high point of this collection's welcome return is "The Country of the Blind," in which a man in an Andean mountain-climbing party falls and finds himself in a valley where the people have been blind for generations, and where his having sight makes him, in the minds of the villagers, a stubborn, childish idiot—an allegory about conformity and freedom that is as compact and forceful as a proverb.

THE BOOK STALL

GENERAL

Rome: Profile of a City, 312-1308, by Richard Krautheimer (Princeton; $50 cloth, $16.50 paper). This is a formidable and exciting study of Rome during the first thousand years of Christianity: from the time the Emperor Constantine saw the Cross in the sky to the departure of the Popes for Avignon. The author, a distinguished American art historian who has studied Rome (where he now lives) for fifty years, tells what the city was like in both the early and the later Middle Ages: how great families, like the Colonna, the Cenci, and the Orsini, built their fortified mansions in and on the ruins of imperial splendor; how the Lateran was developed and embellished as the first seat of the papacy; and how Rome became, by the end of the period, a city of rigid conservatism, unfriendly to new ideas. ("Not by chance," he writes, "did she never house a medieval university.") Above all, he shows how change came about, and what political, social, religious, and artistic forces influenced such change. More than two hundred extremely helpful illustrations—photographs, drawings, and maps.

Reaches of Heaven: A Story of the Baal Shem Tov, by Isaac Bashevis Singer, illustrated by Ira Moskowitz (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15). A brief account of the founder of Chassidism, a God-smitten orphan born in Poland at the beginning of the eighteenth century, whose example and teaching—not to mention his miracles—remain legendary. The author's foreword explains that a conventional biography of this remarkable figure is impossible, for lack of factual evidence. However, this book provides something rarer: a radiant evocation of the kind of religion that stresses the presence of God rather than His rules, and emphasizes trust and spontaneity instead of ritual. The illustrations are of the school of Chagall.

Note: "The Wildlife Stories of Faith McNulty," some of which originally appeared in these pages, has been published by Doubleday ($17.95).

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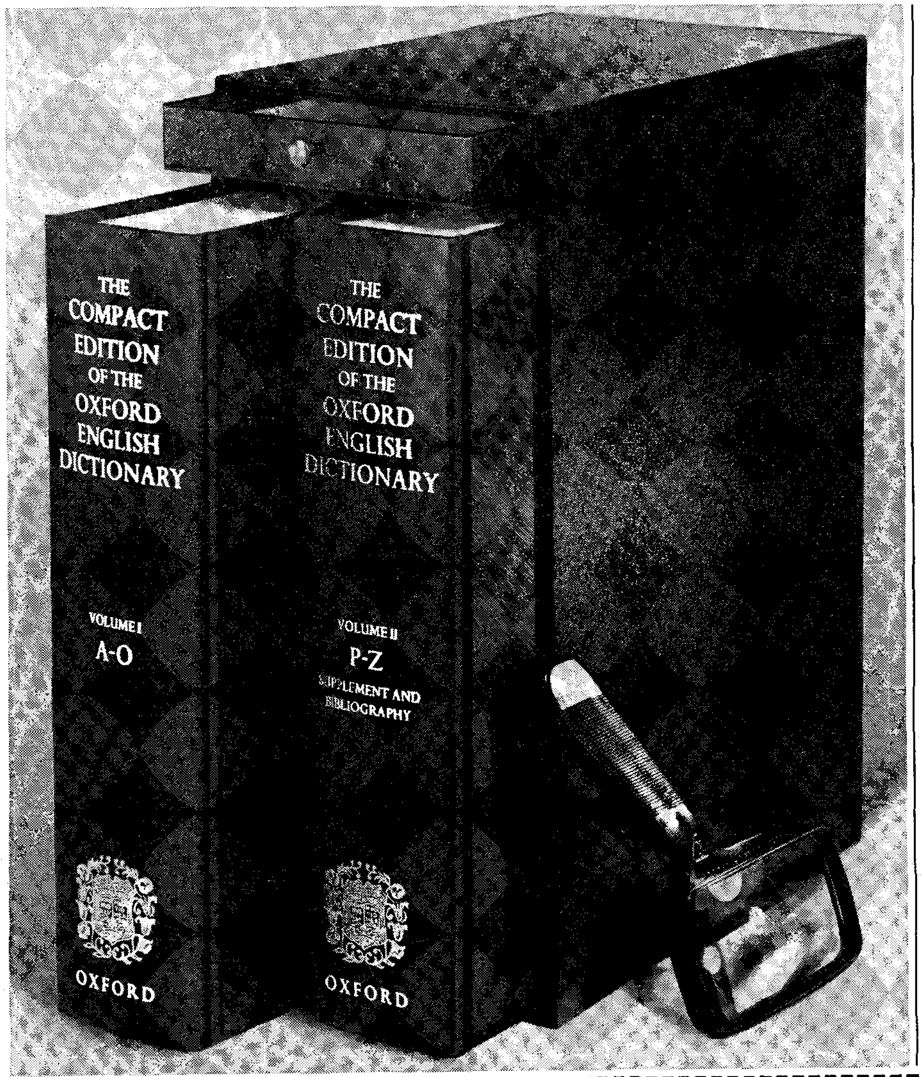
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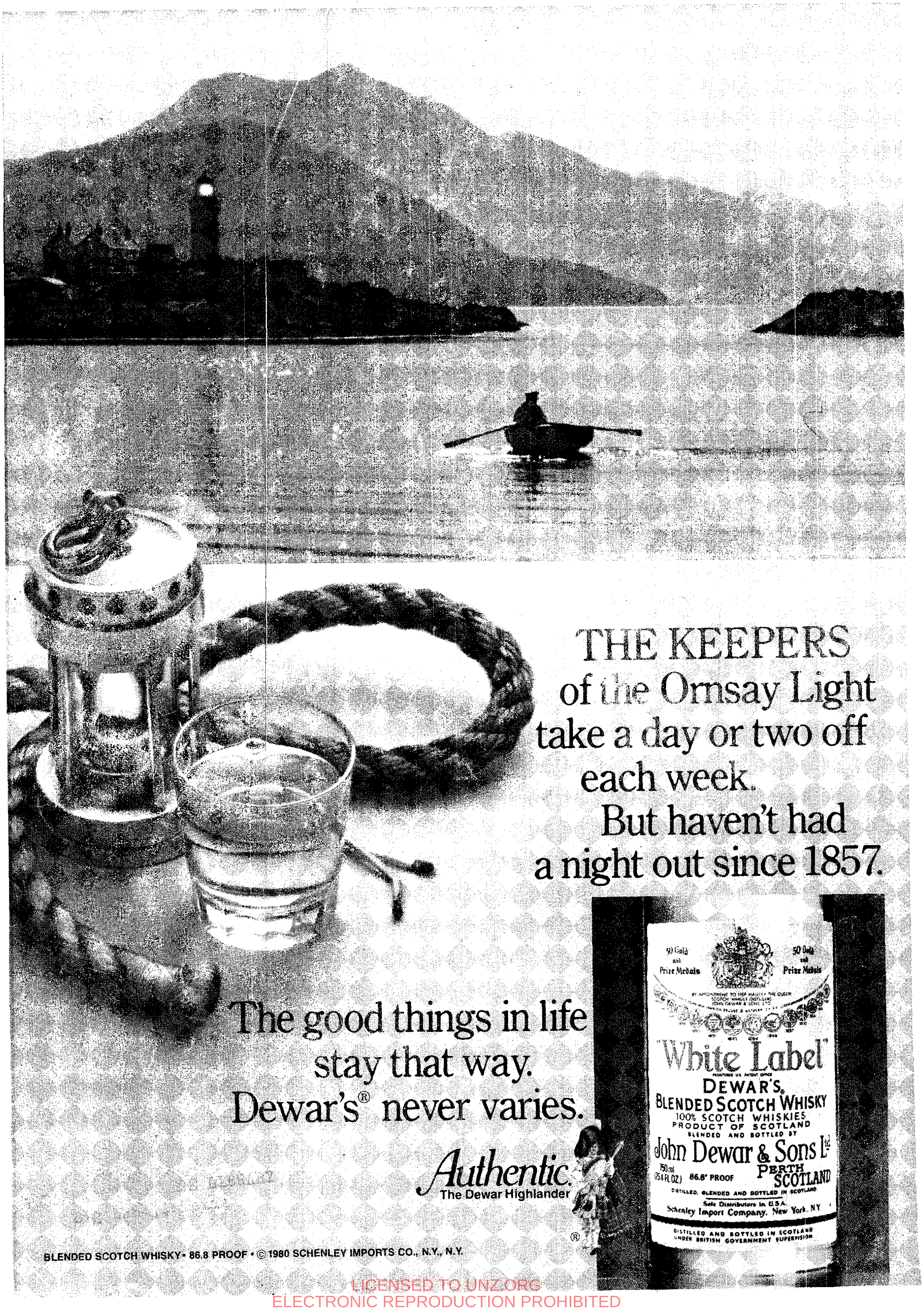
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